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MARCH 15, 1947

TEN CENTS

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

By IRVING WALLACE

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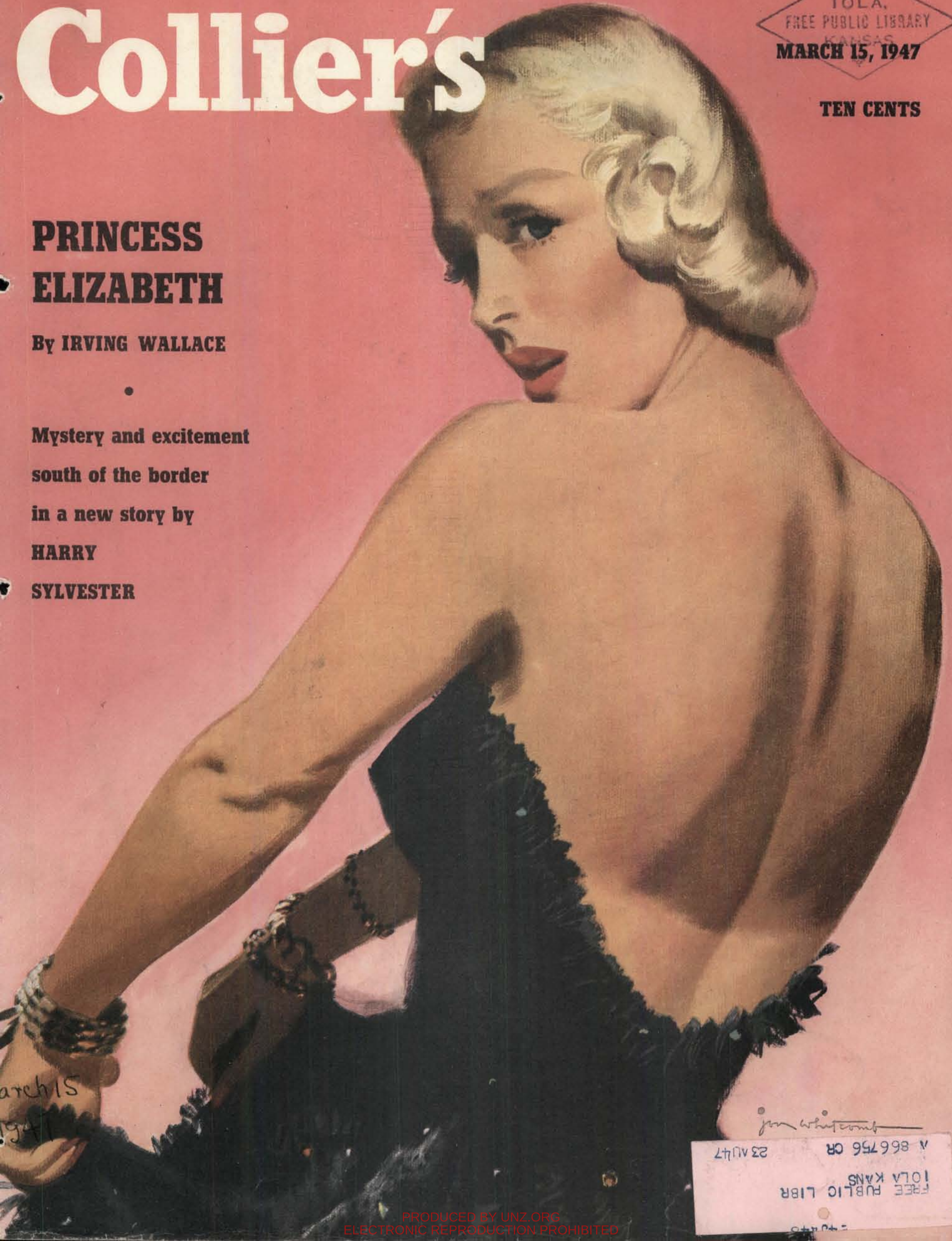
in a new story by
HARRY
SYLVESTER



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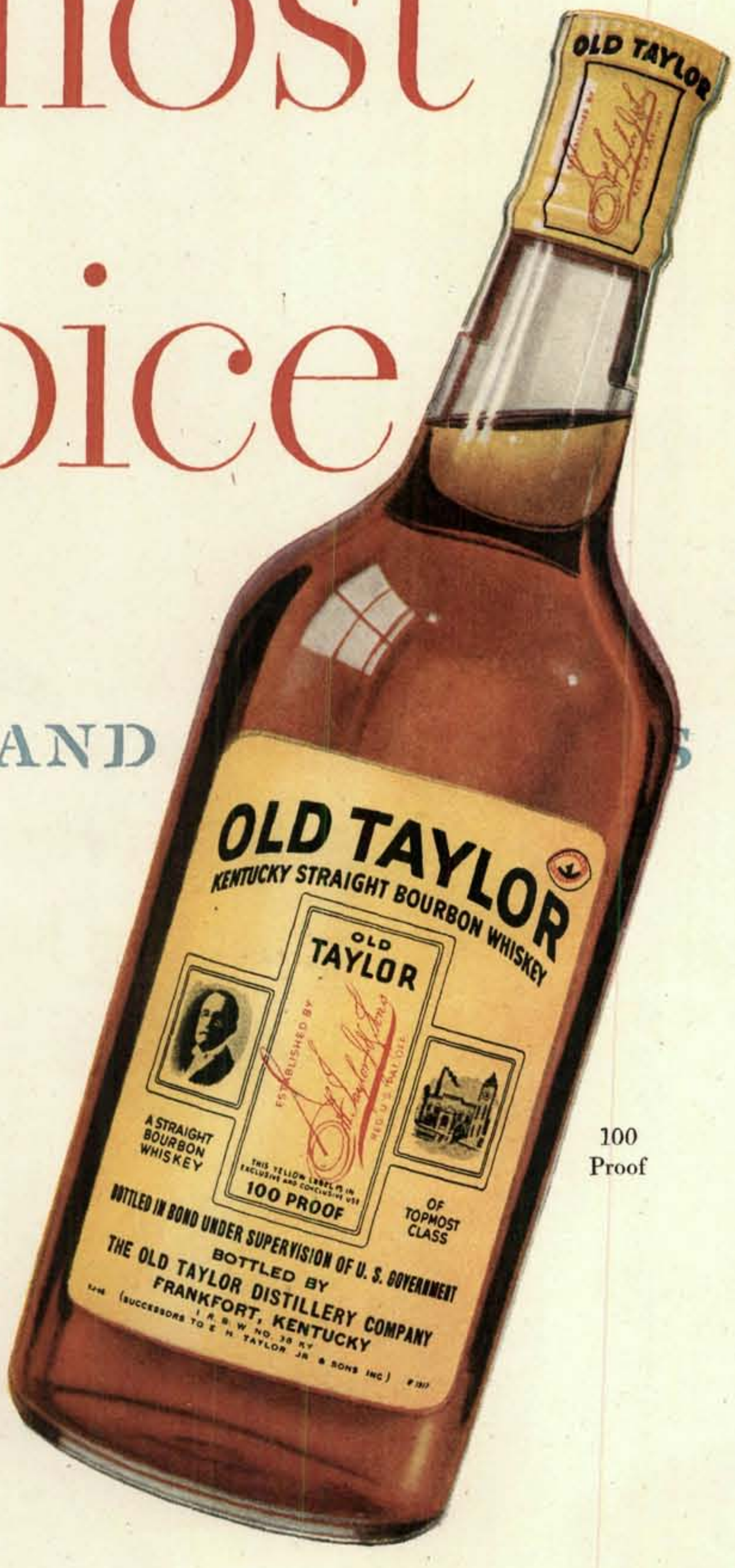
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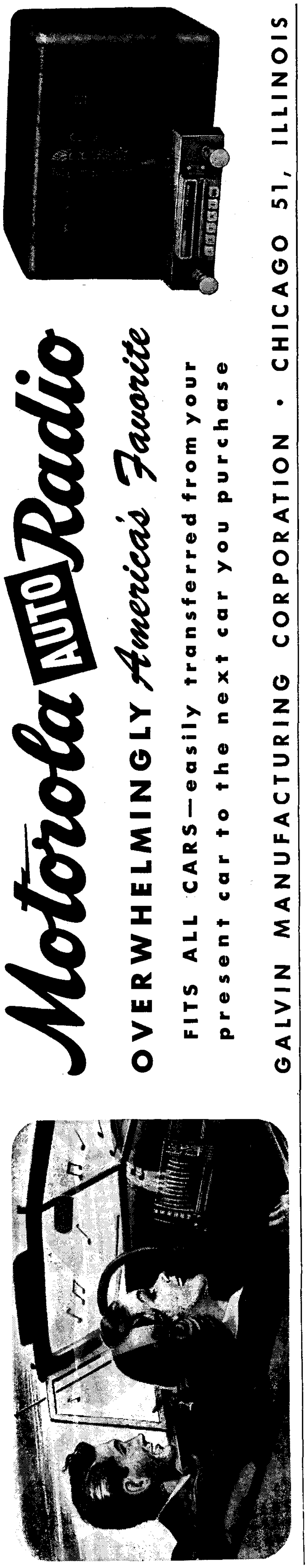
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March 15, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BAT BAGGER

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I was very interested in Monsters in Miniature (Jan. 11th), for I have long considered myself a feminine pioneer in bat collecting in what is now the Mammoth Cave National Park area of Kentucky.

On locating a cluster of bats on the ceiling or side wall of a cave, I would look around for a smaller group made up of only two or three. Then, with an agility I have long since lost, I would climb the wall or a pile of rocks to within reach of the bats, while my family held the lights and gave encouragement and advice, both mostly superfluous. With a sudden swoop, I would place an empty quart glass fruit jar over the cluster, and gently but swiftly scrape it along the ceiling until the bats were loosened and fell into the jar. The trick was to get the lid on the jar then before the enraged bats made their escape from it. But the chief trick was to keep from falling flat on my face or something.

Mr. Mannix' story of his "caving" brought back to my mind all the fun and adventure my father, my aunt and I had in more than fifteen years of "caving" all over the United States.

JULIE NEVILLE RAYMON, Park City, Ky.

TIMBER

DEAR SIRS: Re Frank Gervasi's yarn, Housing: Tomorrow's Answer (Jan. 18th). . . . It is hardly necessary to file a defense for a material which has been proving its worth ever since the first settlers hewed the logs for their cabins. The house I was born in, located in Hempstead, Texas, was built in 1802, from native Texas wood and is as sturdy as it was 100 years ago and the wooden *décor* in the interior has been polished to the fine patina of rare satin.

ELISABET M. STONE, Hyattsville, Md.

. . . I will give your article credit for one thing: If Mr. Diggs put a blonde like the one shown in the shower of this "home of tomorrow" in each one of them—then the lumber boys are sunk—BUT—Can he?

E. L. KLUTH, JR., Angelina County Lumber Co., Keltys, Tex.

Mr. Gervasi did not intend to express hostility to lumber as a building material—rather hostility to the procedure of inefficient builders. In reference to new building materials, he quoted Maury I. Diggs, the West Coast builder who uses porcelain steel "bricks" or sheets for prefabricated houses.

SHEET MUSIC

DEAR MR. COLLIER: Jim Dugan may t'ink

(Continued on page 64)

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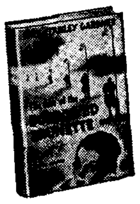

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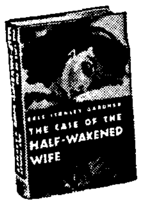

IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht loaded with people who hate one another. Suddenly . . .

A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is wearing a nightgown and holding a gun—*from which one shot has just been fired!*

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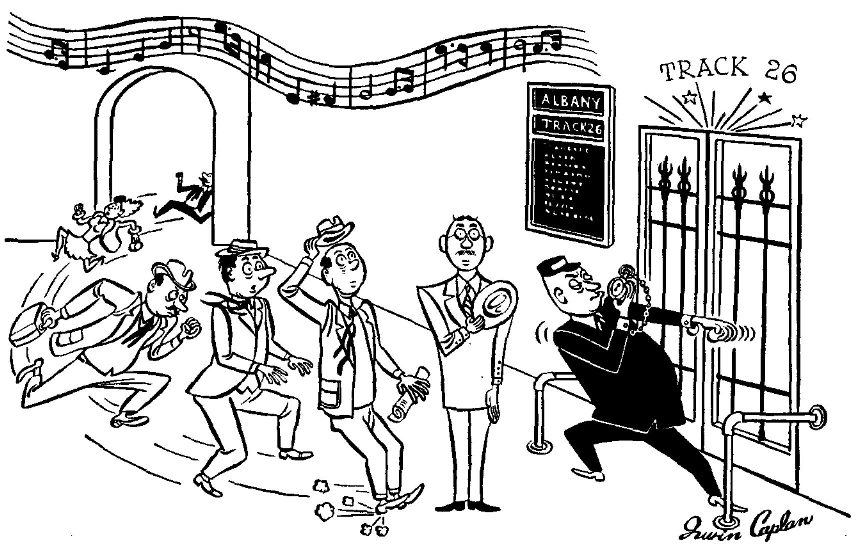


IRWIN CAPLAN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The playing of The Star-Spangled Banner on the organ in New York's Grand Central Terminal has been prohibited since December 8, 1941, when we had declared war on Japan and the organist played the anthem. As everyone dutifully stood at attention, the unexpected delay caused several hundred persons to miss their trains.—*By F. Kipnis, Morris Plains, New Jersey.*

Many United States senators and representatives are obliged to devote 80 per cent of their time to answering mail and doing favors for their constituents.

To prevent water from entering their lungs when submerged, aquatic mammals such as the seal, beaver and hippopotamus do not, like men, hold their breath, but close their noses by contracting a ringlike muscle that surrounds each nostril.

America's largest electric advertising sign today is installed atop an 11-story building on Broadway in New York. This sign, 75 by 102 feet, shows a 5-foot girl demonstrating lingerie as she walks from one side of it to the other. The illusion of movement is achieved by flashing her on and off in ten successive positions which are outlined by 18 miles of neon tubing.—*By Frank W. Bell, Jr., Jackson Heights, New York.*

Sickle-cell anemia is the only disease that is known to be completely confined to a single race—the Negro, its occurrence being entirely dependent on the presence of a certain inheritable strain in Negro blood.

A five-piaster postage stamp that has been issued by the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan for 48 years was found recently to contain a misspelled word. In its Arabic inscription, the singular instead of the plural form of the word "piasters" was used, an error that was finally noticed by an American.

In the new Congress, veterans constitute 43.9 per cent of the representatives and 45.8 per cent of the senators. . . . During 1947, the sale of phonograph records is expected to reach 275,000,000, or 34 times the number sold in 1930.

Although eight months have passed since the second atomic bomb was exploded at Bikini, the ships are still so radioactive that the men now conducting new experiments on them cannot safely remain aboard longer than an hour or two a day.

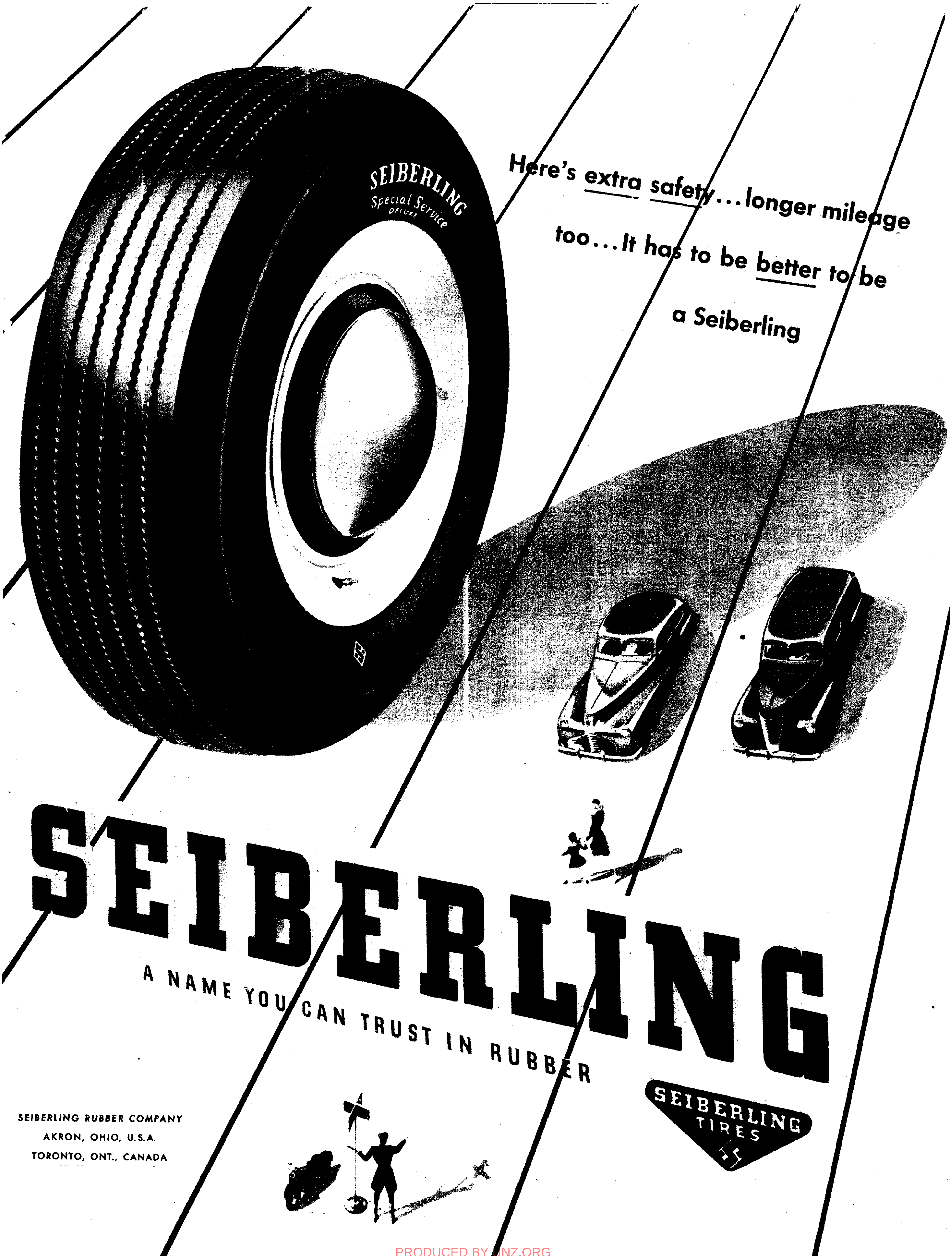
The Shadow, the first of the mystery-detective radio plays broadcast in this country, has been on the air continuously since 1929. Despite its popularity, only 12 other similar programs were being broadcast by the four major networks in January, 1942; but in January, 1947, the number of these coast-to-coast crime shows had increased to 37.

The influence of music in the prevention of juvenile delinquency is suggested by the records of The Music School Settlement in New York, which provides musical instruction at low cost for the less-privileged children of the city. During its 43-year existence, this school has enrolled 45,000 students, not one of whom has ever been charged with delinquency in a juvenile court.

In 1944 in California, an air liner entered a storm cloud and, in less than a minute, broke into several pieces. All 24 persons aboard were killed and the wreckage showed no signs of fire, explosion or collision, but the cause of the disaster was disclosed by the instrument that recorded the plane's altitude second by second Just before the accident, its mechanism had started to run in reverse, which meant that the plane had been turned upside down by the wind and, not having been built to carry a load in this position, had broken apart.

The chemical composition of a food does not always indicate its maximum nutritive value, because this value may be increased by other foods eaten with it. For example, when consumed with milk, the nutritive value of the proteins in potatoes is raised 23 per cent, in white flour 50 per cent and in corn about 95 per cent.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission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THE WEEK'S WORK

CLI INDUSTRIE

Irving Wallace

THERE is little doubt Irving Wallace (Princess Elizabeth, p. 11) knows a trek or two about writing. At fifteen, he'd sold his first piece for $5 to Turf magazine, and by eighteen he was writing abroad, when he discovered a freak of nature in the Honduras called the Fountain of Blood, later included in the Central American geography books.

Born 30 years ago in Chicago, the restless-footed Mr. Wallace was raised in Kenosha, Wisconsin, which gave us Orson Welles, Don Ameche and Simmons beds. A journalistic product of the Williams Institute at Berkeley, California, Mr. Wallace's 500 articles and short stories for 100 magazines, on such varied folks as Huey Long, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, Leni Riefenstahl, Kerenski, Avila Camacho, Tojo, Nomura, Jim Thorpe, Kid McCoy and Bob Hope have taken him thither and yon—but definitely. Now, with his wife, he is running down articles in Europe.

Toughest moments in his wanderlusty life came in 1940 when the Dangerous Thoughts Police gave him a rough going-over in Japan. He was eventually banned from the Land of the Setting Sun for a guest column he'd written for Walter Winchell. These Dangerous Thoughts he later relayed to our own Dangerous Military Intelligence.

The tastes of this literary Cook's Tourist include Maugham, Tolstoy, California nights, people after you understand them, milk shakes, old pipes, stud poker, pool, Willkie, Mr. O'Malley, sun-bathing, pretty girls in summer dresses, photos of Abe Lincoln, his mammy's matzoth ball zoop, and going away and coming home.

JACLAND MARMUR makes his fiftieth appearance in Collier's with The Two-Thonged Whip (p. 77). As he munches the birthday cake and candles with which he is celebrating, Mr. Marmur feels with justice that "fifty stories are a lot in anybody's league." We looked it up and found that at this moment Frederick Hazlitt Brennan leads in the Collier's fiction derby with 124 stories and serials. The late H. C. Witwer is runner-up with a handful less; Octavus Roy Cohen has 113; Ernest Haycox 106; Roark Bradford 104; while the blood-chilling Sax Rohmer hit us 93 times. To the Victors (p. 14), by the way, is Harry Sylvester's No. 40.

Mr. Marmur, who writes almost exclusively of the sea, came to Brooklyn at the age of two from landlocked Sosnowiec, Poland. Headed for the Bar, he detoured adventurously out to sea, which he took up as a profession. He began writing at sea in watches below, his first acceptance coming from Adventure Magazine, which cabled him in Hilo Harbor aboard the old S.S. Matsonia.

In 1929, having acquired a wife and a sufficiency of acceptances, Mr. Marmur swallowed his anchor and settled down in the hills of Marin County, California—Larkspur in his snug harbor—to devote all his time to writing. Andromeda, his sixth novel of his beloved sea and ships, is in the works right now. "Whether I have fifty more stories left for Collier's," exclaims Mr. Marmur, "is to be sure a matter of doubt—but I'm sure as hell gonna try!"

BASEBALL is a living to Milton Gross (Tex Knows the Pitch, p. 21). "To some," he says unhappily, "it's a grand old game. To my wife, it's a monstrous plot which leaves her wandering alone through our four-room Brooklyn apartment part of the winter, and all of the spring and summer."

It seems that nine years ago, when Mr. Gross was courting his wife, he forced her to attend three doubleheaders with him in a row. She's never quite recovered. "As a former registered nurse," says the harassed Mr. Gross, "the missus hates baseball with a passion I had imagined she would reserve only for interns. She begins working her way into a snit at the start of each new year when, by the simple mathematical process of removing her nylons and counting her toes, she comes to the conclusion that spring training isn't far off and I with it."

N. Y. POST

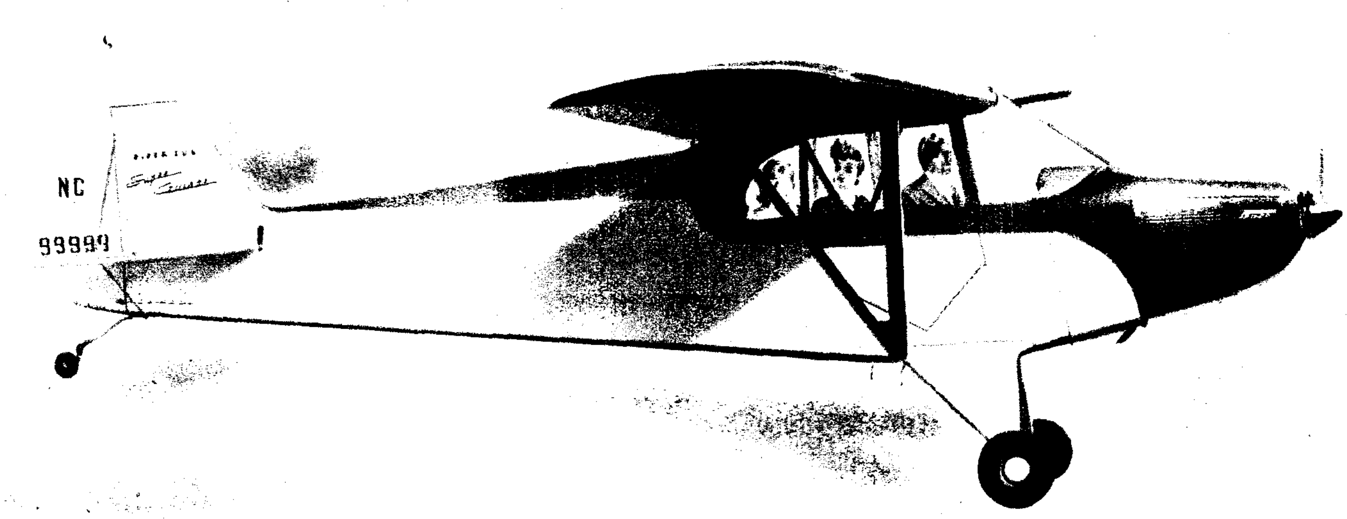
Milton Gross

Year after year, minus three spent with Uncle Sam, Mr. Gross patiently explains how traveling with the Yankees increases the Gross gross. "I don't like to leave you, darling, for Florida and places like Panama, and Venezuela," he sighs. "That kind of mooching around irks me!"

"It's nice irk if you can get it," replies Mrs. Gross inconsolably and murmurs she'd rather have Mr. Gross take her to a night club to rumba.

But the Yankees and the New York Post, for whom Mr. Gross writes three sports, must go on despite baseball wives. We hesitate to offer a solution—except that possibly Mrs. Gross is a Dodger fan and hates the damn' Yankees.

This week's cover: Bare Back was painted by Jon Whitcomb and dramatizes the danger of going to Florida to get a healthy tan in a bathing suit instead of an evening gown. What holds the dress up? Your guess is as good as mine! . . . TED SHANE



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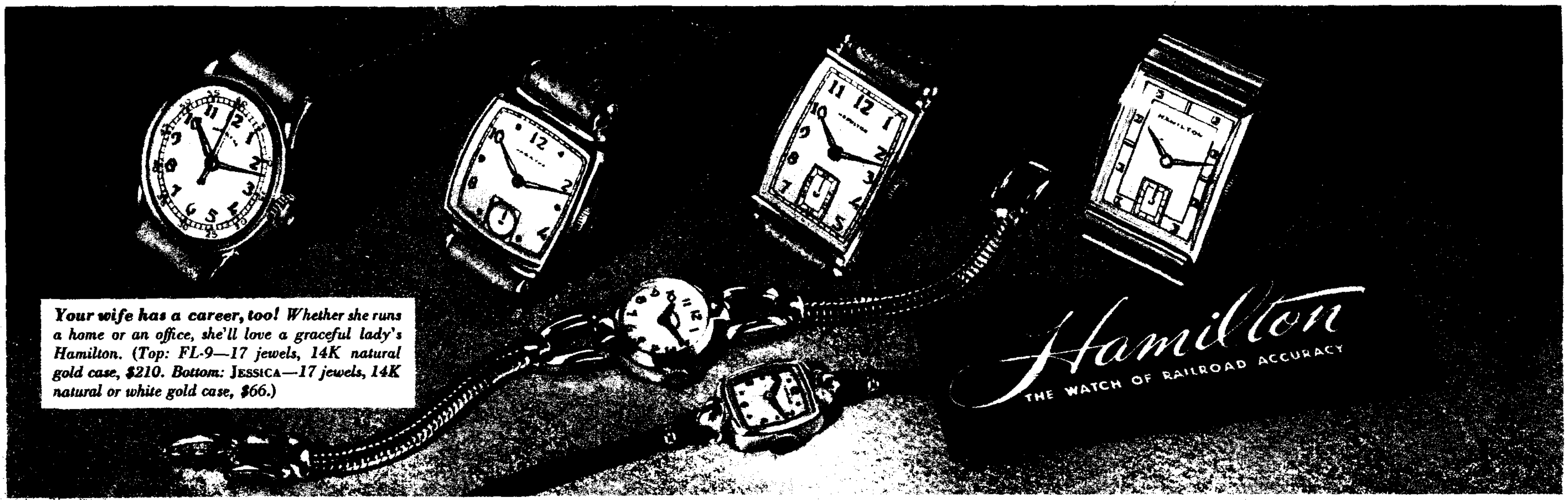

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PRINCESS

BY IRVING WALLACE

England's Queen-to-be is about to come of age. Despite all the publicity of her romance with Prince Philip, few people know what sort of ruler she will make. From this full-scale portrait of the Princess, a few conjectures may be made

ONE evening last summer, when Hedda Hopper, the eminent Hollywood historian, was attending a swank party in London, she cornered Noel Coward and asked him to give her some advice. She said she was attending a luncheon the following day at which she would meet 20-year-old Princess Elizabeth, Heiress Presumptive to the throne of England, and she wondered how one addressed royalty.

"It's simple, Hedda," said Coward. "You merely curtsy and say ma'am."

"Ma'am? And why should I say ma'am?" flared Hedda. "Liz is 20 and I'm an old lady. She should bow to me and call me ma'am!"

Noel Coward sighed and explained that while Hedda wouldn't be placed in public stocks if she neglected this courtesy to royalty, the English would consider her extremely gauche. Hedda relented and devoted the entire evening, amid a circle of celebrated guests, to rehearsing her curtsy with Noel Coward. And, the next noon, when she confronted the smiling princess, she bowed and murmured ma'am without expletives.

Miss Hopper's reaction, like that of most red-blooded Americans who regard curtsying and ma'aming as sissy stuff belonging to costume operettas, is typical of the general attitude of the outside world today toward the Purple. More and more, citizens of the younger democracies are looking upon 20th-century royalty as anachronisms of the Atom Age, fugitives from the dustier museums.

This, plainly, is what Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of King George VI, most publicized female of her years on earth, is up against.

She is growing up to rule 558,000,000 subjects in a world that refuses to take her job seriously. Her only reassurance is the fact that her own people, and her own followers, still take her very seriously indeed. For, to the English, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor is more than just a ruddy, beefy kid of 20. To them she is Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth, who will, barring accidents and anarchists, one day be Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith and Empress (perhaps) of India.

For the English, who have dwelt so long in a gray world of boiled potatoes, Brussels sprouts, queuing up and ration points, Princess Elizabeth is the one dash of color, the bit of glamor, the lone luxury England feels it can afford. And, in a life of flux and uncertainty, the continuity of the throne is the one thing to remind the English that this England, "this accepted isle, this other Eden," is still anchored, unchanged, and that all is well in this best of all possible worlds.

For these reasons, even most mem-

STUDIO LISA

ACME

As colonel-in-chief of the Grenadier Guards, an appointment she received when she was 16, Elizabeth performs some of the duties she will take on as queen. At reviews like this one held last year, the princess is a stickler for form

BRITISH COMBINE

Elizabeth loves to dance, but every partner she is seen with has immediately been rumored as a possible Prince Consort. Here she is shown with Lord Rupert Nevill on the occasion of her first public ball, last summer in London

bers of the left have affection for their monarchy. Once Mr. J. H. Thomas, the labor leader who thundered for a republic until he succumbed to the friendship of King George V, ran into the Soviet ambassador at a glittering party in Buckingham Palace. The Russian, with a nod at the scene, mused, "I wonder how long this will last." And Thomas snapped back, "A damned sight longer than your Five-Year Plan." It is because they all feel this way that the English happily curtsy and say ma'am to Princess Elizabeth, and if outsiders don't like it they can lump it.

Today, more than any other time in the last two hectic decades, and in spite of the fact that they vote labor, socialize, and tax the great mansions into ruin, the English are displaying a real interest in their princess. At last she has become a topic as important and serious as cricket, bird-watching and yesterday's Letter to the Times. For now, suddenly, everything has happened to her at once.

This year, on April 21st, in the remote city of Cape Town, Union of South Africa, amid dowagers wearing $120 hats and politicians wearing $200 coats and striped trousers, Princess Elizabeth will come of age. Her 21st birthday, unlike her 17th when she danced the rumba until three in the morning with British and American army officers, and her 20th birthday when she appeared with her parents before 30,000 persons, while two military bands played, will be a more formal occasion. Most likely she will attend a dinner sponsored by the king or by her friend Field Marshal Smuts, sip Constantia wine, eat Dutch bobotie, speak a few words in Afrikaans (which she learned in London from her special tutor, Mr. van den Post, the Union's senior trade commissioner).

This year, with her coming of age, which makes her technically eligible to vote and entitles her to have her salary raised from $24,000 to $60,000 annally, Princess Elizabeth will begin a long period of foreign travel. For at 21 she becomes the Empire's emissary and inherits the task of spreading sweetness and light to the far-flung colonies and dominions. And while she confessed to Ike Eisenhower, off the record, during his last visit to England, that she would prefer to travel across the United States before visiting other lands, she will certainly not be permitted to see America first. Her next trip, undoubtedly, will be to Australia and then to Canada.

This year, most important to herself and her starry-eyed cult, she may become officially engaged, and possibly married. While the outside world speculates, her intimates at Buckingham Palace admit that she is deeply in love with the part-Greek, part-German, British-bred naval lieutenant, Prince Philip. Despite the fact that her parents have tried to restrain her, she writes Philip three times a week when he is on duty and has him to the palace or Windsor Castle as a permanent guest when he is in town. Even her 16-year-old sister, Princess Margaret, impish, clever, lively, constantly teases Elizabeth about Philip.

"Margaret is always pulling her leg, making jokes about her and Philip," a palace guest told me, "and Elizabeth doesn't seem to mind at all."

Her Public Changes Its Viewpoint

Thus, this year, with all these events spotlighting her, Princess Elizabeth's followers have come to realize for the first time that she has graduated from her dolls and Girl Guides, that she is a woman—their next ruler. Now, more than ever, the English as well as lesser civilizations want to know what's in store for them.

To satisfy this curiosity, the paid publicists in Buckingham Palace (fully aware that, while queens are born, they are also made) have in the last months bent themselves to producing a steady stream of authorized, supervised and somewhat chaste information. Earlier, British Movietone News was appointed to make a ten-minute movie of Princess Elizabeth, depicting, through use of old newsreel shots and new staged shots, her life from the age of 8 to 19.

The king consented to the title, Heir to the Throne, and when the job was done, the queen censored the footage. The movie opened and closed with scenes of Elizabeth out walking with her dogs, showed her taking riding lessons, teaching her younger sister to knit. Only twice was her actual voice heard, once giving droll orders to her Sea Rangers, and again answering the telephone on her 18th birthday. For the newest scenes taken in her private apartment in Windsor Castle, Elizabeth used eye shadow and heavy powder, neither of which she ordinarily uses.

Today, while this short is being shown throughout England and the Empire, other forms of propaganda, revealing every innocuous fact about the princess, are being stepped up. The first of three book-length biographies of Elizabeth has appeared and sold out. It is called Queen of Tomorrow, a title to which 79-year-old Queen Mary objected on the grounds that there were already enough queens about without ringing in the princess prematurely. It was written by Mr. Louis Wulff, a correspondent accredited to the royal family for 20 years. Mr. Wulff's revelations, for the most part, are cautious and worshipful. For example, this description:

"Her eyes are blue, but what exact shade of blue is a matter of some question. Half a dozen people after talking to her will hazard half a dozen different opinions. Perhaps the most nearly accurate was the description given by a poetically minded Irishman who met her in Ulster. 'Her eyes are sea blue,' he said, and the princess' large and lustrous eyes do change color as the sea does, sometimes seeming deep blue, now changing to lighter color. On occasion, too, her eyes take on a much colder color, the pale blue of ice, if, as does rarely happen, she finds it necessary to check presumption or intrusion."

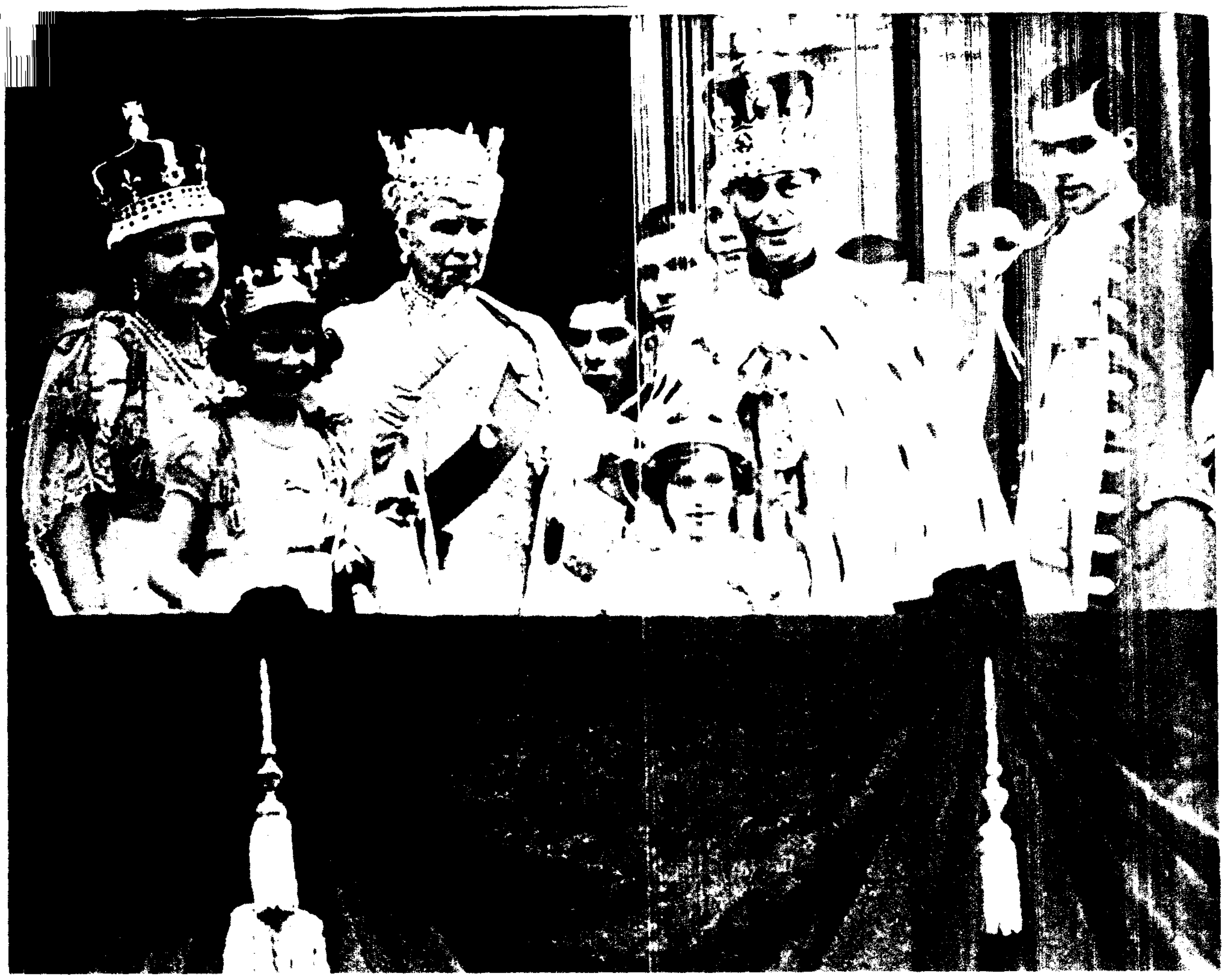
Other English scribes have concerned themselves with other phases of the princess' existence. Mrs. B. S. Shew, appointed by the queen to help Elizabeth with her daily diary, authored a serial, Britain's Future Queen, which has been running interminably in Lord Beaverbrook's The Recorder. Mrs. Shew, advertised as "The woman who sees Her almost every day," dwells considerably on Princess Elizabeth's early life, describing her riding a pony, being kicked in the jaw by a horse, playing hide-and-seek with little sister in the shrubbery, dropping bulky toys down the banister and maiming distinguished guests. "Such are our glimpses of them down the long avenue of the years," writes Mrs. Shew; "two little girls flushed and breathless with the joy of living."

The rest of the English press, reinforced with handouts from the palace, devotes columns to showing that the princess is just folks. The correspondent of the Daily Mail solemnly reports, "The son of a friend of mine was one day found bumping Elizabeth's head on the nursery floor and, while evading royal kicks, pulling out tufts of that curly hair."

Godfrey Winn, in the Sunday Express, is anxious to reveal that the heiress is a human being. "Let me tell you a story of her first public duty," he writes, "when she inspected the battalion of the Grenadier Guards whose colonel she had just become. She was then 16. As the car drove on its long way to Salisbury Plain, at every mile the princess' nervousness increased. She was anxious about what to do with her bag when she stood to attention for the march past. Should she hold it, tuck it under her arm, or what? She was nervous about her hands. They seemed suddenly enormous. In the end her disquiet was calmed much in the same way as so many

A. V. SWAEBE

Prince Philip of Greece is tall, handsome, 25 years old, eligible in every way. Speculation is rife about his romance with the princess



After the coronation of King George VI in 1937, the eleven-year-old princess beamed on the crowds with her royal father, mother and grandmother, Dowager Queen Mary. The Princess Margaret Rose stands in front. Below, Elizabeth and her father in the palace garden. She adores him, calls him Papa in private

STUDIO LISA

of us are calmed in tense moments. She was given a bar of barley sugar to suck."

Of course, this was good, but for the English, raised for many decades on such candid feminine classics as Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill, it was not enough. They clamored for less anemic information, for real inside stuff. They hungered for any frivolous tidbit, and when they didn't get it, they simply invented it.

One story that made the rounds for years was that King George gave Elizabeth, on her birthdays, a new pearl, each successive pearl larger than the one presented the year before. This year she would receive the last and largest, and possess an almost priceless string of 21 pearls. In the face of stringent rationing, the palace frowned on this rumor, exploded it, and stated curtly that the only necklace the princess owned was a two-strand affair given her by her grandmother over ten years ago.

Currently, the most popular "inside" story making the rounds of London is that Princess Elizabeth, whenever she goes to the theater or a night club, is not permitted to use the public ladies' room, but must wait until the end of the evening when she returns to her three-room apartment in Buckingham Palace. This story is untrue, but it has an interesting basis of fact. Before her South African trip, when she was out on a theater date for the evening, she would leave her boy friend and party flat, right after the curtain and rush home to the palace. All of London wondered why, and out of their theorizing grew the quaint powder-room fable.

Ruses of a Fugitive From the Press

The real reason, as Elizabeth's closest companions knew, was that she was trying to shake off the press and photographers. She felt that if her days belonged to the Empire, at least her nights should be her own. Yet reporters were on her like adhesive, watching every drink of wine, every rumba, every glance of affection. To tear herself loose from this espionage, the princess invented the Buckingham Feint. She would leave her friends, return to the palace, with the press in swift pursuit. She would hang around in her rooms a half-hour, then quietly slip out of the palace by the servants' entrance and rejoin her circle at a night spot or a private Mayfair party.

As for the ladies' room, if her future subjects are still curious about that detail, the facts are these: At a theater or restaurant, a special section of the public ladies' room is set

(Continued on page 46)

TO THE VICTORS

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

It looked like a dream job to Adamson. It turned out to be a nightmare

CHARLIE ADAMSON stood at the long bar and swirled the Pernod and water in his glass until a kind of iridescence appeared in the smoky fluid. In the long, cut-glass mirror he could see the reflection of the plaza all the way across to the base of the grilled-iron bandstand. Between himself and the bandstand were a few scattered patches of color where light and the morning's first warmth had caused a few flowers to unfold. The bar was dim, and he was alone except for Juan, the morning barkeep, and a solitary waiter loitering near the tables of the sidewalk café—should any Americans be up this early and want breakfast.

He would want it pretty soon himself. Adamson knew, and wondered how much longer his credit would be good here. They seemed to feel uneasy when food was charged, but drinks they charged as a natural thing, almost as though they recognized a man's need for a drink might be more acute than his need for food. Glancing into the mirror again he saw how sharp and bright the sunlight lay in the plaza even at this hour, and he felt a need to get out into it, to thwart the faintest suggestion of a chill.

To walk in it now seemed necessary. Always it reminded him of that other sun in the Pacific under which, administering death so often, he had himself come close to dying. But that wasn't why he wanted to walk in it now. A drink of Pernod and a walk in the morning sun often cleared his hang-over. He signaled Juan to charge the drink and, turning, moved slowly out across the tiled floor toward the tables of the sidewalk café, already topped by clean, white cloths. In the sun he would walk from the plaza along the esplanade. With the Gulf of Mexico to the east and the yacht basin to the west, the esplanade was not unlike the deck of a ship. The deck of his ship had been smaller, but he was still reminded of it.

About halfway to the street someone called him by name, his surname. The voice came from a corner of the sidewalk café—a vaguely familiar, curiously accented tone. But he could not remember where he had heard the voice until, having turned, he saw the plump man named Mortens seated at a table with the girl whom Glidden had told him was a former Wave. Adamson did not like Mortens and stopped but did not move toward the man. The hesitation was not lost on Mortens, for he dropped the upraised hand and said, "Nice morning, isn't it? Had breakfast yet?"

"No, I was just going to get some air."

"We saw you at the bar when we got here," Mortens went on. "Didn't know whether you were beginning or ending." He laughed should Adamson not appreciate his humor.

"Just an eye opener," Adamson said. He found with chagrin that he was rather hoping Mortens would ask him to breakfast. Then it wouldn't be necessary to go through the business of telling the waiter he wanted to sign the check and having the waiter say he'd have to ask the manager. Feeling the girl's eyes on him, Adamson still started to turn away.

"Why not have breakfast with us?" Mortens said. "If you have nothing better to do."

"Wouldn't mind if I did," Adamson said. He moved toward their table, making himself walk slowly, and selected the chair next to the girl and across from Mr. Mortens.

"You know Miss Beaumont?" Mortens asked.

"Think I've seen her around," Adamson said. "How are you?"

"Why, I'm all right," she said. "I think I knew your friend Glidden."

"Oh, yes," Adamson said.

"By the way, Adamson," Mortens said. "Where is Glidden?" Now and then Mortens' *s* sounds seemed to double themselves, making "iss" out of "is."

"He went chasing up to Mexico City after some girl," Adamson said. "Haven't heard from him in days."

"Well, no matter," Mortens said. "It's not important. What'll you have to eat?"

Adamson ordered a big breakfast. As the others studied the menus, he glanced up at Mortens. Adamson was able to see inside Mr. Mortens' buttoned coat and the thin leather strap that ran across the man's chest. A kind of scorn came to Adamson. Mortens was a fat fool to wear a shoulder holster down here. If it held a gun, which Adamson doubted, it was illegal, and if the holster was empty Mortens was either a fool or a faker or both. Adamson had for such people the scorn of the professional in violence for the amateur.

He was distracted by the girl and by wondering what she was doing with Mortens. The man had seemed nondescript the two or three times Adamson had met him before, as on Saturday night, when the plaza here in Veracruz came to life as on no other night and there were rockets and music and gaiety. Glidden had seemed to hold the girl's interest more than Mortens had.

"You were with Glidden in the Pacific, weren't you?" Mr. Mortens said.

"We were in the same PT squadron," Adamson said. Then, although he wasn't looking at her directly, Adamson sensed the girl's change of expression as she looked at him.

"That's what he said," Mr. Mortens said. "You come down with him?"

"No, I ran into him in Mexico City. He was after some girl he'd known in the States."

"And why were you there?"

Adamson hesitated. It was none of Mortens' business, but he supposed that if he let the man buy his breakfast he ought to give him a civil answer. "Just looking around," he said.

HOW could he tell anyone, let alone Mortens, of his need to regain the feeling he drew from a warm sea and a white sun? Mexico had seemed the nearest place to achieve that, somehow. But there was no work for an American here, and he had come to wonder if there was work anywhere for an ex-skipper of a PT boat.

"Would you want a job?" Mortens asked, breaking in on his thoughts.

"It depends."

"Naturally. This wouldn't take long, and the pay is good."

"Tell me more," Adamson said.

"Well, it's a long story," Mr. Mortens said. "Maybe we should go some other place."

"I have nothing else to do, and this place is as good as any." Adamson finally turned and looked full at the girl. "Unless it's something that might shock Miss Beaumont here."

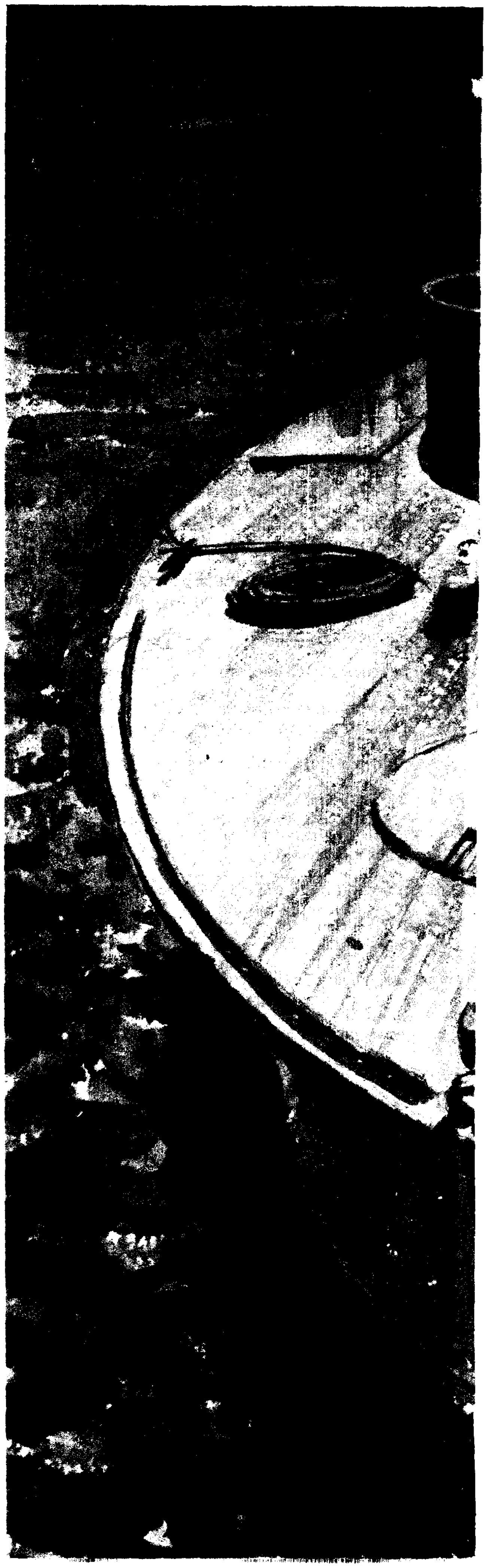
"I don't shock easy," the girl said. "I was on a hospital ship off Guadalcanal, not far from Glidden's squadron and yours, too. Were you with them there?"

"I was with them." Adamson wondered at the change that had come into his tone, a kind of reverence. It was as if the girl had known how he felt about that place. Turning back to Mortens as if in fear his face would reveal too much to the girl, Adamson saw that it was also as if Mr. Mortens had known how the reference to that action and place would affect him. In Mr. Mortens' eyes there was not so much a twinkle as a kind of unpleasant amusement, disappearing just as Adamson perceived it.

"How would you like to drive a PT boat again?" Mr. Mortens said. "Just for a few hours?"

"I'd like it. What's the deal?"

"The deal is a very simple one." He leaned forward. "I am a businessman. Before the war I had large holdings in this country. Then when war broke out I was stranded in Scandinavia. During the war they did various things to my business af-



Adamson descended the steps slowly. For a moment the illusion was strong that he would continue stepping down into and under the water. Then he saw the boat with two figures on board

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

fairs here, and now that I have returned they refuse to let me take certain papers out that are of vital importance to me."

Adamson didn't believe the man. He said, "Why don't you just put them in your pocket and take a plane?"

"Ah, there are too many. Whole filing cases. And they watch me."

"Who watches you?"

"The Mexican secret service. They—"

"I didn't know there was one," Adamson said. Then, realizing he was talking himself out of a job, he added, "It's not important. Looking at that strap for your shoulder holster I was wondering if you knew it was just as illegal here to carry a gun as in the States."

Mr. Mortens broke into merry, but slightly high laughter. "Ah, that. That is an old habit I have, just an affectation." He unbuttoned his coat and drew back the lapels. There it was, small, even for a shoulder holster, but empty.

Adamson's scorn must have shown in his face, for Mr. Mortens grew more sober. "Of course," he said, "I got in the habit in Europe during the war. I never knew what the enemy might do."

"And you thought," Adamson suggested, "that a popgun—what is it, a thirty-two?—would do you some good!"

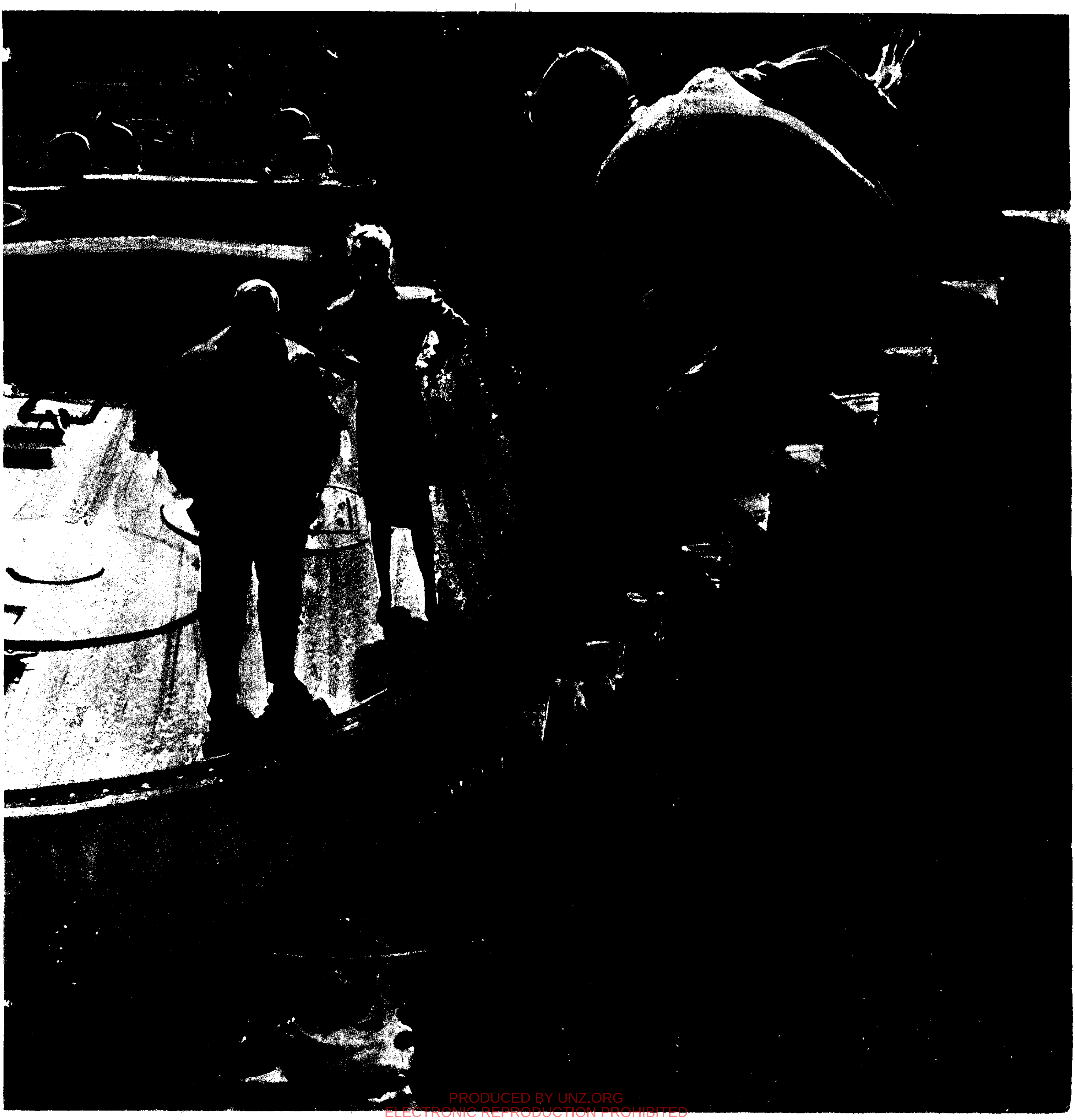
Mr. Mortens shrugged; there was even a hint of the obsequious in his manner now, as though he had recognized Adamson for what he was, the true professional in violence. "I would do the best I could with it."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"I would like you to take a boat loaded with my papers out past the breakwater and to sea."

"What happens then?"

"We will be met by friends of mine in a yacht. You will put me and the *(Continued on page 89)*



Aboard a Pan American Night-Club Clipper which flies gay parties to Havana for an overnight round of fun

SLUMP IN THE SUN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

The Gold Rush may be over in Florida. Last year's display of $1,000 bills has faded and fewer visitors are gambling, carousing and tipping lavishly

I'VE been misled about Miami Beach. I thought I was coming to a place where I could join the other fat fish and spend money like a guilty teller, but I find I'm a year too late. I was sent down to spend it, I am spending it and people are beginning to point at me.

It is still true that if you have it, they will take it; but there are fewer to take it from this year and I have several times been mistaken for Diamond Jim Brady. This was on the basis of a modest buck dropped in the doorman's hand for parking the car. Last year, I am informed, this was a five-dollar chore.

This is far from being the winter of Miami's discontent but it is obvious that black-market spending has disappeared. Where last year's visitors got their money was a matter for John W. Snyder, their consciences and possibly the F.B.I. From what I can learn, they had it and knew how to distribute it. Since it isn't likely that all these gentlemen have evaporated physically, it must be that they are here again but with their hands stuck grimly in their pants pockets. They are paying the same prices for hotel rooms (or higher) but they are drinking less, gambling less and eating less.

In Miami Beach they insist firmly that this is an excellent thing but occasionally one detects a nostalgic tear in the eye of a decent burgher. For historic reasons I am sorry I missed the saturnalia of 1945-46. The world was a sad place after the war but Miami Beach was filled with hot money seeking a haven. With the Treasury interested in tax evaders, it was a contest in some quarters to see how many thousand-dollar bills could be dropped in a specified time.

Since the possession of a bill of that denomination almost guaranteed black-market activity and carelessness with tax payments, it is difficult to understand how they disposed of them, but they did. In any event, Miami Beach had a rousing winter and looks back at it now with relief and also with some regret. It was the Klondike and it may never happen again.

Naturally I didn't know that things had changed. I first learned the truth on opening day at Hialeah. The clubhouse and grandstand were jammed and it looked like happy days were here again but there was a difference. I kept my eye fixed on the hundred-dollar ticket window on the second tier of the grandstand. For the first three races there was no business, no business whatever. I went over to talk to the ticket seller.

"How were things last year?" I asked brightly.

"I got plenty of time to chew the fat, buddy," said the man, "but it's against the regulations. I'm here to sell tickets."

This annoyed me and I was just at the point of shoving a few century notes through the wicket to show the fellow whom he was dealing with when another thought came to me. What would be the use? What fame would come from it? Who would know it but this human dummy and his inhuman machine? I went down to the two-dollar show window, where I met a lot of friendly people and got a few interesting tips. None of these turned out well but I learned the life history of a man from Indiana who had come down with his wife and daughter and was going to spend the season—and the hell with the cost.

From what I could see, Hialeah was bulging with people but the papers next day reported the crowd as 19,000, or 9,000 less than last year's opener, and announced in even graver tones that the betting "handle" had been $1,024,953 as against last year's total of $1,249,864. During the first half of Florida's four-month racing season attendance dropped 92,471 below last year's, and the betting total was $5,808,468 less.

Never one to accept a single example as a theory, I went out that night to Colonial Inn in Broward County, just across the line from Dade County, which includes Miami and Miami Beach. Gambling is illegal in Florida but Colonial Inn and its *compadre* Green Acres, which lies close by, have been running open for years.

At Green Acres you get a good meal and a chance for your luck but Colonial Inn really puts it on. When I was there it had a large and sumptuous show headed by Joe E. Lewis ($6,000 a week) and Jane Froman ($4,500 a week). There was an elegant chorus line and such other acts as Borah Minnevitch's Harmonica Rascals and Beatrice Kraft and her dancers. It was a $25,000 deal if it was a penny. When I drew up around eleven-thirty, I found the entrance crowded with people. I thought possibly the joint had been pulled but it seems they had merely had enough and were leaving.

They must have had a fair crowd for the dinner show but the midnight show had the appearance of a seminar attended principally by deadheads and relatives of the entertainers. The voices of the singers echoed through the cavern and gave a frightening aspect to what should have been a scene of revelry. When it was over I strolled into the gaming room and looked about with a sophisticated air. This rapidly changed to boredom because it was plain that things were at low ebb. There were people present but half of them turned out to be steely-eyed individuals who worked for the house and took an excessive interest in all callers. They undoubtedly knew of me from Monte Carlo and noted my disappointment at the drab scene.

The roulette wheels were silent and there was no play at the "shimmy" *(chemin-de-fer)* tables. The only action was with the crap shooters, surely not an activity to tempt an international gambler. I withdrew sadly, stopping only to look at the armored truck which stood before the door to take away the night's winnings. They would ride lightly that night, I mused, and decided against torturing myself with additional tragedy at Green Acres.

The Internal Revenue people estimate that betting in the casinos outside Miami is off 50, 60 and 70 per

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Miami Beach, one of the most famous resorts in the world, still attracts huge crowds, but this season the visitors were more conservative with money

cent. Up around Fort Lauderdale it is estimated to be off 40 to 50 per cent.

Despite this, the Pan American Airways features a Saturday-night trip to Havana, where the customers can venture a few extra kopeks at the National Casino. The take there has been extremely meager all season.

Next night I took in the dinner show at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter, where Lou Holtz was continuing to annoy Walter Winchell with his usual line of vulgar dialect stories. There was another elaborate show watched by a dinner crowd that comfortably filled the monstrous-sized club, but the minute the last note of the finale died down the exodus began.

How many they had for the midnight show, I don't know because I went on to the Copacabana, where Frances Faye was trying to hold the fort till Danny Kaye came to the rescue. The Copa seats around five hundred but it was reported that they had served ninety-four people for dinner that night. The figure seems possible because the last show was attended by a dozen or two forlorn-looking people who huddled close to ringside and doggedly saw it through.

The feeling of disaster was in the air and indeed the owners of the Mocamba had become so lachrymose earlier in the season that they turned the key in the lock and sadly departed. Others wished later they had been less courageous in hanging on and all were watching the Danny Kaye engagement with agonized interest. The Copa was paying Danny the largest night-club salary in history, $50,000 for seventeen days. There were cynics on hand to state that they would positively not eat a meal in a night club paying a single entertainer $20,000 a week, but Danny's first performances were sellouts and there was general hope that his success would stimulate activity all over the Beach.

At this juncture a trend became evident in Miami Beach life. There had been rousing business over the holidays and then a slump that had caused nail chewing all over town. Now it was picking up again and the hotels were reporting full houses and good reservations into March. The difference was pointed out to me by a hotel man. He stood on his front porch and watched his guests coming out and going across the street for breakfast.

Lush Times for Hotel Help

"A good normal season," he said sourly. "Last year they had breakfast in their rooms. That was the Gold Rush. It corrupted everybody. My doorman was making more than my manager, so *he* started to make some. People came down with reservations and found the clerks had sold them to the thousand-dollar-bill guys. It was a mess. It's a wonder to me anybody ever came down again. We're doing even better than we did last year."

There were smiles again on the Lincoln Road shopping district, which prides itself on being right in there with Fifth Avenue, Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. It still has some distance to go in that ambition but it's all right to dream, isn't it? They were doing business but the real-estate men were beginning to wonder. For the first time in years they had empty apartments but these were in the higher brackets. People had evidently decided they could forgo a two-bedroom job costing $7,500 a season (four months). Prices of homes were what the real-estate people referred to as "leveling off," meaning they were going down. It will be at least two centuries till they reach the place where I am interested, but it was a great season for people wanting to snap up $175,000 bargains.

Summing up, it is apparent that the big spending is over and Miami Beach is not what it was last year and still it's good. Getting the truth about the town is almost impossible, and I have never met a more sensitive and

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THE RAT RACE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

CONTINUING AN EXCITING NOVEL OF MODERN ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

The Story:

The U.S.S. Alaska, on a secret mission in the Pacific, steams toward Japan early in April, 1945, Lieutenant Commander FRANK JACKLIN, a Public Relations officer, is taken below deck by PROFESSOR CHALMIS to see the mysterious thorium bomb which Chalmis has developed. Without warning, Chalmis explodes the bomb, disintegrating the ship and everyone aboard.

Jacklin comes to, finding himself in New York's exclusive Pond Club, being shaken awake by a club member who laughs at his frantic questions about the explosion aboard the Alaska. On being addressed as WINNIE TOMPKINS, Jacklin looks in a mirror and discovers to his horror that his body and face are indeed those of WINFRED S. TOMPKINS, a wealthy playboy stockbroker with whom Jacklin had gone to prep school.

Seeing nothing for it but to play the role fate has dealt him, Jacklin-Tompkins goes home to Tompkins' lovely but neglected wife, GERMAINE ("JIMMIE"), in Bedford Hills, a suburb. Here he learns that Tompkins has been having an affair with a fiery redhead, VIRGINIA RUTHERFORD. Her husband, DOCTOR JERRY RUTHERFORD, has retaliated by *making a play for Germaine*. Jacklin-Tompkins renounces all extramarital doings, whereupon Virginia realizes that he is not the real Tompkins and threatens to expose him.

The next morning, Tompkins' beloved dog, PONTO, who has made a sudden recovery from distemper, leaps at this strange Tompkins' throat. When Germaine senses something is wrong, her "husband" pleads amnesia and she briefs him on his business, partners, etc.

In New York the next day, Tompkins' lawyer, MERRIWETHER VAIL, tells him that the F.B.I. is after him, and that afternoon "Tompkins" finds F.B.I. AGENT A. J. HARCOURT waiting in Tompkins' Wall Street office to question him on the mysterious comments he had made on *the previous afternoon about the Alaska*. And that evening Tompkins' hard-boiled but sympathetic secretary, ARTHURJEAN BRIGGS, takes him to the apartment Tompkins has rented for her, and the man who now calls himself Tompkins decides to tell her the whole story. . . .

II

AND so, Arthurjean," I concluded, "my guess is that for some crazy reason it's up to me to take up where Winnie left off and try to do a good job with the hand he's dealt himself."

She remained silent, hunched on the floor beside me, her red pajamas straining visibly, a pile of cigarette butts in the ash tray at her side.

"Give me a break," I pleaded. "When I tried to tell my wife—Winnie's wife—Mrs. Tompkins, that is—all she could think of was to send me off to a plush-lined booby hatch. Virginia Rutherford is beginning to suspect that something is wrong; and that damned dog *knows* it. So be original and pretend that I might possibly be telling the truth."

She didn't answer. Instead, she stood up, stretched, strolled over to the kitchenette and mixed us both two good stiff drinks.

"I don't pretend," she said conversationally, "to be smart and I know that the other girls in the office think I'm nothing but a tramp because I don't pretend I don't like men, but I'm damned if I think that Winnie could have dreamed up anything as screwy as this."

"As I remember him, he wasn't any too bright," I said.

"He wasn't dumb in business. He picked up a couple of million bucks and gave them a good home in his safe-deposit box. He wasn't so hot on music and books and art, but he was kind of fun."

I drew a deep breath. It looked as though I had won my first convert. Crazy though the whole world would consider me, here was one human being who could listen to my story without phoning for an ambulance.

"Tell me about this Frank Jacklin," Arthurjean remarked. "I don't get all the angles about him and this Dorothy. Seems to me you—Winnie, that is—told me Jacklin was the guy he'd had a sort of crush on at school. Winnie was still sort of sore about it twenty years later."

"It's hard for me to be fair," I admitted. "Jacklin was a big shot at school and may have had a swelled head. Winnie wasn't so hot then—nice but with too much money. Jacklin's people were poor, by comparison. He got through Yale, slid out into the newspaper game, held his job, married a girl, had a bust-up with her and joined the Navy as a reserve officer after she walked out on him. The Navy assigned him to P.R.O. work and sent him to the Pacific."

"He sounds like a heel," she observed, "leaving his wife like that. Tell me more about her. Is she pretty?"

I thought a long time. "I don't quite know," I said finally. "I never knew. She was necessary to me, long after I was necessary to her. I guess she got tired of living in Hartford and took it out on me."

"Any kids?"

I shook my head.

ARTHURJEAN yawned. "That part's convincing," she agreed. "I'll play this one straight. You're Frank Jacklin *and* Winnie Tompkins rolled into one. Where do we go from here? Let's see you sign Jacklin's name."

I pulled out Winnie's gold, lifetime fountain pen and wrote "Frank Jacklin" on the back of an envelope. She studied it carefully.

"It's nothing like Winnie's handwriting. How can you get by on this? How would I know it's Jacklin's writing?"

"You could go to Washington and see Dorothy in O.S.S. and ask her to verify my handwriting. Or wait. You can go and talk to her and notice whether she wriggles her nose to keep her spectacles up. You can find out whether she's still nuts about Prokofieff, or if she still thinks that Hemingway is a worse writer than Dickens, and whether she still uses gardenia perfume. You can—"

"That's enough," she interrupted. "I believe you, but how are you going to run Winnie's business?"

I considered the problem. "Tell you what, Arthurjean," I replied. "I've been thinking this over. The war's going to end this summer. What I saw on the Alaska means that nobody can hold out against us. The Germans are on their last legs, but most of the wise guys are saying that it will take from eighteen months to two years to clean up Japan—a million casualties, billions of dollars. This thorium bomb will do the trick, and the war will be over this fall. There's a chance for Winnie Tompkins to make another two or three millions."

She laughed sardonically. "How?"

"There's uranium stocks," I suggested.

"All sewed up by the insiders. Last year you—or Winnie—got a query on uranium and found that there wasn't any to be had."

"There's wheat and sugar," I argued. "There's a world famine coming sure as hell. Buy futures and we'll be set."

"Sure," she agreed, "if you want to buy black and can get funds into Cuba or the Argentine. But there are pools operating in sugar and wheat and you can't break into the game without connections at Washington."

"How about something solid for postwar reconstruction?" I asked. "Say heavy equipment or steel."

Arthurjean crossed the room and rumpled my hair affectionately. "Baby," she observed, "it's damn' lucky for you and Winnie's dough I know my way around the Street. Lay off heavy industrials until the labor business gets straightened out. It's all set for a big strike wave when the shooting stops, and a lot of investors are going to be burned."

"But in any place and at any time, advance knowledge on what's going to happen is worth a fortune. How about selling war industries short?"

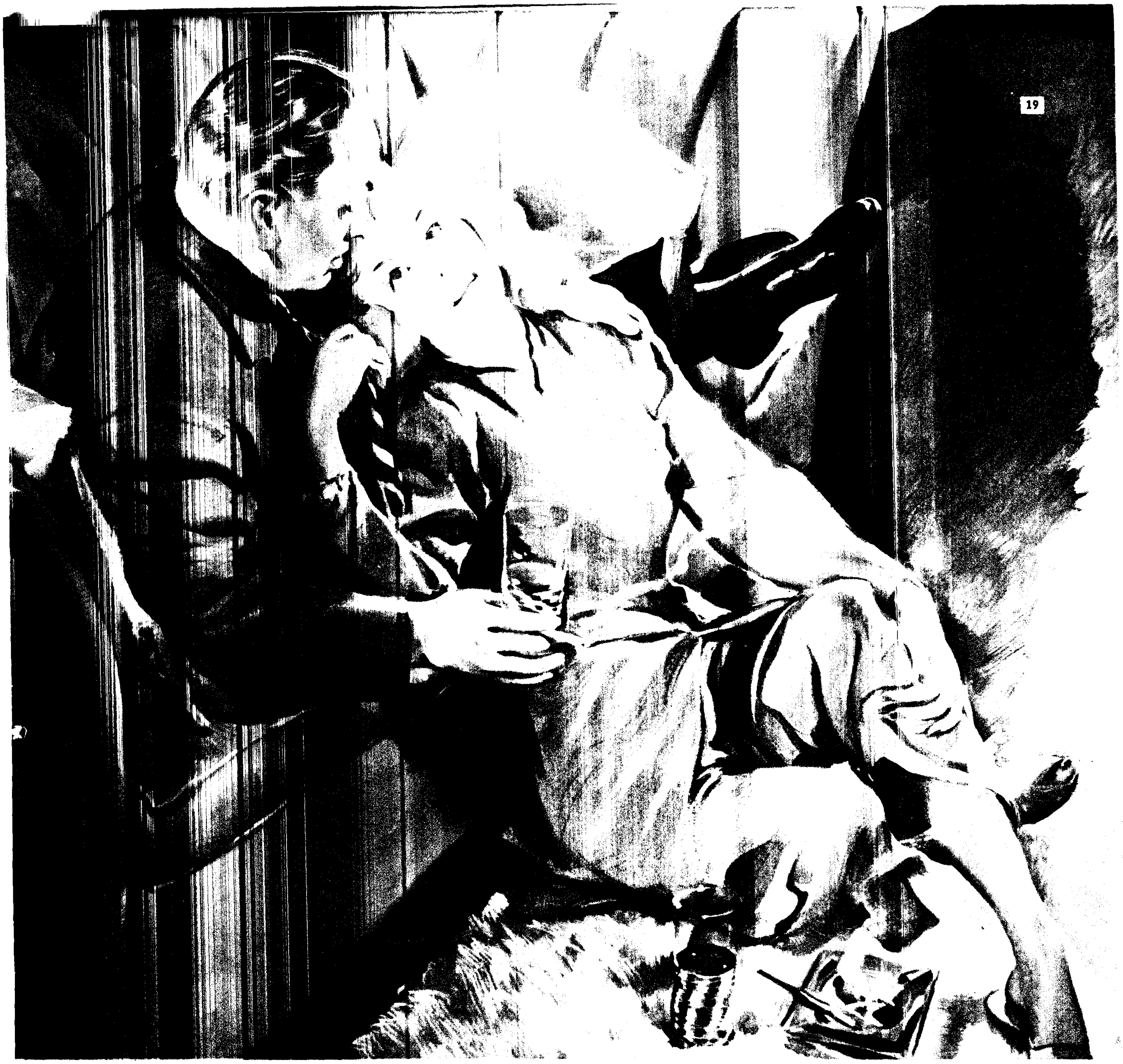
She shook her head. "You wait till you've been to Washington. Some of the smart guys down there may know the answers. Perhaps it will be real estate, if they can only get rid of rent control. Probably it will be surplus war stocks but that's going to be a political racket. Anyhow the tax collector will be waiting for you."

"Speaking of cashing checks," I reminded her, "how in hell am I going to get some dough? How does Winnie sign himself at the City Farmers?"

She laughed. "He has three or four separate accounts. The one he uses for purely personal hell raising is just signed W. S. Tompkins. Let's see you try to write that. Remember he loops all his letters and draws a little circle instead of a dot over the *i*."

I tried that a few times until she shook her head.

"There isn't a bank clerk in New York who wouldn't stop a check with



Arthurjean sat quietly while I concluded my story. "And so," I said, "for some crazy reason it is up to me to take up where Winnie left off"

that on it. Let's see, he signed his name to something around here. See if you can't copy it." She fumbled under a pile of magazines and finally came up with a copy of The Story of Philosophy by Will Durant.

"Winnie thought this would be good for me," she explained. "Here it is: For Miss Arthurjean Briggs, with the compliments of W. S. Tompkins. He was like that—sort of formal—it gave him a kick."

I tried the signature again but the effect was even worse than my freehand efforts. This time it looked like what it was—a clumsy forgery. "Hell!" I exclaimed. "I've simply got to do better than that. How about tracing it?"

"You'd be surprised," she told me, "how easy it is to spot a signature that's been traced."

"Well, how'm I going to get some dough?" I demanded. "I can't draw on Jacklin's Washington account—there isn't much there anyhow. And if I try to draw on Tompkins' account I'll find myself in the hoosegow."

SHE got up and mixed another pair of drinks. "I got it," she announced. "It won't be too nice for you but it's better than starving."

"You mean you'll lend me some?"

"Hell, baby, I got no money—twenty-five or thirty in the account and a few hundreds in War Bonds. No, this is better. Just hold out your hand and shut your eyes and I'll give you something that's worth real dough."

It sounded like jewels. I leaned back in the chair, closed my eyes and extended my right hand in front of me, palm upward. I heard her pad into the bathroom. When she came back, her voice sounded strained as she whispered: "This is it, baby. Keep those eyes shut!"

There was a smooth, tingling sensation across the tips of my fingers, then my right hand was suddenly warm and wet. I opened my eyes to see Arthurjean holding a stained safety-razor blade in her hand and staring at me, white-faced, as the blood trickled from my finger tips.

"Winnie—" she faltered and slumped down on the divan.

I hastily grabbed the handkerchief from my breast pocket and wrapped it around my throbbing fingers.

"Ouch! Damn you!" I exclaimed. "What the—"

"I'm sorry, baby," she whispered. "I didn't want to hurt you. It seemed the only way—"

"You damned fool!" I almost shouted at her. "Do you realize you flopped with that blade in your hand and might have cut an artery?"

"Now you sound like Winnie," she replied. "He never got ideas easy. Listen, you big slob, if you've cut your fingers you got to have a bandage and if you got a bandage on your right hand, your signature's going to be screwy. All you need do is to fumble it and I or one of the girls will witness it and the bank will clear it and you'll get the dough. Just putting a bandage on without wounding you would have been too risky. Someone might want to check."

(Continued on page 33)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE STARS WERE STEADFAST

BY JOSEPHINE PEARSON

There's no fool like an old fool. And well Father knew it

HER father didn't answer her question as seriously as she had wished. "Of course I think it's wonderful, Evie. A girl hasn't lived until she's been in love with an older man and I do want you to live."

And she had planned a dinner consisting of everything he liked best! "But seriously, Daddy—"

She stopped as Jen came in with a plate of muffins. Jen had worked for the Forrests since before Evie was born, nearly eighteen years, and felt privileged conversationally. She had been left in charge of Evie when Mr. Forrest went away on an extended business trip, and she had prophesied that something terrible would happen. "Though I don't know what new kind of mischief it'd be, unless she burns down the house." And as Jen passed the muffins, she mumbled, "It better of been the house."

When she had returned to the pantry Mr. Forrest asked, "So this marvelous creature is willing to marry you?"

Evie laughed patiently at what her parent thought was wit. "If anything happened to prevent our marriage, Garry would die and so would I."

Mr. Forrest looked properly abashed but was not silenced. "Aren't you rather young to get married?"

This was a question which Evie was prepared to handle with logic. "I assumed you'd mention that phase of it, Daddy, and of course it would be ideal if a girl could meet the right man, say at three o'clock in the afternoon on her twenty-fourth birthday. But what if it happens when she's seventeen?"

"Could she wait a few years to marry him?"

Evie smiled at the cool patience of the elderly. "Daddy! Can't you even remember when you were in love?"

And still he persisted: "Isn't there too great a difference in your ages?"

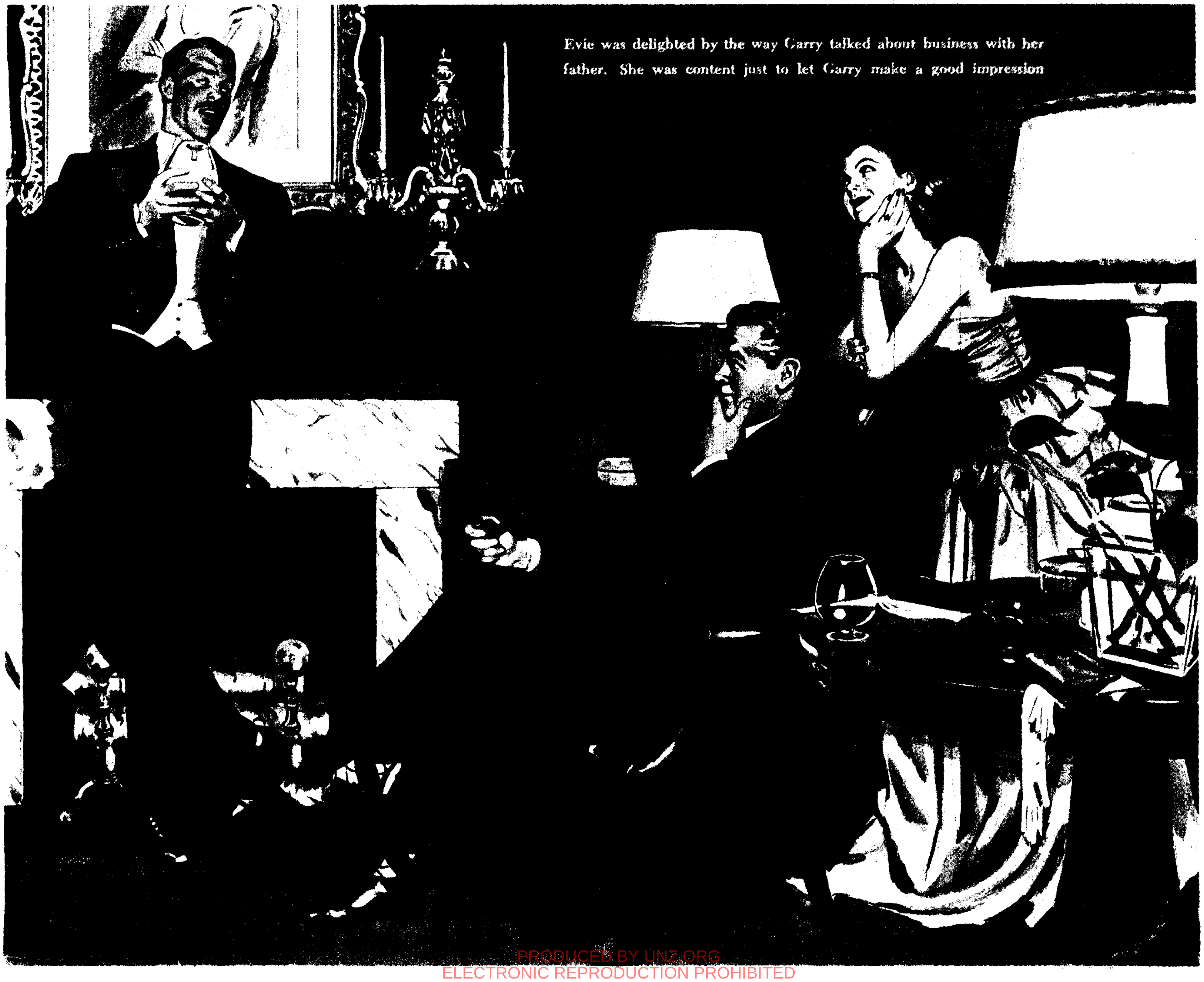
"You wouldn't say that if you saw us together. The way we get along is a miracle. We have everything in common, absolutely everything, and Garry says it's because I'm so mature. And anyway, Daddy, thirty isn't so very old."

The pantry door swung open and Jen said, "Thirty, my foot. A man can be as deceitful as a woman. Especially the kind that's all looks and no brains like that Garry Pell."

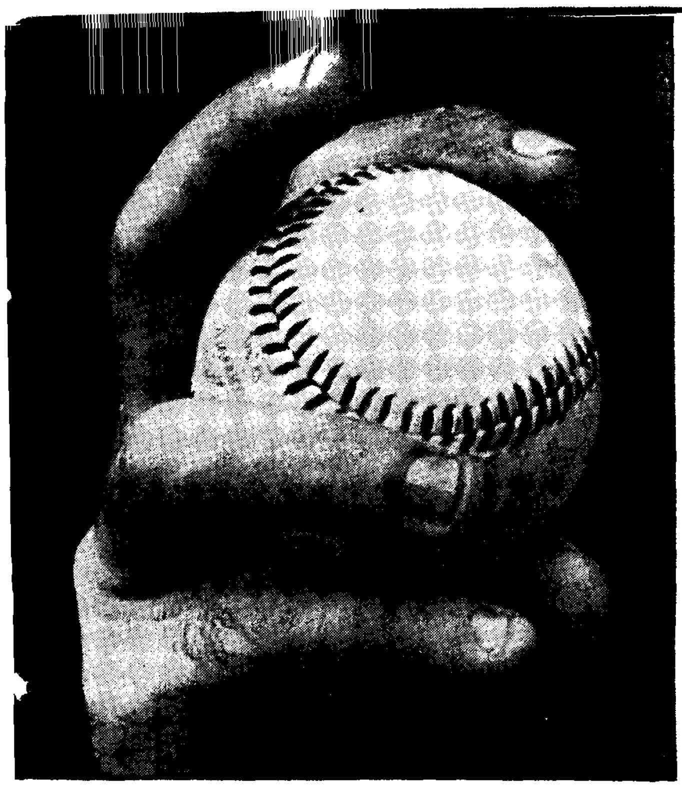
Evie had not rehearsed the scene with interruptions from Jen and for a

(Continued on page 55)

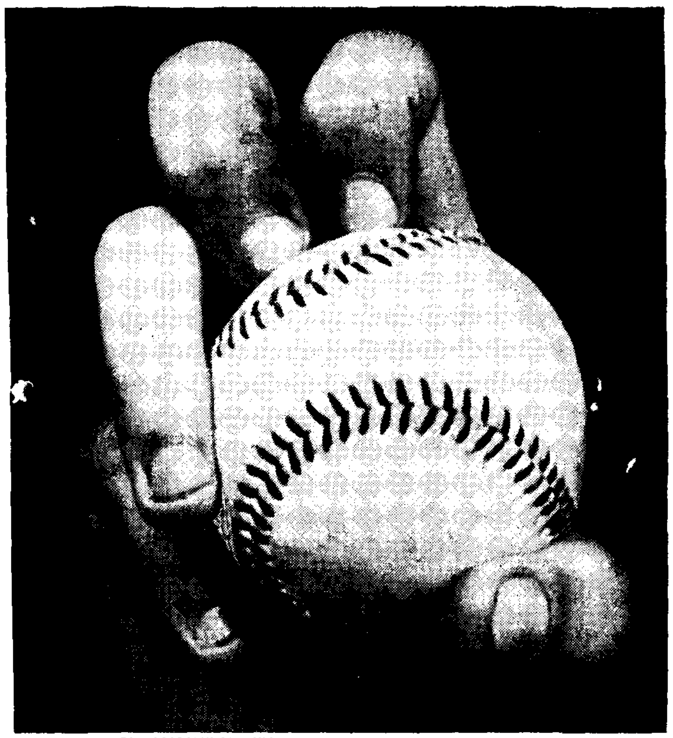
ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET



Evie was delighted by the way Garry talked about business with her father. She was content just to let Garry make a good impression



Hughson throws a wide variety of curves. Here he shows the grips for the screwball (above) and the knuckle ball



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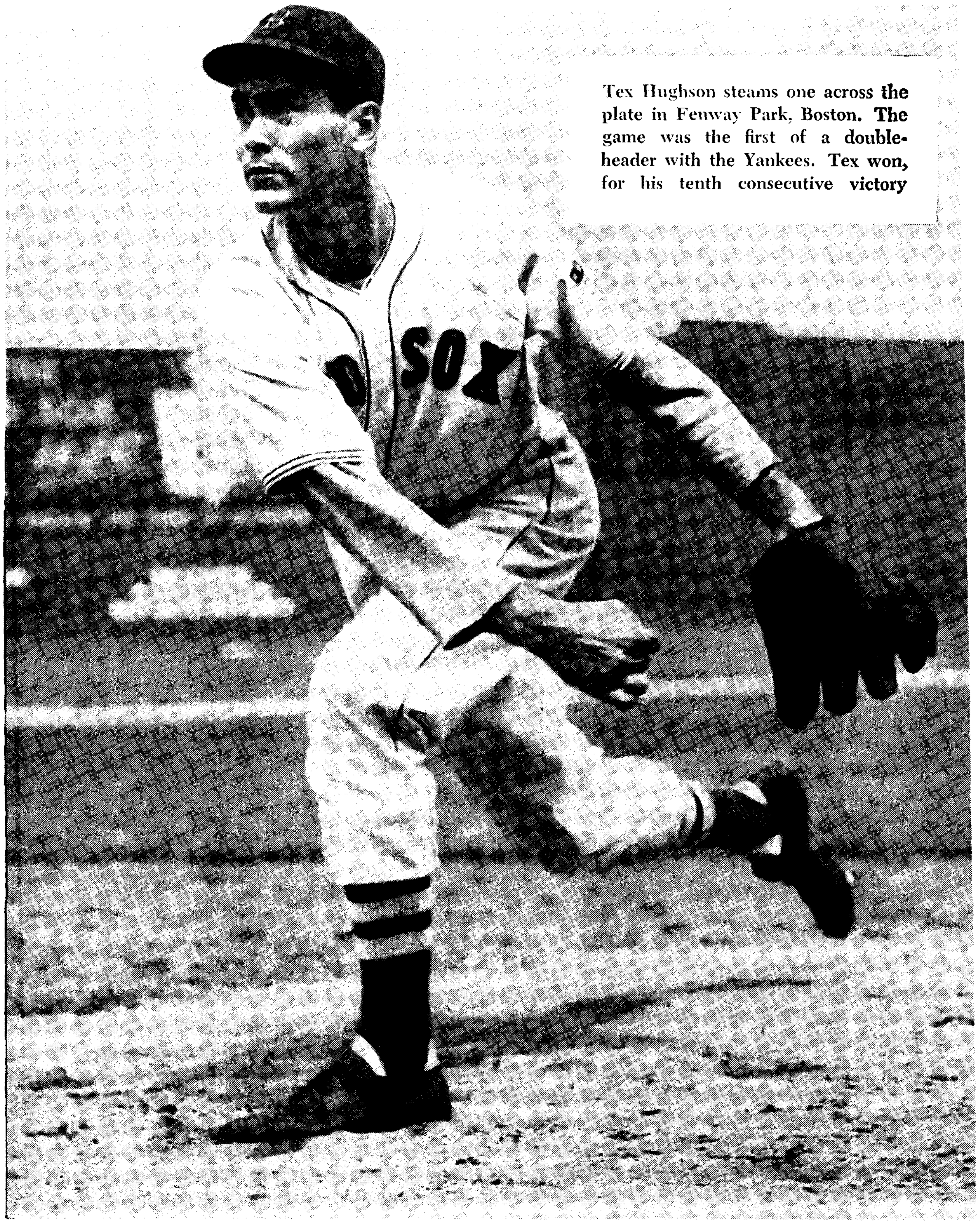


Tex Hughson steams one across the plate in Fenway Park, Boston. The game was the first of a doubleheader with the Yankees. Tex won, for his tenth consecutive victory

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

TEX KNOWS THE PITCH

BY MILTON GROSS

When the Red Sox face a tough one, the odds are you'll find Tex Hughson on the mound. He's one of baseball's most versatile hurlers

DEEP in the heart of Tex Hughson there is a consuming, almost a crusading, urge to become the champion pinball-machine player in the major leagues.

Hughson, a tall, dark, determined party, who was incongruously christened Cecil in the range country of Texas thirty-one years ago, trains for this bauble of flickering lights, rubber bumpers and bells with the same enthusiasm he expends in pitching baseballs for the Boston Red Sox.

In any hotel on the baseball circuit where the management has installed these gimmicks, Hughson can be found manipulating the plunger. Most of his waking hours, except the time spent in uniform, Tex passes seeing how high he can run his score without registering a tilt.

One such afternoon in Philadelphia, while the Red Sox idled before a night game, Hughson was so engaged when a hotel guest, ten feet away, shook his head in incomprehension.

"Look at those ballplayers," he complained. "Work two hours a day. Then they waste the rest of the day and their money watching little balls rolling around a machine."

Had Hughson heard the busybody, he would have beguiled him with a two-hour dissertation on why pinballs are good for the soul, particularly one belonging to a pitcher.

To appreciate Tex Hughson, you must know Hughson, the pinball player, and understand Tex, the broncobuster, who rode the Texas range from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Hughson's cow-pony background is genuine. He's been at home in the saddle since he was five years old. He started breaking wild horses in his teens. He worked as a ranch hand, owned 180 acres, leased 600 more and raised longhorns in Kyle, Texas, before the war. His playing with pinballs is practical. His pitching can be overwhelming, as hitters on rival American League teams will attest, and to Hughson's mind the three activities are one and inseparable.

"The first thing I learned about outlaws when I was a kid was to stay off their backs until I learned their tricks," Hughson drawled. "You can't ride an ornery horse until you break him and you can't break him until you know just what he's like.

"That's like pitching. If you're going to be good at it, you learn a hitter's

(Continued on page 78)

IVAN IS TIRED

[illegible] RICHARD C. HOTTELET

[illegible] and sacrifices of the war the Russian people looked forward to [illegible] relaxation. Instead they got tighter regimentation, more sacrifices. In this article an American correspondent reports that they're not very happy about it

Many of the workers who followed factories, such as the ball-bearing plant above, to the Urals during the war are not allowed to return to their old homes. New Five Year Plan stresses industrial production above all else

THERE was an anecdote going the rounds in Moscow at the end of 1946. Sergei came up to Ivan and said, "Hello, Tovarich, how are things with you?" And Ivan answered, "Rotten. I'm beginning to feel like Lenin. They neither feed me nor bury me."

This sort of grim humor was not out of place. Russia is now going through another tough winter, much tougher than anyone would have expected. There are no battle fronts, men are being demobilized and a number of wartime restrictions have been eased, but by and large the average person keenly feels the continued shortage and sacrifice. There is not enough food, not enough clothing, desperately insufficient housing and no relaxation. Prices are high, salaries are low. The only thing of which there is no scarcity is backbreaking work.

The standard of living in Russia has never been very high, but even despite his natural stoicism the average citizen feels he has good reason to be disgruntled with his life.

Like any other totalitarian state the Soviet state has done its best to paint an overlife-size picture of its citizens. It likes to describe them as steel-hard heroes with an inflexible will, living for nothing but the great ideal of a Communist future, laughing at difficulties, gaily grappling with hardship—a continent of Douglas Fairbankses. This is just a bit too good to be true, and the last one to be taken in by it is the average Russian.

On the top of the four-story Mostorg department store on Sverdlov Square in the center of Moscow, there is a neon sign that reads, "Glory to our great people, people victorious!" And next to this legend, also in neon, is a profile of Stalin. I remarked on it to a Russian one night, and he grunted, "They'd do a lot better to save the pats on the back and use the light for something practical." And he went on to tell me how he was down to one electric light bulb in his room, and how occasionally the current in his part of town was shut off to save coal.

The average Russian is not very different from the average American in the basic things. During the war he fought as well as he knew how and bore immense sacrifice. He wanted to win, to save himself and his country from becoming slaves of Nazi Germany. And by indomitable courage and the help of his allies he did win.

But let Ivan take the story from there. "We won all right," said one Russian I knew, "and it was a good thing we did. It was worth the price we paid. Millions were killed, families broken up, houses and farms destroyed. All of us worked our fingers to the bone. And finally we had our victory. We thought: Thank God, now we'll be able to settle down and live like human beings. We don't have Germany and Japan to worry about any more. We can get together with our friends and allies and set about building a decent, peaceful world. . . . We didn't have any illusions about it being easy, not with all this reconstruction to be done. But the emergency was past, and we felt we could turn all our effort to peaceful things, to raising the standard of living.

"Look at me." He held out both hands and looked down at his clothes. "My shirt is patched, my pants are patched, and I don't know how long these shoes'll last. The best clothes I have are my army uniform—but who wants to go around in uniform? Is this the way the citizen of one of the great victorious powers should walk around? And mind you, I'm not really badly off.

"And what about the way we live? My wife and I and our two little boys live in one room. I lost my eldest son in the war. There's no central heating, no hot water. We share a three-room apartment with two other families, and we all cook on the same stove. You ought to hear the fights that go on.

"A couple of panes of our window broke some time ago, and we've stuck cardboard into the frames—it's more important to stay warm, and you don't get much daylight in winter anyway. It's one of those old houses. My job isn't important enough to get into any of the newer ones. This old place has big holes in the stucco, so that the slats show through. It's hard to keep clean, it generates its own dust, and bedbugs keep coming in from next door. Apart from that, our furniture, such as it is, is a mess.

"But we're not badly off. We have an indoor toilet that works, and we have a little shack outside the city that we move to in the summer, and we're luckiest of all because we live in Moscow legally and get the better Moscow rations, and the good concerts and theater."

He looked at me, and I shrugged my shoulders in agreement. He went on, "We were better off before the war, but not as well as we would have been if we hadn't had to build up heavy industry and an army. The Russian people are not a lazy people, but we like the good things of life. And so, when the war was won, most of us looked for a change. First we wanted a little rest and relaxation, then we'd have been ready and eager to roll up our sleeves and build ourselves a good life—*krasivaia zhizn*—build houses and furniture, make clothes and shoes and radios and cars. We thought of the rest of the world as a friend, and wouldn't have minded a chance to do some traveling around in it. I saw Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria and Hungary during the war. They must be pretty nice in peacetime."

Stalin Makes a Speech

Here he grew somewhat reflective, and quieter, "So we got out of the army, and barely were we out when Stalin made a speech—that election speech in February—and told us that nothing had changed. He told us we were still living in a capitalist world; and that wars are inevitable in the capitalist system, so we'd better be well prepared. And then he flatly put an end to our *krasivaia zhizn* by announcing three more Five Year Plans, maybe even more."

He paused for a moment. "You know what that meant?" I kept quiet. "It meant heavy industry and the railroads would get top priority on everything. It meant we'd have to keep a sizable army and a sizable war industry, because after all you don't talk the way Stalin did if you really believe in international security. And, about the standard of living, that could be raised with what was left—which was very little. . . . Sure, in the long run if we have a powerful heavy industry our standard of living will go up. But how long will it take, and what'll happen to us in the meanwhile?

"Why couldn't we make consumers' goods and slow down the rate of expansion of heavy industry? There's no wild hurry—we could even get some of the machinery from our allies and have a lot less wear and tear on our own people. But now what have we got? Blast furnaces instead of overcoats. Just another rat race like the first three Five Year Plans. Only we're tired now, we've had a hard life. We're not the same people we were in 1927."

With that he stopped and sagged a little, and I ventured, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

My friend took one of my cigarettes, inhaled, and let the smoke dribble out as he said, "Do? What can we do? Do as we're told, and hope our children have it better." After a moment he recovered somewhat and smiled wryly and murmured, "Nitchevo," as he flicked his ash on my carpet.

Once Stalin gave the word, the government pushed the fourth Five Year Plan with all speed. And, since no one can work miracles, it ran head on into exactly the same problems of reconstruction, distribution, shortages that beset other countries. Only more so.

Reshaping Millions of Lives

The first and greatest problem was people. Seven million additional trained workers had to be found to satisfy the requirements of the plan. And, on top of that, the government had no illusions about the degree to which postwar let-down and the desire for the *krasivaia zhizn* dampened enthusiasm for more belt tightening. So, through all of 1946 the all-powerful state reached out to its 190,000,000-odd Ivans and began to reshape their lives. For millions it meant being drafted, retrained, transferred, combed out, moved around, frozen in jobs. And while this went on, all the propaganda agencies of the state drummed into their heads that they were happy, optimistic and enthusiastic, prepared to work harder and be content with less.

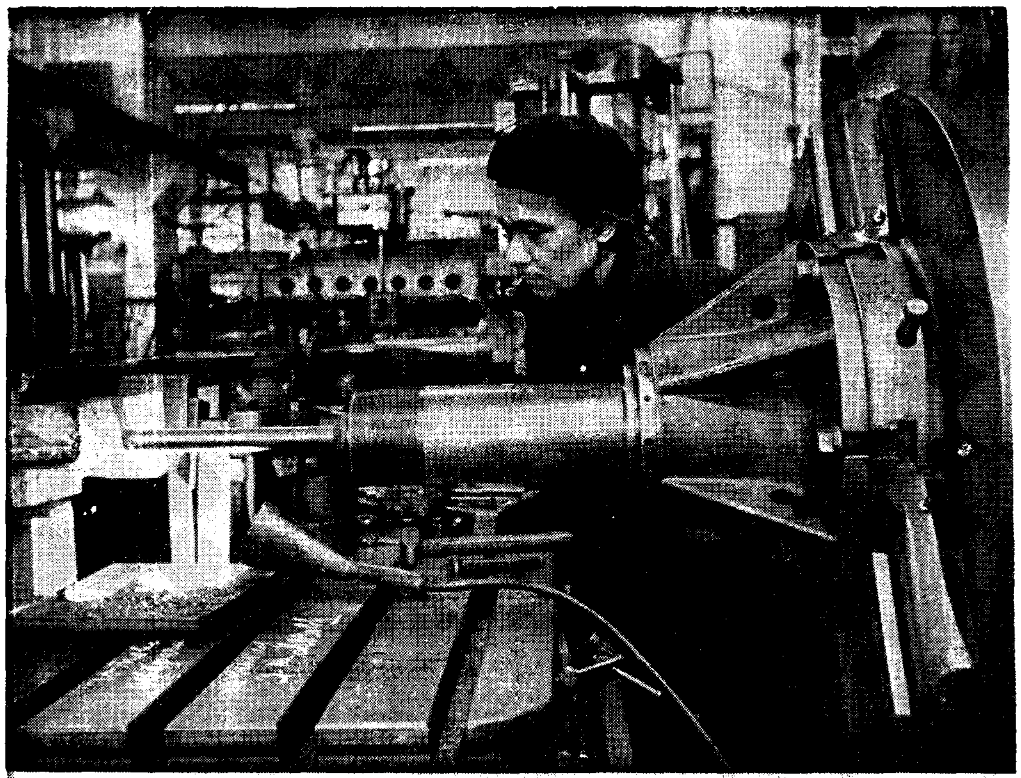
The largest available man-power pool was the farm population. Farmer Ivan was told to come on to the city and take an industrial job, even if only for the winter. He was being patriotic if he did, and would get good pay.

Traveling through the Donbass last summer, we met the director of a coal mine who told us how this recruiting drive was organized. The regional soviet assigned his coal mine an area containing several villages, in which it was free to recruit labor. No farmer could be prevented from signing up and leaving the village and he was guaranteed various privileges if he did sign up. His family was allowed to stay on the farm and retain its private truck garden and livestock. He was given special tax rebates for the duration of his contract, which was usually a year. If he wanted to leave the farm altogether he was given a special bonus and provided with shelter for his family at the mine.

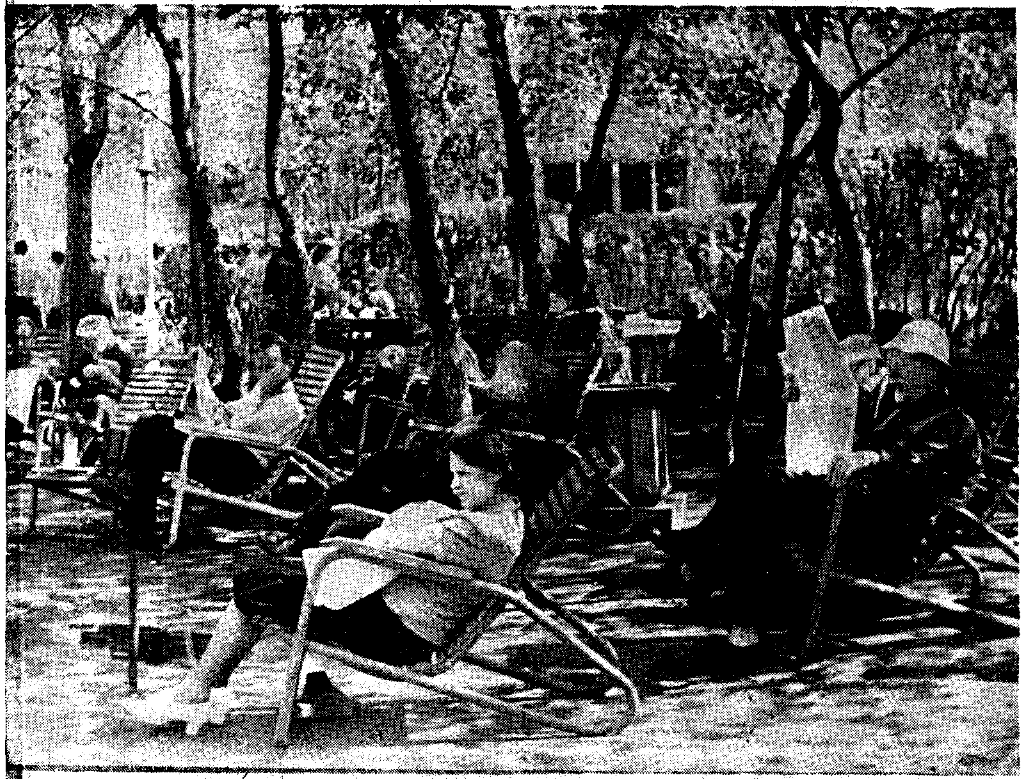
The state did more than tug at Farmer Ivan's sleeve. It ordered all collective farms to tighten up their operations, cut out inefficiency and graft, make the best use of their people and produce more with less man power.

In channeling men to industry the government was content to leave agriculture about 75 per cent in the hands of women and old people. In Kiev we asked the head of the State Plan Commission how he expected to grow additional food for the increased industrial population and at the same time reduce the number of farmers. "Oh," he said, "the decline in numbers

(Continued on page 83)

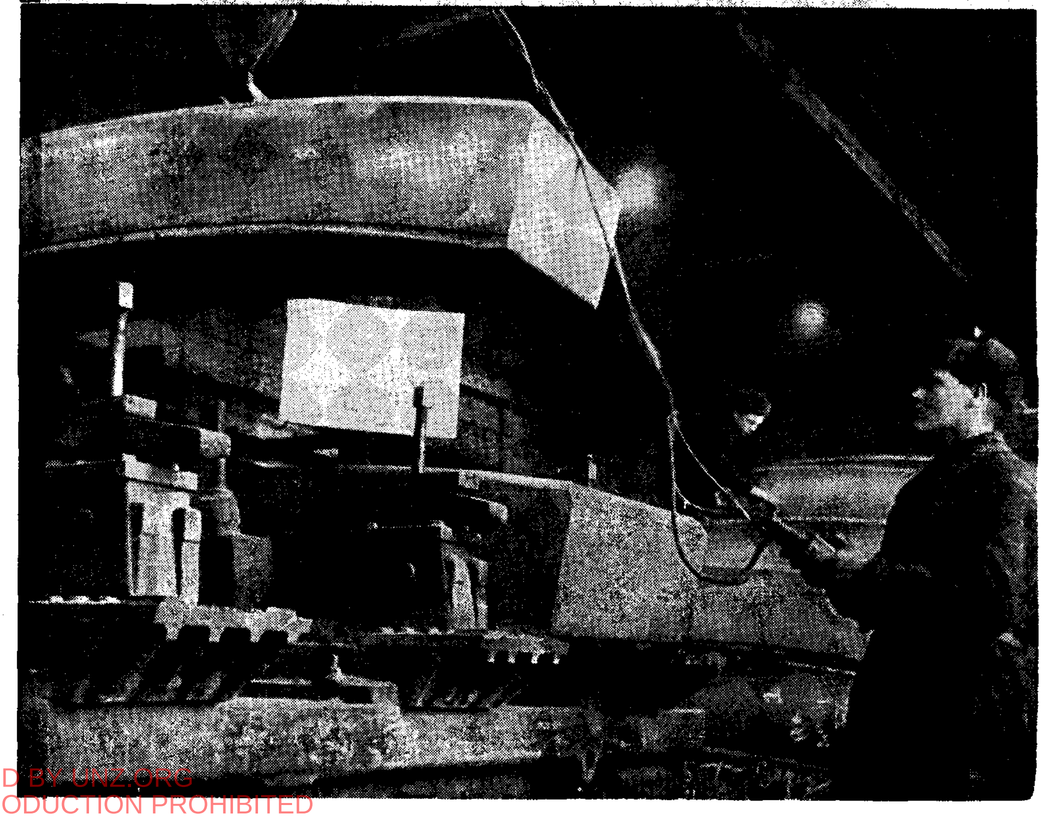


Soviet drive for production uses both force and persuasion. Many workers in Krasny Proletary machine-tool plant received medals for their labor during war



Another part of the "persuasion" program is establishment of parks and other recreational centers for workers. Above is a section of the Gorky park in Moscow

Food and housing regulations as well as wage incentives are used to drive workers into heavy industrial plants like this steel tube machining plant near Moscow



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

The poor have only one shield against winter's stabbing cold—the warmth of the heart

ONE BITTER DAY

BY NORMAN KATKOV

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

MY PA never taught me about money the polite way. He never gave me a buck a week to mow the lawn. There wasn't a lawn and he almost never had the buck. When I was eight, he sent me to South St. Paul one Friday after school to borrow ten dollars from my uncle. I didn't think about it more than it was a swell bus ride; but a few years later in another rough time, I could see he'd sent me because he was ashamed to go. The ten was for food.

Maybe at thirteen a fellow isn't supposed to know about how important the cash is. Maybe I was too young for such talk in the kitchen that morning—the Old Man with his back against the radiator and Ma at the stove he'd bought for two dollars that I'd helped him set up.

She wasn't hollering, you understand. None of that hair-tearing. She just told him there wasn't any more charge at the grocery store, that we owed the rent for three months, that we owed for the coal and here only February—although it was the last Saturday of the month I wanted to tell her. She told him good all right, all the time talking to the stove so she couldn't see his face. No suit for Billy; he was ten. No suit for me; not even a good pair of shoes for Pa for nice. I was old enough so I knew her not talking about anything for her was maybe what really made him sick.

She said it was Easter coming and no fruit or vegetables until May when he could start peddling again and what to do until then. I guess it near drove him crazy. I was sitting across the table from him eating my cereal and he just looked at the wall, his head back against the radiator, one hand rubbing his lips.

I suppose he never told her anything. Not about money or the lumps he had to take when he was out of that house. My pa was a real smart man, and he didn't belong on a truck. He'd been a salesman in Europe, moving around all over the place; and now, because he'd gotten here so late, he was stuck with a truck and a house where, when it snowed, we had to sweep the kitchen corners in the morning.

He wanted so much for Ma! I never saw a man, before or since, who was so polite. Holy smokes, she was a queen to him and if she didn't have a throne, nor even a chair in a parlor, she could always look at him and know how high up she was in his eyes. He never told her his troubles because he never wanted to worry her, and, in all the years since I'd known about the money, this was the first time I'd ever seen it in the open.

He listened to all she had to say, and then, just as I finished the cereal, he stood up, pulling on one end of his strap, finding the last hole for the buckle finger to slip through. I remember the pants still: heavy, Oxford-gray wool, as thick as a blanket. He wore them from October through March, sometimes even on Sundays.

My ma asked where he was going. He told her out.

"Maybe it isn't worth the gas," she said.

"Maybe it is worth so a man won't go crazy in his house."

"What did I say?" she demanded. I'd never heard them fight.

"Nothing."

"What did I say so wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

Most Saturdays Timmy Olin, my pal, was outside yelling for me at 7:30. He sure picked the day to be late.

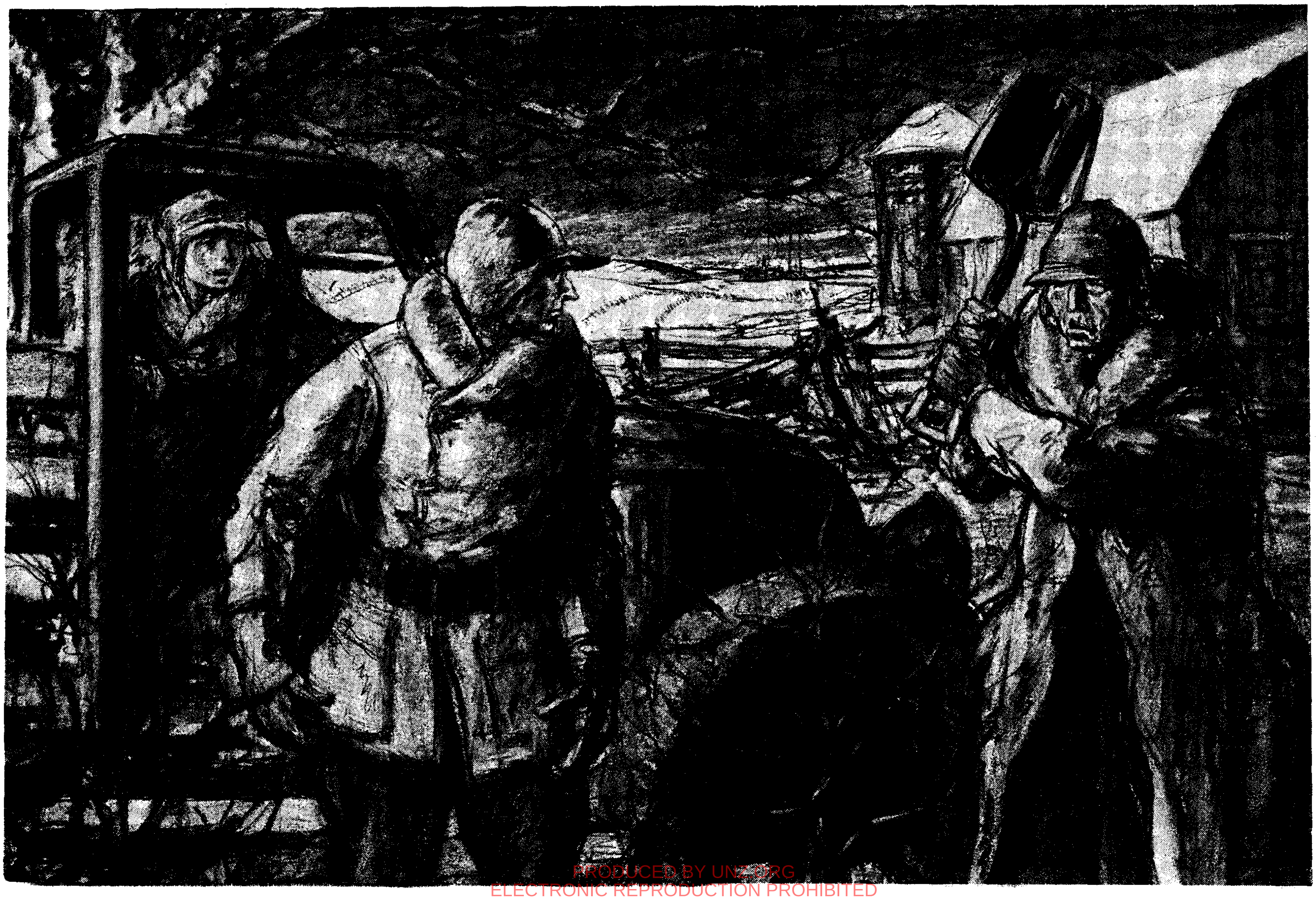
Ma bent for some wood beside the stove. She threw it in and turned to him, rubbing her hands on her apron. "I can tell you," she said.

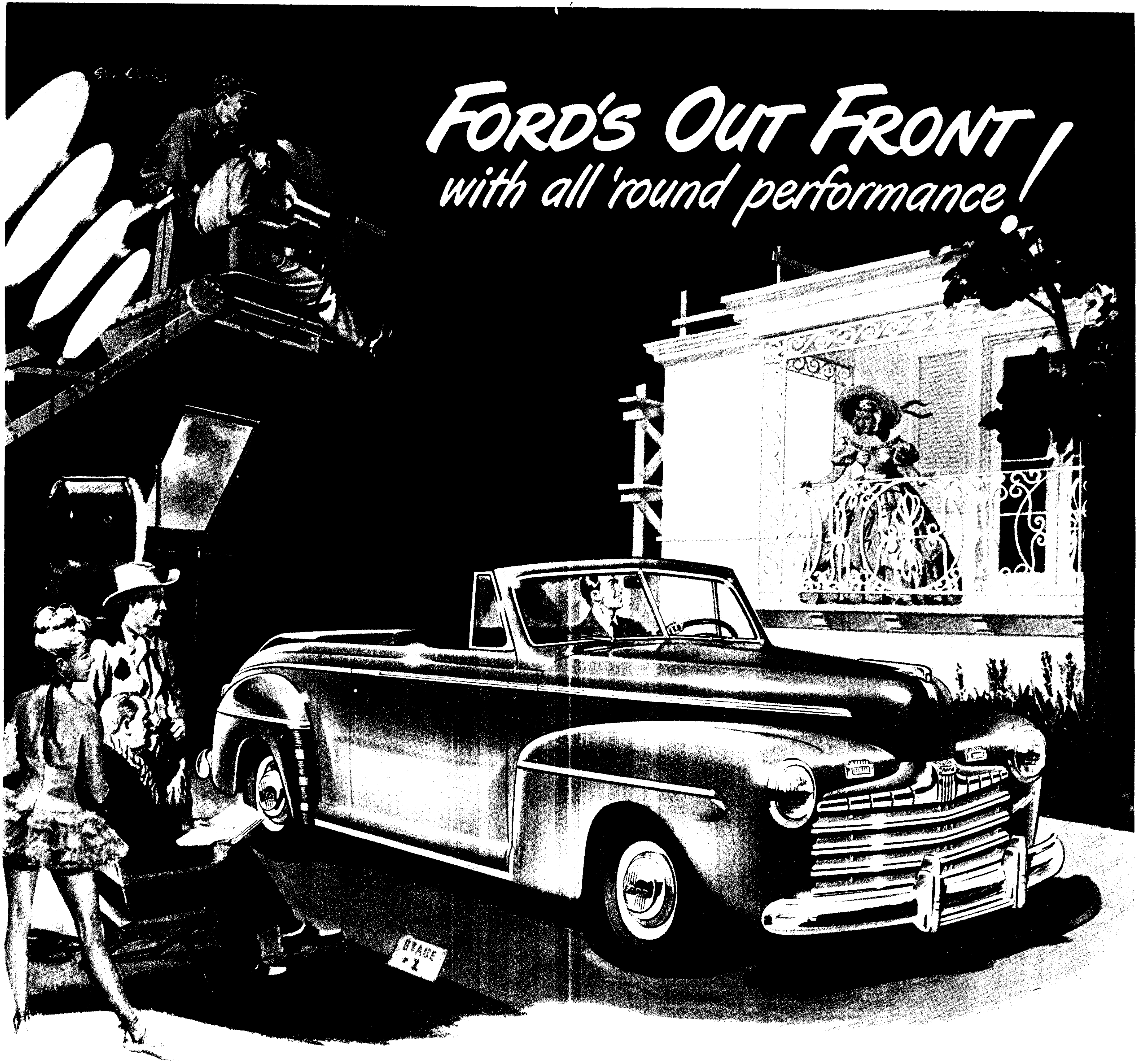
"Why not?" His leather jacket was spread over the radiator. "It don't cost money."

"I can't keep it no more," she said. "It's too much to worry over."

(Continued on page 60)

"Out of the yard, bum," the farmer said, gripping the shovel. "Don't have to talk rough to me," Pa said. For a moment I thought Pa was going to give it to him





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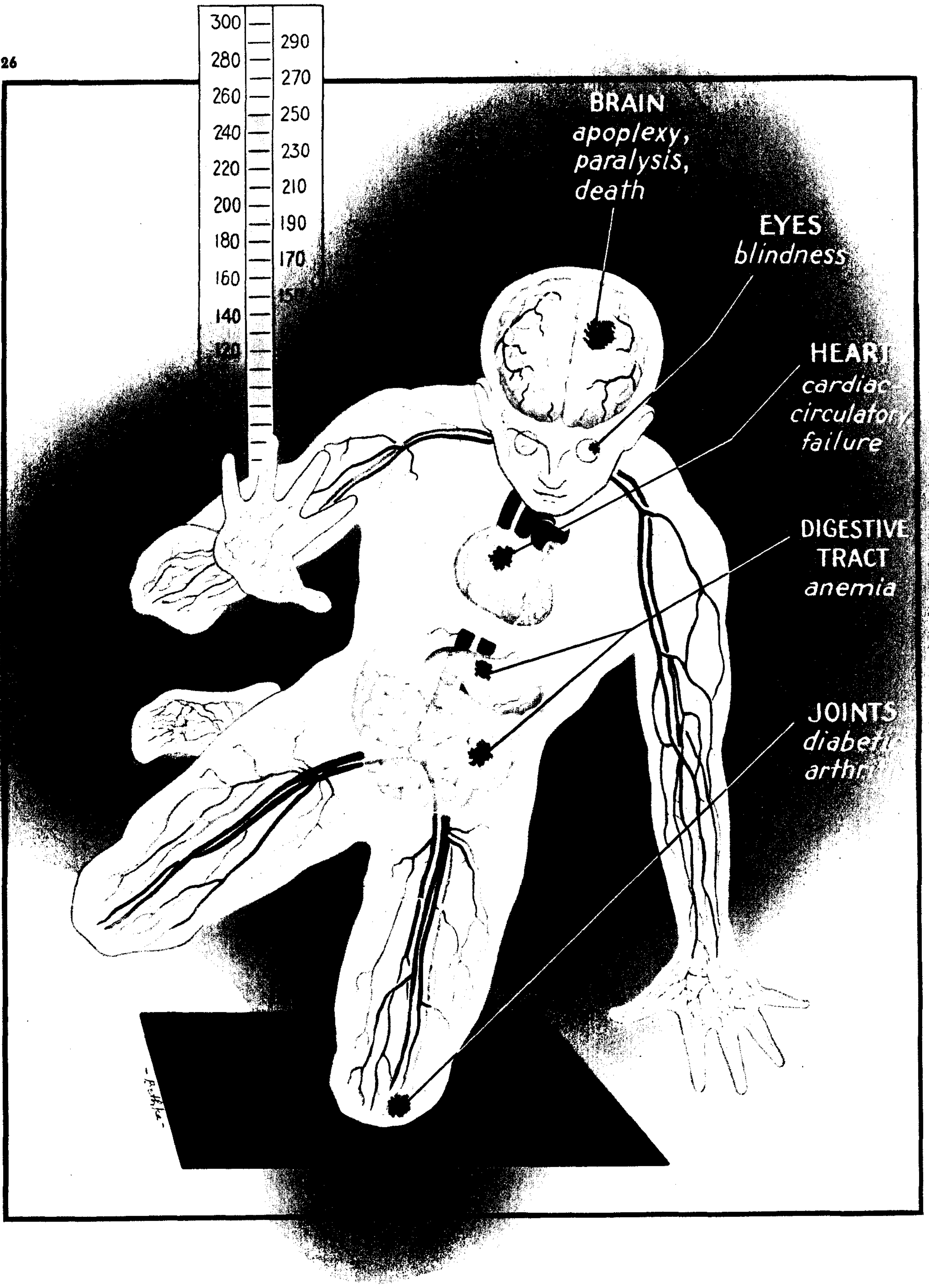

The tiny capillaries that transfer blood from arteries to veins are the weak spots of the circulatory system. Disaster in varying degrees follows the rupture of these capillaries

BLOCK THAT STROKE

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

A new use for an old drug promises to rob old age of one of its worst hazards—the deadly apoplectic stroke

A MAN is as healthy as his arteries," runs a medical adage. Like most generalizations, there's a good deal of truth in it, and it's probably as true now as it was a hundred years ago—with some important differences.

One of these differences is that today, instead of accepting the fact that arterial degeneration with all its attendant dangers is an inevitable hazard of old age, we may be getting close to the point where we can do something about it. At least, we have some hopeful new avenues of approach.

A great deal of research today is centered on the broad problems and the illnesses of aging, especially those related to increasing blood pressure. In the case of at least one of these illnesses—apoplexy—we seem to be getting someplace at last.

Apoplexy is one of the worst of the dangers of old age, and sometimes of not-so-old age. It's a swift and vicious killer that takes well over 100,000 lives every year, ranking second only to cancer in this respect. Apoplexy results from the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain. It strikes with sudden and dramatic speed. It can kill in a single smashing blow or it can leave its victims shambling, half-paralyzed wrecks until it strikes again—all because of a break in the arterial life line.

The body's blood vessels represent a heavy-duty transport system through which the heart pumps several tons of blood a day. Any break in this pipe line can cause disaster. If it occurs in the eye it may mean blindness. In diabetics blood vessels rupture in joints to cause diabetic arthritis. Bleeding in the digestive tract often causes profound anemia before the victim even suspects that anything is wrong.

The worst place such breaks can occur is in the brain—where they cause apoplexy, the greatest hazard of old age. If large vessels are involved there is paralysis, coma, death, as in the case of President Roosevelt. Smaller breaks in the brain may cause paralysis alone. There is a certain amount of evidence that dozens of minute breaks may occur to destroy pin-point areas of the brain. When this happens, there is no paralysis and no coma. But victims become old men overnight. It is highly likely that such a thing happened to President Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference. One day he was a gracious, vigorous, friendly man; a week later a cranky suspicious old man.

This recitation of disaster helps to indicate the possible importance of a new drug—which promises to prevent a good part of this grief. The name of the chemical is rutin—deriving from the garden rue, the herb from which the chemical was originally extracted. Its use is comparatively new, and while it has not had the widespread testing that it will eventually get, the indications are that, in a few weeks' time, rutin adds new strength to the walls of fragile, sickly capillaries—thereby minimizing the chance that they will rupture.

To understand how this remarkable new drug can save lives, you'll need a little background information on the capillaries, those tiny vessels that form the connecting link between arteries and veins. They are made of a single layer of diamond-shaped cells, cemented together by a chemical stuff. Through the capillaries, oxygen and nourishment are fed out from arterial blood to body tissues. Then they pick up body wastes to be carried away through the veins. Estimates indicate that if all the capillaries in the body were spread out they could cover over an acre of ground!

Every organ in the body is nourished by capillaries, and they are present even in the walls of the larger blood vessels.

For reasons so far unknown, capillary walls sometimes lose their strength and become fragile. Then they burst. When they burst in the eye they cause blindness. When they break in the brain the way is open for rupture of larger vessels—and apoplexy.

Some figures will give you an idea of the life-and-death role played by fragile capillaries. Estimates indicate that one in five people with high blood

ILLUSTRATED BY E. G. BETHKE

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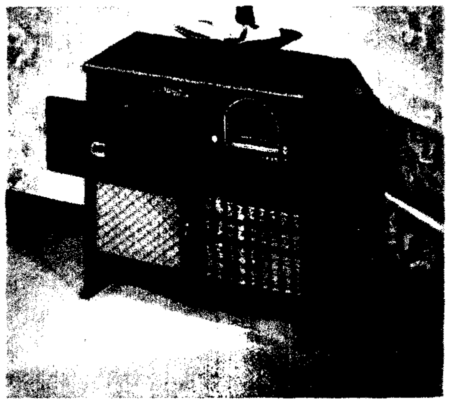

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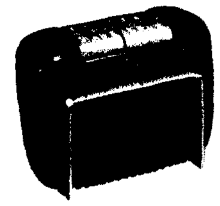

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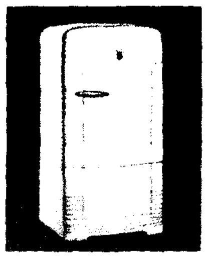

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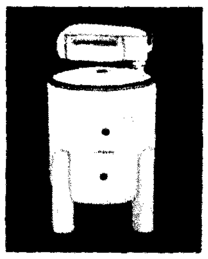

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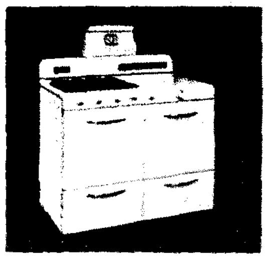

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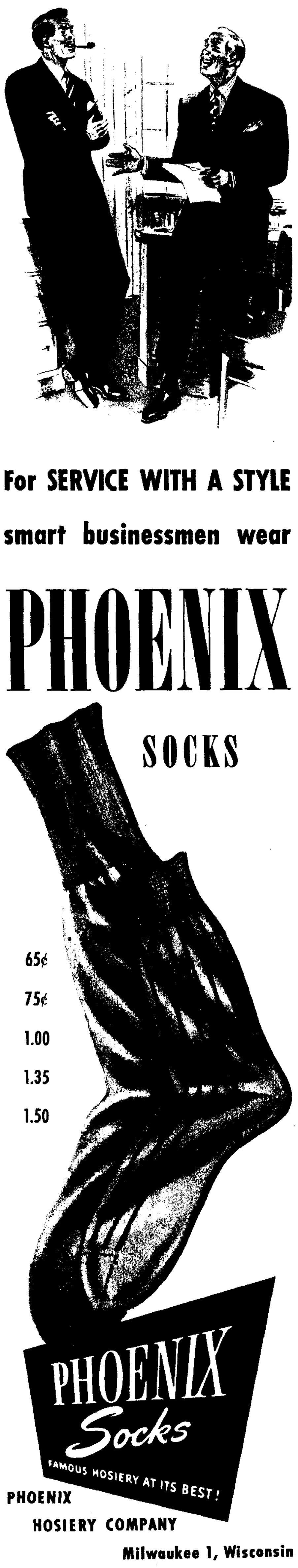
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pressure also have fragile capillaries. Further estimates indicate that these people are ten times as apt to have apoplectic strokes as people with normal blood vessels. Thus, weakened capillaries are behind a major portion of the deaths attributed to apoplexy each year in the U.S.

The story of the new drug which adds strength to weakened capillaries offers one more example of a research man starting in one direction, then following his wits in quite another. It begins in 1940 with the opening of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Eastern Regional Research Laboratory a few miles out of Philadelphia. The laboratory's job: finding new uses for agricultural crops grown in Eastern U.S.

Dr. James F. Couch, 58, a New England-born Harvard-educated chemist, drew the job of working with tobacco. He blocked out a research program. There were quantities of low-grade tobacco on the market—harsh, biting stuff that brought farmers little money. Mightn't this tobacco bring better prices as a chemical raw material? The answer was yes—if someone would find the valuable chemicals tobacco supposedly contained. Couch nominated himself for the job of finding them. Everyone knew, of course, that tobacco contained nicotine, valuable as an insecticide. But knowledge ended at just about this point.

A team of chemists, headed by Couch and composed of C. F. Krewson, Joseph Naghski and W. L. Porter, went to work, plying chemical magic on a pile of low-grade tobacco. One of the first chemicals to turn up was rutin—a fact that didn't cause a ripple of excitement in the laboratory. So far as anyone knew, it had no value whatsoever. It had been discovered by a German chemist in 1842. At that time, a chemist's reputation depended on the new substances he discovered, not on the value of those substances. Like a great many things found in this era and destined to make headlines later on—such as sulfa and DDT—rutin was placed on the shelf to gather dust for a century.

Portrait of a Rutin Molecule

It might still be there but for one fact. Couch went to the blackboard in his laboratory and drew a neat little chemical picture of the rutin molecule. As he gazed thoughtfully at his art work he was struck by one fact. This molecule was astonishingly like some of the molecules found in the newly discovered vitamin P. This P vitamin was a story in itself.

While he was on the way to discovering vitamin C, and winning himself a Nobel prize for his trouble, Dr. Albert von Szent Gyorgyi, a Hungarian, had stumbled on P by accident. It was this way: He noted that animals on certain diets developed hemorrhages of small blood vessels. And he found that *crude* extracts of vitamin C would cure the disease.

He put this knowledge to good use with a friend who suffered persistent hemorrhages in the digestive tract. Fed doses of Szent Gyorgyi's crude vitamin, the hemorrhages cleared up. The conclusion, of course, was that vitamin C had done the job. But the conclusion was wrong. When Szent Gyorgyi finally got pure vitamin C, it had no effect at all on hemorrhages. This meant that the crude extracts had contained something else—an antibleeding stuff which Szent Gyorgyi christened vitamin P.

Vitamin P was tricky stuff, never obtained in pure form. You could extract it, in crude form, from paprika, oranges, lemons. One batch would be active, the next not. So P became a kind of will-o'-the-wisp vitamin.

Now we get back to Couch in Philadelphia. The rutin he had found in tobacco looked strikingly like some of the chemicals in crude vitamin P. Was there a chance that rutin was the hemorrhage fighter? It was a long shot, but worth investigating.

The first question to answer concerned the toxicity of the drug. If it were too poisonous, there would be no point in pursuing the matter. As things turned out, it had no toxicity whatsoever. Rats, mice, guinea pigs couldn't be stuffed with enough rutin to kill them.

So far, so good. Rutin was nontoxic. But did it have any value as a medicine? Would it have a tonic effect on weak blood vessels? Would it, specifically, add strength to the walls of fragile capillaries?

To answer such questions, Dr. Couch turned his small stockpile of rutin, a yellow powder, over to Dr. J. Q. Griffith, Jr., for clinical trials. Dr. Griffith, research man at the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the nation's top authorities on diseases of heart and arteries.

The first job, of course, was to determine whether patients had fragile capillaries. There was a test to determine this—a test devised by Dr. G. F. Gothlin, a Swedish physician. In the Gothlin test circles are marked on each forearm, then blood-pressure cuffs are applied. When pumped up, the cuffs cut off circulation, force blood pressure up. If capillaries are fragile, they rupture. Tiny, red-dot hemorrhages in the circles show where this has happened. If capillaries are in excellent condition, there may be no hemorrhages at all, or perhaps only two or three in each circle. In severe conditions there may be 70 or more—in which case disaster may strike the patient at any moment.

With this test to guide him, Dr. Griffith started dosing patients with rutin pills on a three-a-day schedule. Weeks passed with the first group and the Gothlin test's figure remained unchanged. Rutin looked like a frost. Then, after two to three months it began to tell! The drug *was* giving new strength to fragile capillary walls. How it worked, no one knew. But it was working.

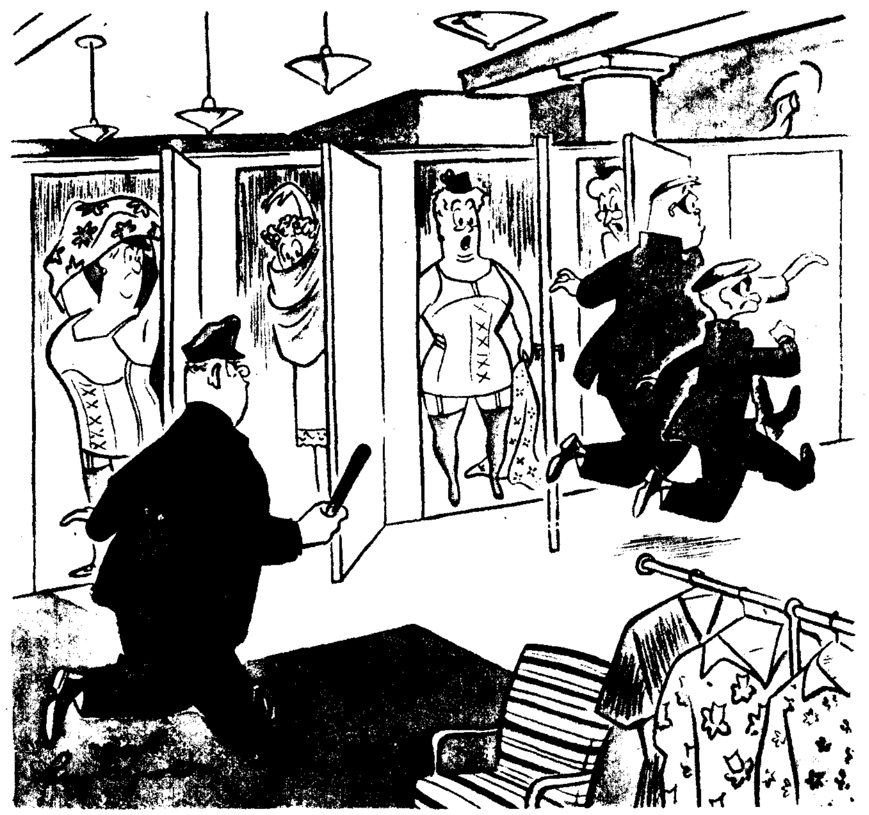
Of the first 13 patients who had fragile capillaries, all were normal within three months. The odds of their having apoplexy, once heavily against them, were now no greater than for other people with high blood pressure. Cases piled up. Out of the first 173 with fragile capillaries who got rutin, 9 out of 10 were normal within a few months—and stayed normal, so long as they took daily doses of the drug. Of this group of patients, 20 had suffered at least one mild apoplectic stroke. They had no more such brushes with disaster. One man gave a prophetic example of what might have happened to them. Feeling well, he saw no necessity for the three-times-a-day ritual of pill-taking. Capillary fragility returned and apoplexy struck with fatal results.

Similar figures, compiled by Dr. Griffith and two physicians associated with him—Dr. M. A. Lindauer and Dr. Ralph L. Shanno—gave evidence of rutin's value in warding off retinal hemorrhages. One man had lost one eye, and several hemorrhages indicated he was on the way to losing the other. Rutin stopped the process. Of a total of 20 patients with histories of retinal hemorrhages, capillary fragility returned to normal with 17. To date, these 17 have had no further attacks.

This was the beginning. By now, upward of 2,000 patients in various parts of the country have been treated with rutin, results being substantially the same as with the first groups. At this point, one fact should be emphasized. Rutin is in no sense a cure for apoplexy; it is a *preventative.* It won't bring back strength of paralyzed limbs, or sight to blinded eyes. Nor will it repair damaged brain tissue. Its job is to prevent such things from happening.

Uses for the drug are opening up on all sides. Look, for example, at treatment of high blood pressure. For several years physicians have known that a drug called thiocyanate held tremendous value in treating this condition. In many cases it has driven pressures which have soared above 200 to normal in a short time. Beautiful though this performance was, the drug had one drastic drawback. Many drugs, if taken too frequently, will cause capillary fragility. Aspirin, sulfa, stilbestrol (a synthetic female sex hormone) have done such damage. Thiocyanate was a particular offender—so

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Keep tryin', Butch. One of them's bound t'be an exit"

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FAMOUS SALINE LAXATIVE

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
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much so that many physicians feared to use it. Rather than risk the disaster so often associated with weakened blood vessels, they preferred to let pressures stay at elevated levels.

Pioneer work now indicates that rutin acts as a safeguard—protecting capillaries while thiocyanate drives high pressures to safe levels. If this works out as preliminary evidence indicates it will, the way will be open for a broad attack on the whole problem of hypertension.

Another piece of Griffith's work indicates a striking use for rutin. During the war, he did pioneer work in plastic surgery, particularly in constructing new noses on war-torn faces. After a new nose is built of cartilage borrowed from ribs, it must be covered with skin. One method is to draw a flap of skin down from the scalp and mold it over the cartilage. The drawback: It is covered with hair. It was Griffith's job to work out a means of destroying this excess hair by X ray. But a dose of X ray powerful enough to destroy hair frequently caused painful burns that resisted healing.

Minimizes Risk of X-ray Burns

Rutin seems to solve this problem. Work with experimental animals—rats—indicates that when they are fortified with rutin, X-ray burns tend to heal far more rapidly and more completely. This knowledge may prove invaluable in the treatment of cancer with radiation. Today, physicians try to use doses of X ray and radium so small that there will be no chance of burning the patient. Tomorrow, they may decide to use great, jolting doses which will eradicate cancer cells more quickly and surely. They can risk burning the patient if they know rutin will make the burns heal promptly.

Rutin has been valuable in treating many bleeding diseases due to fragile capillaries but not necessarily associated with high blood pressure. It has acted as an effective curb on persistent nose bleed, and against bleeding gums.

One woman patient had suffered seven life-endangering lung hemorrhages over a 3-year period, each requiring a series of transfusions. There has been no recurrence since rutin therapy began. Another patient had a bleeding gastric ulcer which had made her profoundly anemic. Three tasteless pills swallowed each day stopped this.

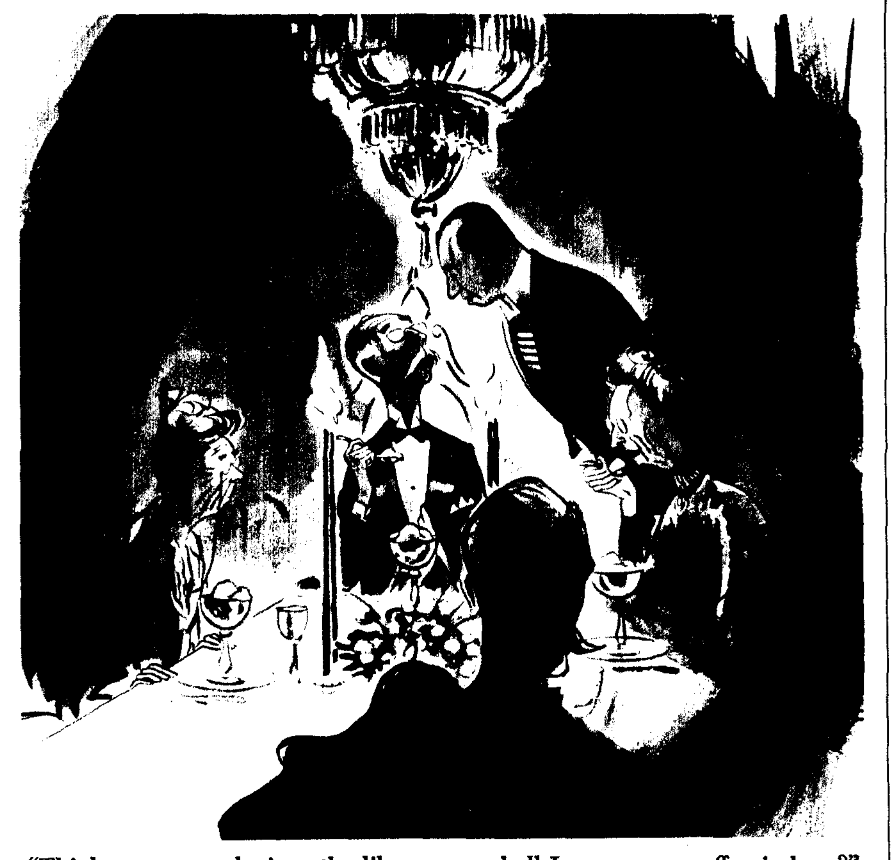
Another field of usefulness is in treatment of diabetes. For reasons not known, this disease affects the blood vessels, weakening them and making them prone to rupture. Eighty per cent of diabetics may expect eye trouble and the diabetic child has an excellent chance of going blind. From present evidence, rutin will take its place alongside insulin as a vital weapon against this disease.

It promises to be of great value in treating a hereditary disease with the tongue-twisting name — telangiectasia. This disease is marked by cobweb patches of angry red blood vessels. These patches may appear on the skin, in the nostrils, or on internal organs. From time to time they start bleeding spontaneously, often producing severe anemia. In the past, there has been little the physician could do to control this disease—except by surgical removal of the cobweb patches. Not long ago, a middle-aged businessman arrived in a New Haven hospital—far too weak for surgery. Five transfusions saved his life and rutin stopped the bleeding of internal organs.

While such clinical work was piling up, Couch continued searching for rutin in plants other than tobacco. He found it in pansies, forsythia, hydrangeas, tomato stems, elderberry leaves and a score of other plants. Then he made a ten-strike discovery. There was 8 to 12 times as much rutin in green buckwheat as in tobacco. A single cutting of green buckwheat from an acre of ground yielded 50 pounds of rutin—enough to make a million pills! In this connection, note that rutin is present only in *green* buckwheat, not ripened grain. Hence, the pleasant indoor sport of eating buckwheat cakes could have no influence whatsoever on fragile capillaries.

Discovery of rutin in buckwheat should make the drug dirt cheap. It also opens the way for a new drug crop, as estimates indicate that 50,000 acres of buckwheat will be needed to supply the demand. In all likelihood, rutin will be added to "shotgun" vitamin capsules—to ward off fragile capillaries in the same way vitamin D protects against rickets, and vitamin C against scurvy.

THE END



"Think you can make it to the library—or shall I serve your coffee in here?"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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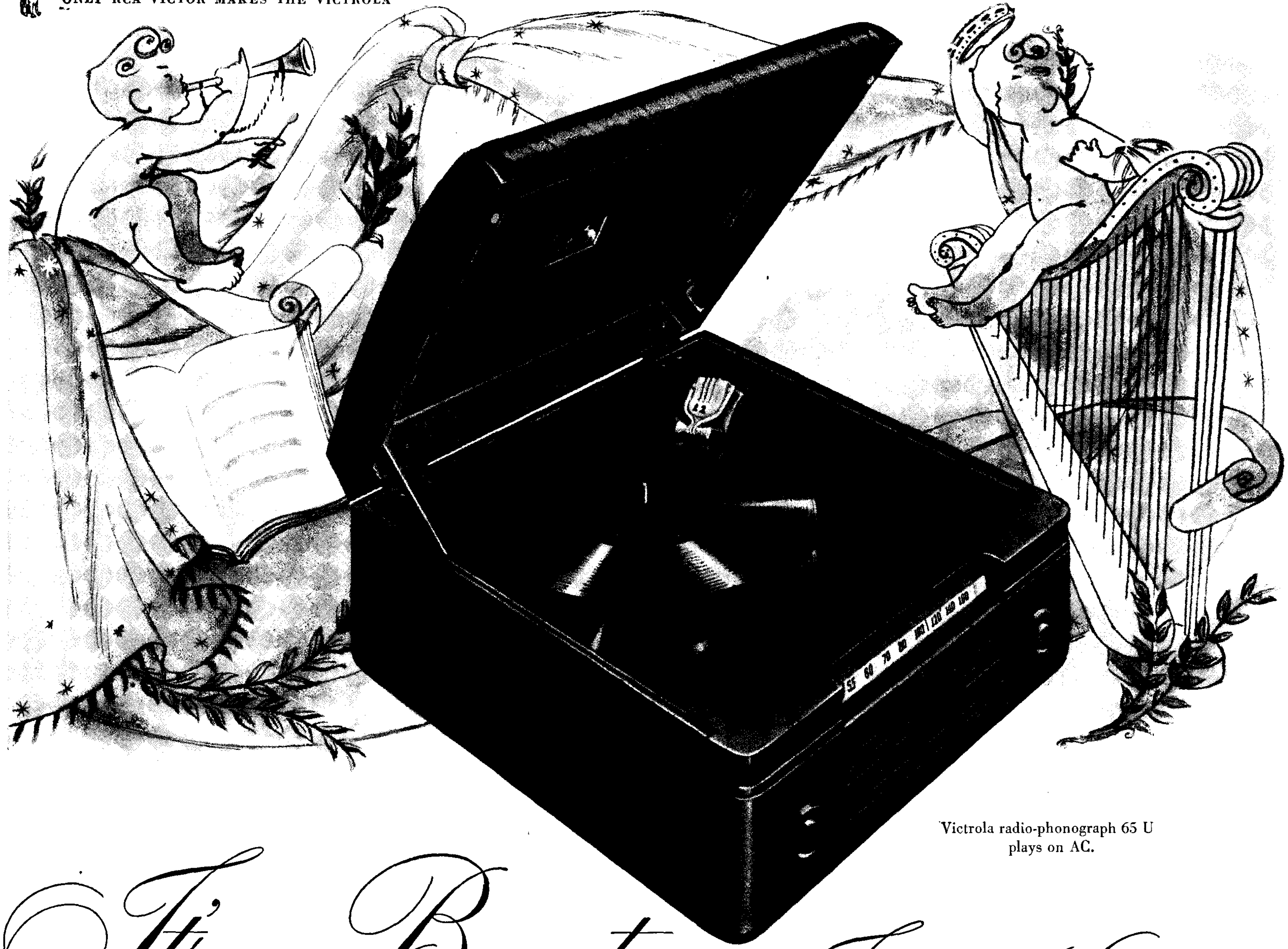

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RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

*"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE RAT RACE

Continued from page 19

I thought that one over. "You've got something in your head besides those big blue eyes," I admitted. "Now if you only have some iodine and bandages we'll see if I can stave off lockjaw."

She giggled. "There ought to be something in the medicine cabinet. Gee," she added, "I suppose I'll have to take care of you just like a baby."

"How about some food?" I demanded. "You said something about a steak back at the office and all you've given me is Scotch and razor blades. You get on with your cooking. I'll try to fix my hand. I'll yell for you if I need help."

I went into the bathroom, located some Mercurochrome and a box of dressings. Once the flow of blood had slacked, I managed to incapacitate myself sufficiently for the purpose of forging Winnie Tompkins' signature.

"SAY, old man, what happened to your hand?"

Graham Wasson, plump, dark and fortyish, but very clean-cut and with a Dewey dab on his upper lip, was my questioner. He sat across the glass-topped desk in my Wall Street office, while Arthurjean Briggs typed demurely in the adjoining office.

"Carving," I confessed. "Do you think you can get my check cleared through the bank or should I write Winnie 'X' Tompkins, his mark?"

Wasson chuckled like a well-fed broker. "We'll get enough witnesses to your John Hancock to make it legal," he promised. "Now what you've got to do is to ease old lady Fynch into the trustee's delight and take a gander at her former investments. I've brought the list with me. As you know, she insisted that you okay the deal."

I glanced at the typed list. "This stuff looks pretty good to me, Graham," I said. "Detroit Edison's safe as the Washington Monument, A.T.&T. is solid, and G.E. ought to do all right with this new electronic stuff."

"And how!" my partner agreed. "Boy, what a windfall! Stuff like that is scarcer than hen's teeth on the open market. With close to a million bucks to turn over, we ought to do pretty well on this. Here's what we're buying for her."

Wasson passed me a slip of paper. "The trustee's delight," he said. "G-bonds. You buy 'em, we should worry. No money back for ten years. Morgenthau's dream child."

The slip was attached to a printed Treasury form. "See here," I pointed out. "These damn' bonds depreciate 2.2 per cent a year for the first five years and then start climbing up the ladder again, and they're nontransferable."

"That's it, Winnie. The trustee's delight," Wasson agreed. "They pay 2.2 per cent a year if you hold them but if you try to sell them within five years the discount means you only get about .03 per cent on your money. Once a trustee has put you aboard this roller coaster, he can't conscientiously advise you to get out. His worries are over."

"Who dreamed up that swindle?" I asked.

"Oh, a couple of dollar-a-year bankers we sent down to help the Treasury win the war. It's a natural. It's patriotic to invest in War Bonds. The yield's conservative as hell and you get it all back if you wait long enough."

I shook my head. "I'd like to think this over," I said. "If I were an old woman and expected only five or ten more years of life, I'd be hanged if I'd tie myself down to these financial mustard plasters. It sounds okay to be patriotic but I think I'd stick to the greater risks and higher yields and get a run for my money. Tell you what, Graham, you phone and tell her I'd like to have a talk with her before she makes up her mind."

Wasson shoved back his chair and faced me, bristling. "I'll be damned if I will. This is a natural and is worth $100,000 to the firm. You talked her into it and now if you're getting cold feet you can talk her out of it. All I know is that you've gone nuts."

"We aren't so hard up that we have to swindle old ladies for a living."

"Swindle my eye! What's wrong about $25,000 a year guaranteed by your Uncle Sam?"

"Well, it's about $15,000 a year less than she's getting now. If she sold out and invested in an annuity she could get about $70,000 a year, tax-free. No I don't want to rush her into this."

"Then you've forgotten how we made our pile in the first place," my partner growled. "Phil Cone and I will have to talk this over. This is a fine time to go soft on us."

I grinned at him. "Go on, talk it over. If you want out, you're welcome. I'd rather like you to stick around, because I'm on to something really big and I don't want the Street to say we fleece our clients."

"I resent that, Winnie," Wasson snapped, looking more like Governor Dewey than the little man himself.

"What else would you call it? Reinvesting?"

"Listen," he exploded. "You built up this business. You invented the methods. I'm damned if I'll let you call me a swindler for following your lead!" And he stormed out, slamming the door. A moment later, he stuck his head in again. "Forget it, Winnie. If you're working on a big operation, count me in!"

There was a tap on the edge of my desk. I looked up to see Arthurjean. "Mr. Harcourt is back to see you," she said. "I'll get set with the stenotype. And don't worry about that Fynch dame. I'll give you a fill-in later. She knows what she's doing."

"Fine!" I told her. "Now you show Mr. Harcourt in and make with the stenotype. Did you finish copying what we said yesterday?"

"Oh, gosh, I clean forgot."

Mr. Harcourt seemed much more vital and self-possessed than on the previous afternoon.

"Morning, Harcourt," I said casually. "Sorry to tell you that Miss Briggs was home with a bad headache last night and wasn't able to make that copy of our talk yesterday."

G-men on duty are not supposed to smile without written permission from their immediate superior but Harcourt must have had an extra helping of Grinnies for breakfast. "Call yourself a headache, Mr. Tompkins?" he asked. "That's who our man reported Miss Briggs had last night at her East 51st Street apartment third floor front. Can I get her some aspirin?"

Somehow I liked his attitude. It was better than the cat-and-canary effort at velvet-gloving he had staged the day before.

"There are no secrets from the Gestapo," I observed, "and I have no comment to offer except to say next time come on up and have a drink with us instead of doing the G-man in a cold and drafty doorway across the street."

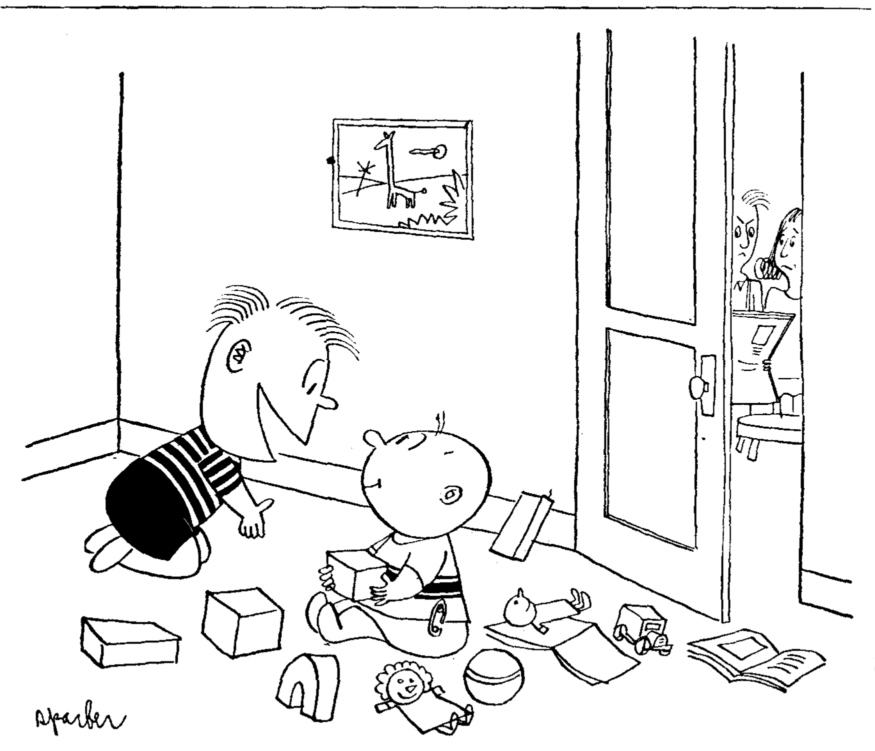
THE special agent gave an entirely unofficial wink at Arthurjean. "Oh, hell," he remarked. "The Bureau isn't interested in your private life. What I wanted to say, Mr. Tompkins, is that I reported our talk to my chief and he's going to take it up direct with Admiral Hoagland at the Navy Department. For my part, I told him I thought it was all a pipe dream but, like I said, the F.B.I. doesn't believe in dreams that come true."

Arthurjean crossed the room and stood behind him, pressing, a little unregenerately, against the back of his chair, until Harcourt remarked conversationally to U. S. Grant in the engraving, "I'm a married man, baby, with a wife and three kids in Brooklyn, so lay off."

My secretary smiled and gave him a smart tap on the top of his head. "You're a good boy, Junior," she told him, "and I'm all for you. But don't you go making trouble for this dumb boss of mine or I'll call on your wife, personal, and tell all."

Harcourt murmured to the engraving

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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that unconditional surrender was *his* name, too.

"See here, Harcourt," I said. "One good turn doesn't make a spring. This is the screwiest case you've ever been on. If you can drop in and visit Miss Briggs and myself on Saturday after lunch at our place, I'll give you a fill-in that will rock the F.B.I. from its gats to its toupees. Be there at 2:30."

After his departure, I locked myself in the office and, with Arthurjean's help, brought myself up to date on Winnie's business operations. Tompkins, Wasson & Cone were not, as I had believed, a high-toned bucket shop. The proposed Fynch swindle was only the result of an old maid who practically insisted on helping beat the Axis by turning her money into government bonds. There was plenty of honest graft and many a solid perquisite in straight commission work and supervision of estates. The firm was not very scrupulous but it always gave value for its transactions. It was, in fact, a pretty slick setup. Winnie handled the Social Register group. Wasson had a big following in the rich Pennsylvania and upstate New York farming regions, and Phil Cone specialized in merchants who had made their pile in pants or a pushcart business and wanted to salt it down into something safe, respectable and inconspicuous.

THERE was a buzz on my interoffice telephone and the receptionist announced: "Mr. Axel Roscommon to see you, Mr. Tompkins."

"Oh, ask him to see one of the other partners, will you?"

"I told him that you were too busy, but he said he must see you and would wait."

"He too?" I asked. "Okay. Send him in. Do you know an Axel Roscommon, Arthurjean?" I added, turning to my secretary.

"Uh-uh!" She shook her head. "The name's sorta familiar. Something in oil before Pearl Harbor. I can find out if you'll wait a bit."

"Never mind," I told her. "I'll see him. You stay in the next room and keep the door ajar so you can take a record."

She laughed. "I can do better than that, boss. I'll switch down the interoffice phones and keep the door shut. That way I'll hear every word you say."

Mr. Roscommon was an extremely well-set-up man in the middle fifties, about six foot two, lean, with iron-gray hair, a gray mustache, steel-blue eyes and a bear-trap grip. He spoke with a faint Irish lilt in his voice but his manner was most direct and un-Hibernian.

"Mr. Tompkins," he remarked, "you must excuse the lack of formality but you will understand when I tell you that I am chief of the German Intelligence organization in the United States. Now don't think I'm crazy or indiscreet. The only reason I have come to you is because my agents in the F.B.I. tell me that you are involved in the sinking of U.S.S. Alaska off the Aleutians. Thorium bombs, wasn't it? Chalmis was a pretty smart chap and I warned our people that he was getting hot. Now I don't ask you why in Wotan's name the Fuehrer thinks it makes sense to have two Intelligence services in this country. Probably Berlin didn't like my last reports. No, don't get excited. I've engaged in no subversive activities. I'm an Irish Free State citizen and if you go to Washington you'll find that they know all about me. Hitler may want the old Götterdämmerung spirit in our outfit but I don't see the point of too much zeal."

I offered him a cigarette. "What do you want to see me about, Mr. Roscommon?" I asked. "For all you know there may be recording devices planted all over the place. My last visitor today was actually a special agent of the F.B.I."

Roscommon lighted his cigarette with a flick of a gold lighter. "That would be Harcourt, wouldn't it? A fine chap and a conscientious agent. I'd heard he'd been assigned to your case. You'll find him completely reliable. As you know, in time of war there has to be *some* practical way of maintaining direct confidential communication between the enemies. I'm acting here for Berlin, and you have at least three men in Berlin to keep in touch with the German government over there. The fact is that even in war, two great countries like Germany and America must and do maintain direct contact with each other."

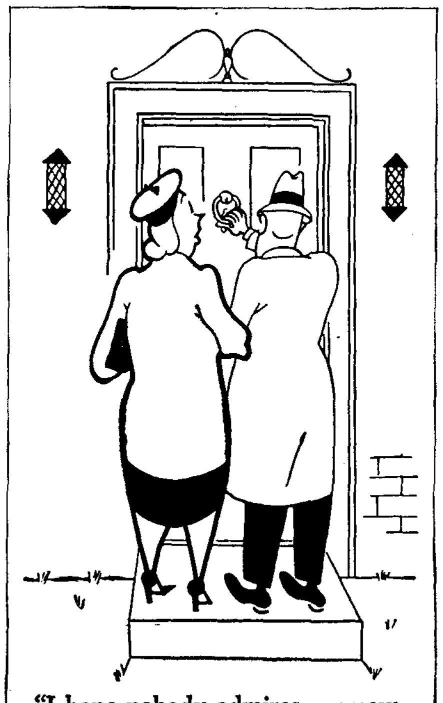
I PUSHED the button for Arthurjean. "Miss Briggs," I asked, "have we any brandy in the office?"

Dead-pan and nonchalant, she crossed the room to a small safe, disguised as a Victorian lowboy, twiddled the dials and revealed a neat little cellarette. She prepared two brandies and soda, handed them to us and returned to her office.

"Prosit!" said I.

"Heil Roosevelt!" Roscommon answered. We drank.

"But what did you want to see me about?" I inquired. "*You* may be all right but *I'm* already under investigation by the F.B.I."



"I hope nobody admires my new dress tonight. . . . I've decided to return it in the morning!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

"Nonsense, old boy, nonsense," he reassured me. "If they get troublesome, let me know, and I'll tell Washington to stop proceedings. No, Tompkins, what I wanted to tell you was that when you report back to your superior—and I'll lay ten to one he's that ass Ribbentrop—just tell him that the war's lost. Our game now is to salvage resources for the next war, which will be against Russia, unless I miss my guess. We've got to use these last few weeks and days to rush funds, patents, papers, brains and organization out of the Reich. Send them to South America, to Switzerland, to Italy. Tell Ribbentrop that New York understands our problem and will play the game right across the board. From now on, our job is to save Germany as an asset for her Western allies and as a people whom the world will need to fight the Soviets. Tell him that, will you, old man? Thanks most awfully."

Roscommon finished his drink with an expert swirl of the glass, smiled, shook hands and left the room as abruptly as he had arrived in it. I picked up the outside phone.

"Get me F.B.I. headquarters," I said. "I wish to speak to Mr. A. J. Harcourt. . . . Thanks, I'll wait.". . .

"Well, there it is, Harcourt," I ended my recitation. "Miss Briggs believes me, my wife doesn't, and I don't expect you to. But if you're interested, I can prove I'm Frank Jacklin any number of ways." We were having our talk in Arthurjean's place—the G-man, Arthurjean and I.

Harcourt finished his drink.

"Mr. Tompkins," he said at last, "I'm drinking your liquor in your place and it's not for me to call you a liar and, to tell the truth, I'm not sure that you are. Lots of funny things have happened in this war. This might have happened. But I can't do anything about it."

"Can't you at least check on the Jacklin angle?" I asked.

Harcourt shook his head. "Before I could do any checking, I'd have to report my reasons to the chief. If I were asked for a reason, I'd have to explain that I had grounds for thinking that Commander Jacklin's soul—and the F.B.I. has never established a policy on souls—has been blown from the Aleutians clear into Westchester County and is now running around in the body of Winfred S Tompkins, stockbroker. Now, wouldn't that look nice on my record? Wouldn't that just put me right in line for promotion? I'm not saying I don't believe this yarn, but it would be worth my job to act like I believed it—and I got a wife and three kids in Brooklyn—"

"You haven't said anything about this sinister guy Roscommon," I interrupted. "You could do something about him without worrying about me and my story."

"Roscommon?" Harcourt shrugged his shoulders. "Roscommon is all he says he is, and orders are out not to touch him. Of course, he's the Gestapo contact with the F.B.I. How do you think we ought to fight this war, anyhow? Blindfold?"

The doorbell rang insistently.

HARCOURT looked a little uneasy. "I thought it might save a lot of time and trouble," he said, "if I asked Mrs. Tompkins to meet us here. I told her that Miss Briggs was a friend of mine—sugar, you'd better go in the other room and put on something more appropriate than that red negligee—so you don't need to worry, Mr. Tompkins."

"That's just dandy, Harcourt," I agreed. "Did you ever see a wife who couldn't spot a fishy situation from a hundred yards upwind on a dark and rainy night?"

There was a knock on the door, and Harcourt opened it with a courtly flourish. Germaine was there, all right. And Virginia Rutherford was with her.

"Come right in, Mrs. Tompkins," Harcourt said. "My friend, Miss Briggs, is in the other room and will be out in a moment. Mr. Tompkins and I—"

"This," said Germaine, introducing the redhead, "is Mrs. Rutherford. After Winnie didn't turn up for a couple of nights, we put our heads together and decided that two could worry as cheaply as one. So when I got your message, I just phoned Virginia and here we are. Hullo, Winnie, is this another of your homes away from home?"

Virginia Rutherford looked dangerous. "Hullo, Winnie," she remarked. "This another of your tousled blondes?"

"I resent that," Arthurjean said from the doorway. "This is *my* flat and I didn't invite *you.*" There was a pause. "Will you have a drink?"

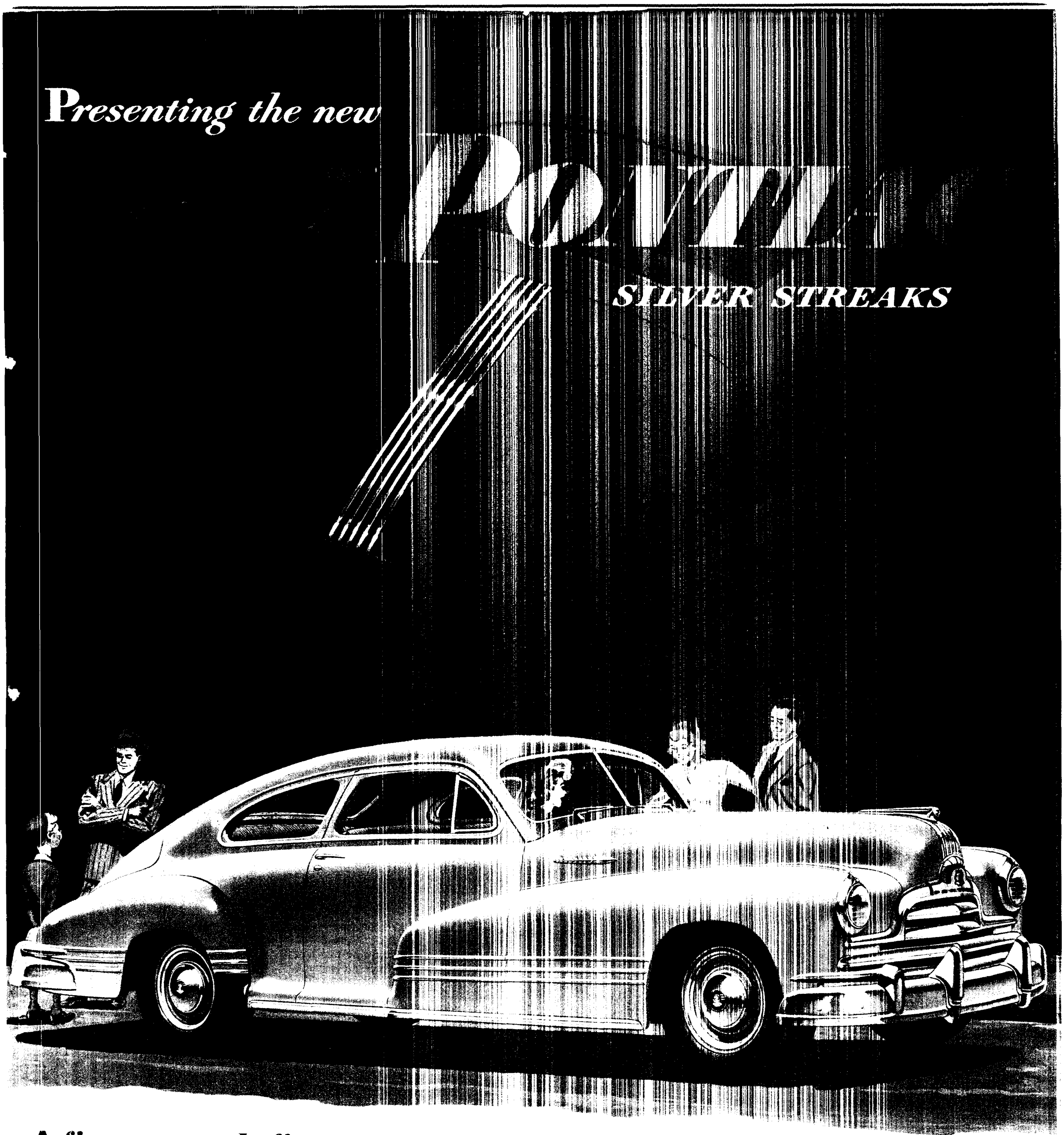
"Thank you, Miss Briggs," Germaine replied. "I will. Make mine straight Scotch and the same for Mrs. Rutherford. Are you, by any chance, employed in my husband's office?"

"I'm his secretary," said Arthurjean.

"Winnie!" Jimmie turned toward me too quickly. "And you swore that you had nothing to do with the office girls. I was fool enough to believe you."

"At the time, dear," I explained guiltily, "I didn't know it myself."

Harcourt came lumbering to my res-



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"I was just kidding about the firecrackers, Mr. Meecham. But this is my personal Independence Day. I have my own Declaration of Independence to prove it, too."

"Hmm . . . sounds like a life insurance policy to me."

"You're right! And it guarantees my wife and me financial independence! Why, even if anything happened to me now, Janet would still be sure of a comfortable home, and regular monthly checks to pay her grocery bills, too."

"That sounds mighty fine, Bill. But how did you arrange it without spending a small fortune?"

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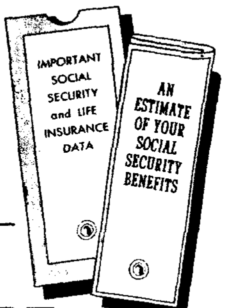
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cue. "Before you leap to any conclusions, Mrs. Tompkins," he urged, "I think I ought to explain that I represent the F.B.I. and that Mr. Tompkins came here today at my request. Your husband happens to be in very serious trouble under the Espionage Act. I personally am convinced that there's been a mistake and that he's innocent, but my opinion is of no value unless I can find evidence to support it."

"What's he done?" Virginia Rutherford asked eagerly. "Will he go to jail?"

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Rutherford," Harcourt replied, "I'm not allowed to discuss the nature of the charges against him. The important thing is to know where he was and what he was doing from the 25th of March until the 2d of April."

"Why the 25th of March?" my wife demanded. "He was with me at Bedford Hills most of that time. I and the maid at the house, Myrtle Hubble, can testify to that. It was Holy Week. He and I went to church."

The special agent rose and bowed politely to my wife. "Mrs. Tompkins," he said, "you are a true and noble lady. It's just too bad that one of our agents has already interviewed the Hubble girl, who testified that Mr. Tompkins didn't come home once all that week."

Germaine sank back in her chair and looked at me with an air of misplaced consecration. "Winnie," she urged, "go ahead and tell him where you were. I'm your wife and I don't care what silliness you were up to, just so you don't go to prison."

I smiled at her. "Jimmie," I replied, "I give you my word, I simply don't remember. I don't know where I was. I have no idea what happened before last Monday afternoon."

Mrs. Rutherford took advantage of the moment of silence which followed this announcement.

"Don't try to be chivalrous, Winnie," she said. "We hadn't planned to advertise it, Jimmie, but Winnie spent that week with me. He rented a flat for me uptown, Mr. Harcourt, about six weeks ago. I dare say you think I'm a—"

"I surely do hate to contradict a lady," interrupted Harcourt, "but the Bureau checked up on that apartment yesterday. The janitor and the cleaning woman both stated that, except for last Monday when you were there by yourself, neither you nor Mr. Tompkins had been near the place for at least two weeks."

"Oh!" flared Virginia. "Of all the low-down snoopers!"

"The country's at war, Mrs. Rutherford," the special agent replied. "And while I'm at it I might as well save Miss Briggs the trouble of telling me that Mr. Tompkins spent that week here with her. He did not. We've checked this apartment house most thoroughly. The plain fact seems to be that none of his friends saw Mr. Tompkins during that entire week and that makes it bad for him."

"Why that particular week?" I asked.

HARCOURT turned to me apologetically. "In view of your earlier statements to me," he declared, "I'm sure you will understand this explanation. A certain ship did not sail from a certain port until the 26th of March. A certain article was not delivered on board that ship until after she had sailed. Before then, the individual who brought the article to the ship had no knowledge which ship had been selected. Before then, nobody on that ship had any knowledge that any article would be brought on board and had no knowledge of the nature of its voyage. Whatever arrangements were made must have been made during the following few days. Have you no idea of where you might have been in that period, Mr. Tompkins?"

I placed my head in my hands and thought back to that misty morning ten days before, when the Alaska pulled out of Bremerton Navy Yard and headed north through Puget Sound. I remembered the destroyer that had come alongside and put a civilian passenger aboard us. I remembered the fuss he raised on the bridge while we made a lee for the destroyer and hoisted a large packing case on board, and how it was hurried below decks with a Marine guard. Then I thought of the run out west through the drifting fogs of the Aleutians, while the swell pounded against our port beam, and the turbines whined as the icy wind whipped across the flight deck.

"No, Mr. Harcourt," I told him, "I'm afraid that the things I remember wouldn't help either of us. You go ahead and see what you can find out about me, and so will I."

"Winnie," Germaine said reproachfully, "tell him where you were, dear. It's no use pretending that you don't remember. I know that you can explain. I know there's nothing *really* wrong."

Virginia looked up brightly at Harcourt. "If Winnie won't help himself, I will," she said. "I'll find out what the big dope was doing and when I do—look out!"

"Come on, Jimmie," I told my wife. "Let's go home. I've had about as much of this as I can stand. Harcourt, you know where you can reach me, if you get the word from Washington."

WHEN I entered my office, reasonably early if not bright, on Monday morning, the receptionist informed me with some austerity that Mr. Roscommon was waiting for me in the customers' room.

"Okay, send him in," I directed, bracing myself for what would probably be a stormy interview. If Roscommon was as well informed as he claimed to be, he must know that I had already reported him to the F.B.I. But his first words reassured me.

"Smart work, Tompkins!" He gave my pudgy hand a viselike squeeze. "Working as I do with the highest echelons, I sometimes forget the value of naïveté. You couldn't have invented anything better calculated to slow down the Bureau than to report me as a Nazi agent."

"Is that what you wanted to tell me?" I inquired. "Because your visit will certainly arouse new suspicion. I assume I'm still under F.B.I. observation. Harcourt didn't say so, but—"

Axel Roscommon smiled. "Nothing to worry about, old boy, I assure you. Naturally you'll have to go to Washington sooner or later and explain things there. I suggest that you go soon, perhaps next week, when the whole Administration will be in a state of maximum confusion."

I asked him whether that would be any change.

"The war," announced Roscommon, "has been managed quite impressively well to date, but the management of it has taken quite a lot out of the man who's been running the show. I don't know how well informed you are as to the state of Roosevelt's health, but it's definitely not good. In fact, I think we can safely count on his being out of the way very, very soon. Now for certain reasons—no point in going into them—it will be to our advantage to let the rumor leak out that Roosevelt has been poisoned."

Something clicked in my mind. "I see," I said guardedly. "You're advancing the same sort of fairy tale that was spread during Wilson's long illness and death after the last fracas."

Roscommon beamed patronizingly. "Good for you, Tompkins! You obviously see my point. There are no provisions in that marvelous document, the American Constitution, for the illness of a President. Wilson's paralysis paralyzed the American government for nearly two years, while America's allies cleaned up on the peace arrangements. The point, of course, is to have inside information—

as I can assure you, we have—on matters like these and then move in to take advantage of them, move in fast and efficiently. Roosevelt's doomed, old chap. Now, I'm not suggesting that *you* partake in the spreading of the poison rumor. That's my department's task—and it's to serve a special purpose. The point in telling you this, old chap, is that Roosevelt is the only obstacle to certain long-range practical arrangements for organizing the peace—"

"Listen, Roscommon," I interrupted, "I don't know why you're telling me this piffle. As you know, I have been in touch with the F.B.I.—or vice versa, whichever way you choose to look at it—and I see nothing to prevent my taking this dope to Washington—"

"All you would be doing, old chap," said Roscommon with a pitying smile, "would be to be telling the people at the top what they already know—to say nothing of calling undesirable attention to yourself and your—uh—activities. I don't care if you want to continue to play the part of Outraged Dignity or the Puritan Stockbroker; that's your dodge, and it seems to have worked successfully. Besides, I haven't time to be offended. My point is this: Sell the war short! Sell it short! You must use all the funds that Ribbentrop gave you to get a real nest egg. With Germany defeated, our Intelligence will need funds, decentralized funds, and this is your chance to do an important job. I don't care what the Foreign Minister told you to do with the money. Forget him—he's a dead duck anyway. Just take the cash and sell the war short. Make a killing and then we'll be able to finance future operations. Well, cheerio, old chap!" He made another of his abrupt departures.

MY HEAD swam. I put my bandaged hand to my temples and reviewed the situation. I could see nothing for it but to continue to play the part the Master of Ceremonies had allotted to me. Winnie had been up to something pretty important, or at least Roscommon was under that impression, and there was no point in tipping my hand at this stage of the game. Winnie might have been playing with marked cards, but my play, obviously, was to keep on bluffing until I began to get more of an inkling of what the game was about. I mulled over Roscommon's prediction. He was obviously a well-informed character, and if he was right in this—even half as right as I was in my knowledge of the effect of the thorium bomb on the war—I could see only one move open to me if I was to continue my act as Winnie Tompkins.

Buzzing for Arthurjean, I told her to ask my partners to come in.

Wasson was the same as he had been before—plump, dark-haired and energetic. Philip Cone was taller, fair-haired, and Jewish, with a quiet manner and a sleepy expression.

"Morning, Graham. Morning, Phil," I greeted them. "The other day, Graham, you got peeved because I wanted to go slow on the Fynch portfolio. I only had a hunch then but I knew we'd better not rush into one of our regular reinvestment run-arounds. Now I've made a check and I see the new line. Boys, from now on, we've got to sell the war short."

"What do you mean sell the war short?" Wasson demanded. "The Japs are good for another year. You don't mean to go America First, separate peace or any of that rot, do you?"

"You know me better than that," I reproved him. "No. My tip is that the Germans will surrender within a month and the Japs before Labor Day. What do we do to clean up?"

"The bottom will drop out of the market," Cone drawled appreciatively.

"No, Phil, it won't," Wasson objected. "They won't let it. That would be an admission that Wall Street is cashing in on the war."

"Well, aren't we cashing in?" asked Cone. "I haven't heard of a single broker committing suicide since Pearl Harbor."

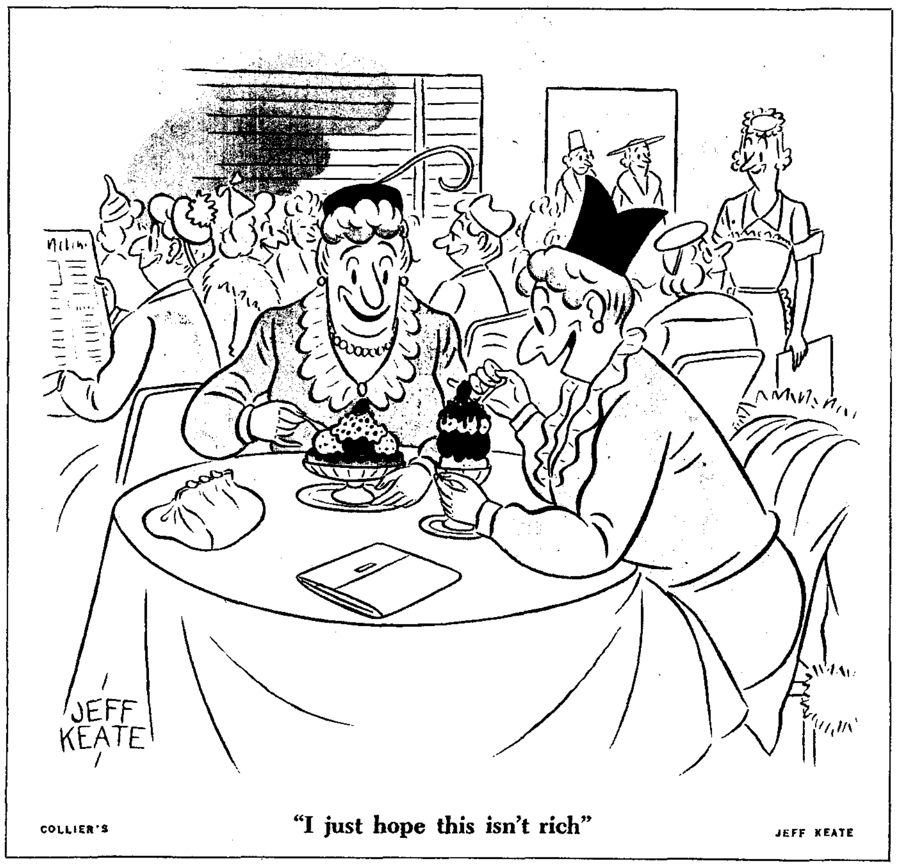
"No, Winnie," said Wasson; "my point is that Wall Street can't afford a peace scare selling wave, and if stocks start to drop the big boys will move in and support the market."

"How about commodities, Graham?" I asked. "You know that end of the business. The whole world will be hungry and naked. Can't we move in there without risk?"

Wasson laughed bitterly. "There will be only about eighteen governments and government boards riding herd on you every time you move in with real money in that racket."

"Well, boys," I observed, "the way you put it we can't do a damn' thing to make money out of the same kind of tip-off that set the House of Rothschild up for a hundred years after the Battle of Waterloo. That doesn't make sense."

I considered things a bit. "Let's see if we can figure out a way to make a quick



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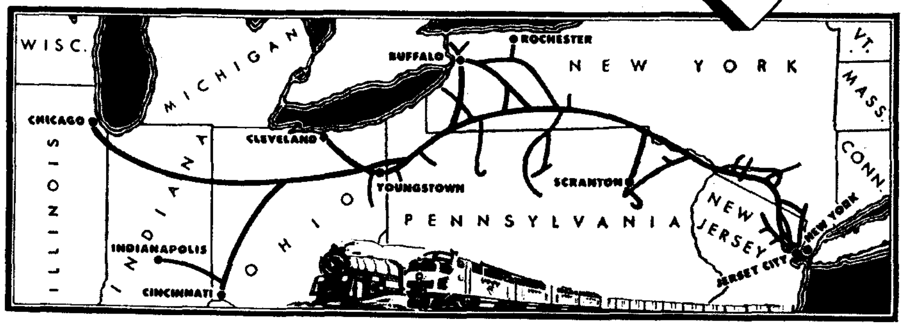

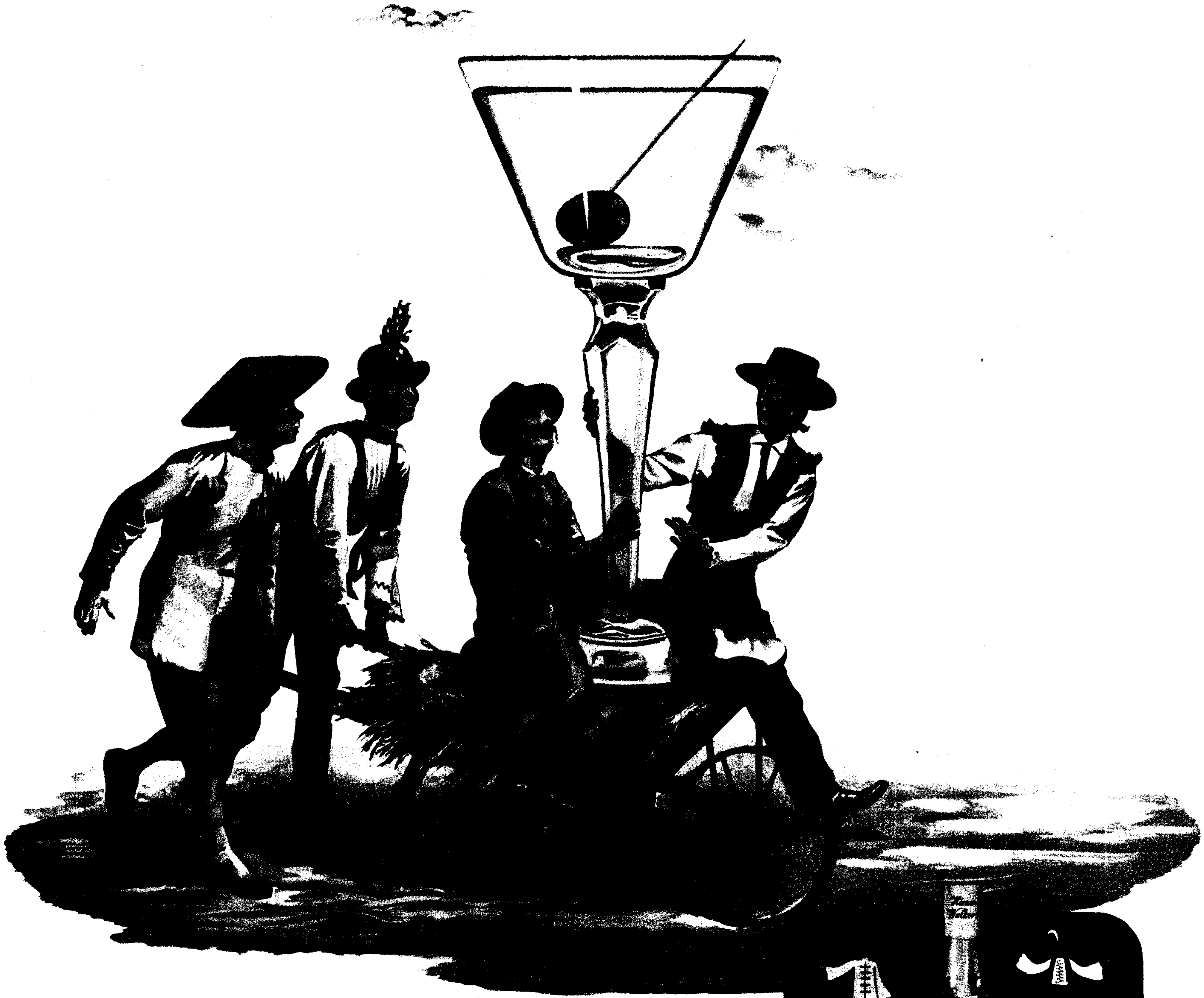

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killing," I said. "Suppose, for example, something drastic happened—like Roosevelt dying on one of his plane trips—to mark the end of some of these controls. What would happen to the market?"

Wasson chuckled. "If F.D.R. were to die about now you'd have to shut down the Exchange because the ticker couldn't keep up with the buying orders. Prices would go higher than B-29s.

"Is that your opinion, Phil?" I asked.

Cone shook his head. "Only a few suckers would feel like that, Winnie," he told me. "The big-time operators would be shivering in their boots. As long as F.D.R. is in the White House there's no limit to what they can make out of the war. If Roosevelt died now, you'd see the bottom drop out of the market and the damnedest wave of labor strikes we've had since 1890."

"I wish you two would get together on this one. I can't quite follow all your ideas. Business conditions and war orders would continue, wouldn't they?"

Cone shook his head again. "No," he insisted. "The business community's got confidence in Roosevelt. He's done a good job with the war, he's let people make money and some of his best friends are multimillionaires, like Astor and Harriman. If he were to die, we'd have this Missouri guy—what's-his-name? Truman?—and what can he offer?"

"Got any comment on that, Graham?" I asked.

"It sounds kind of reasonable, but I still say that the first reaction to anything like that would be a buying wave which would send the market way up."

I considered for a couple of minutes. "I can't say I agree with you," I said at last. "The big boys wouldn't let that happen any more than they'd let a peace scare knock the bottom out of the market. What would labor and the G.I.s think and do if they read that the stock-market quotations went over the top at a thing like that?"

"Well, Winnie," Cone observed, "it isn't likely to happen. That old Dutchman's tough. I expect to see him run for his fifth term."

"That's so," I agreed. "However, I think it would be a good idea to work out a representative list of industrials and go short on the market generally for the next thirty days. We can unload the Fynch portfolio as a starter. We ought to be able to pick up two or three hundred thousand if we work it right."

Cone nodded. "Graham and I will go to work on it now, and we'll have the list ready before start of business tomorrow morning. That will be the tenth."

Wasson looked uneasy. "I don't like it much, Winnie," he said, "but I've never seen you lose money on a hunch yet so I'll string along. Come on, Phil, it's a big war we're trying to sell short. Let's hope we don't fall flat on our face."

The phone rang.

"Mr. Tompkins?" a girl's voice inquired. "Just a moment, Mr. Willamer of the Securities and Exchange Commission will speak to you."

"Hullo, Tompkins," a clear phonogenic baritone said. "This is Harry Willamer. I saw your list of selling orders this morning and wondered if you would drop in and see me."

"Certainly," I said. "Shall I bring my books?"

"Not necessary. This is entirely informal. As a matter of fact, I have some gentlemen from Washington whom I think you will be interested in meeting. This is entirely unofficial, of course."

"How about meeting me at the Pond Club at one o'clock?"

"That will be grand," Mr. Willamer answered heartily. "The Pond Club at one o'clock it is."

I turned to Arthurjean. "What kind of run-around is this? I start selling and inside an hour the SEC is on my tail. Isn't speculation legal any more?"

"Baby," she said, "anything's legal as long as you're in with the right guys. All I know is that Willamer is hot stuff."

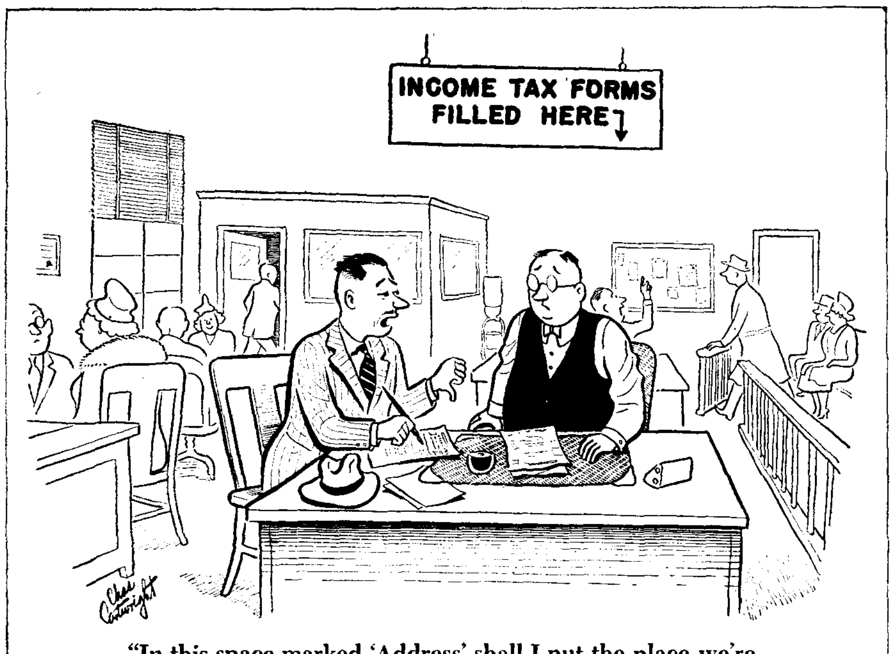
It was Tuesday, the 10th, and I had launched my plan of selling the war short in a determined campaign to unload industrials. I was well covered in case of a rise, but there was already a million dollars of the firm's money in the operation, behind the Fynch million which I had used to break the ice.

THE Pond Club was the same as ever. Tammy was polishing the glasses in his little bar and there were no fellow members in evidence.

"Well, sir, Mr. Tompkins," said Tammy, "I think I could let you use the Minnow Room. That's private and there's a dumb-waiter to the bar. Just push the buzzer and say what you want in the phone and I'll send it right up."

"It sounds like perfection. I'll go on up to the Minnow Room. The gentleman I'm expecting is named Willamer and he'll have some friends with him. Just send them up when they arrive." And I went up. . . .

"Tompkins?" The door opened and an egg-smooth young man with a baldish head and pale eyebrows stood in the entrance. "I'm Harry Willamer. Meet the rest of the gang. Here's Winston Freeman of the War Production Board, Lieutenant Colonel George Finogan of the



"In this space marked 'Address' shall I put the place we're being evicted from, the place we're trying to get, or my mother-in-law's where we'll probably be forced to go?"

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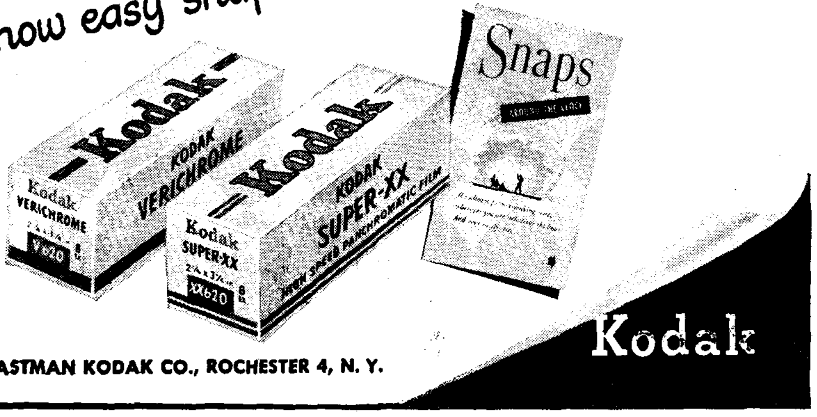

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I ordered drinks for everyone over the telephone.

"Tompkins," Willamer remarked, "you'll excuse this short notice but when I spotted your selling orders in the market this morning I knew we had to move fast. First of all, I'd like to know why you are selling, when everybody else is buying."

"Mr. Willamer," I explained, "it's none of the SEC's business why I sell so long as I follow the regulations, is it?"

Willamer laughed. "Oh, I get it. You thought this was an informal investigation by the Commission. My fault. Should have told you that this has nothing to do with your firm's market position or the SEC."

I took a reflective swallow of Scotch. "Then what the hell *is* this?" I asked.

Harry Willamer drew himself up. "We," he explained, "are the Inter-Alia Trading Corporation. Your selling orders suggest that you don't expect the war to last much longer."

"I don't."

"Neither do we," Willamer continued. "That's why we've been busy organizing Inter-Alia. It's a neat setup. Freeman here, on the War Production Board, is in a position to advise us of all cutbacks in war contracts and keep in touch with the whole contract-termination program. Colonel Finogan is in the Quartermaster Corps and is the only man in the Army who knows where all the surplus war stocks are located. His office routes them to the depots. That in itself is worth a million dollars to the company. Commander Coonley is in the same position on Navy supplies. Between him and Finogan there isn't an ounce of anything from parachute silk to bulldozers which we can't locate. I watch the way money and markets move in Wall Street."

I finished my drink. "That sounds wonderful, Mr. Willamer, but what has it got to do with me? You have the makings of a ten-million-dollar corporation between the four of you."

WILLAMER raised a soft, white, well-manicured hand in a traffic-stopping gesture. "All but one thing, Tompkins," he said. "We haven't got working capital to exploit this setup. That's where you come in. When I saw you gambling on the early end of the war, I thought we might do business."

"How much do you need?" I asked.

"Three hundred thousand would be enough to start with," Willamer reckoned.

"Half a million," Finogan amended.

"Say you need half a million to start with and I put it up, what do I get out of it?" I demanded.

Willamer looked a little secretive. "Say a fifth, since there are four of us in it already."

"That sounds reasonable," I agreed, "assuming you have a sure thing. What's your first operation, once you get the money in Inter-Alia to finance it?"

Willamer looked still more secretive. "That is a firm secret, Tompkins," he told me. "If you decide to come in with us, I'll let you in on our plans, but this thing is too big to talk about until we see the color of your money."

I stood up. "Well, then, gentlemen," I announced, "I'm delighted to have met you personally but I don't see the point of wasting our time unless I know what I'm putting my money into."

"Tell him, Harry," Freeman urged. "We can trust Tompkins not to take advantage of our plans. The way we're set up we could block him easy if he tried to double-cross us."

Willamer hesitated only a moment.

"Well, then, here's our first operation." He leaned forward. "The Army and Navy have huge stocks of atabrine and quinine left over from Africa and the Southwest Pacific. As soon as the fighting stops, Colonel Finogan and Commander Coonley will declare these stocks surplus to be sold at spot sales where they are. We will be the only bidders and we get a world corner on malaria. We ought to triple our money in three months. South America is just lousy with dollars and here's a way to get 'em back home. Malaria's a big item down there. No quinine, no sugar. No quinine, no tin. No quinine, no rubber. Boy! Is that folding money or is it?"

"Well, gentlemen," I told the Inter-Alia boys, "I'll have to think it over. As Mr. Willamer knows, I'm pretty heavily committed in the present market. Get in touch with me about the end of the month and I might be able to put, say, twenty thousand dollars into it."

Willamer smiled unpleasantly. "Come, Tompkins," he said, "you can do much better than that. Perhaps you don't realize that the SEC might just decide to investigate your firm's market position. You can afford to put in at least one hundred thousand now and, when you get out of your present operation, make up the rest of that half million."

I WENT to the dumb-waiter and pushed the buzzer. "Tammy," I spoke into the phone, "will you come up here and show these gentlemen out of the Club? We've finished our talk." Then: "Nothing doing," I said to the others. "I don't shake down well."

Willamer blinked his watery blue eyes at me. "That's libelous," he stated. "I'm a lawyer and I ought to know. You can't accuse me of blackmail in the presence of witnesses. By God, Tompkins, I'll have the examiners in your office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. And I'll sue you for damages."

"Oh no, you won't," I informed him. "I didn't call you a blackmailer and I doubt that your friends will care to testify. You didn't know—perhaps I forgot to mention it—but this room is wired and a recording of this conversation is already on wire. I'll send it to the F.B.I. in the morning, unless—"

"Excuse me, Harry," said Commander Coonley with an air of decision. "I didn't hear any reference to blackmail by Mr. Tompkins. I'd better be getting back to my office."

"Me, too," chimed Lieutenant Colonel George Finogan.

"Nice to have met you, Tompkins," Winston Freeman observed as he strode briskly for the exit.

Harry Willamer turned to me, called me an unpleasant name, and followed the others, not without dignity.

I waited until it was reasonably sure that the Inter-Alia group had left the building. Then I went downstairs and called Merry Vail.

"Merry?" I asked, after we had been connected. "I have a feeling I'm going to need your legal services . . . I'm being blackmailed. . . . No, you dope, it's not a woman, it's an official. . . . Yes, I'll stick here until you can get over. . . ."

There was one more move to make. I called Jimmie in Bedford Hills.

"Winnie," she said. "Thank goodness you telephoned me. You'd better come out at once. The most dreadful things have been happening."

"It's not so wonderful here either," I told her. "Listen, Jimmie, you come—"

"It's Ponto," she said, paying absolutely no attention to what I was saying. "He's drunk . . . yes, drunk! He managed to upset a decanter of brandy. Now he's howling and hiccuping like mad and I'm afraid to go near him."

"Oh, Jimmie, to hell with Ponto! Let him sleep it off. You come on in to town. We've got to do some fast thinking. I'll meet you in the Little Bar at the Ritz at five o'clock. Bring your night things, and mine, too. We may have to leave town in a hurry. I'll explain when I see you."

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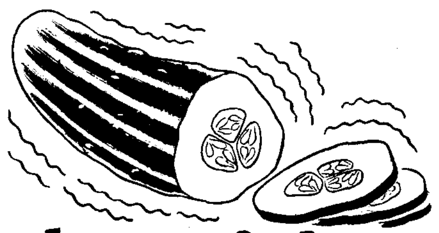

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"Is anything wrong, sir?" asked Tammy.

"Nothing much," I told him. "When Mr. Vail arrives," I added, "send him up to the Minnow Room and have a double Scotch waiting for him. If he doesn't need it, I will.". . .

Merry Vail listened to my account of the encounter with the Inter-Alia gang and then rolled his eyes toward heaven.

"What can he do to me?" I asked. "I have him scared on a charge of blackmail."

"First thing he'll check with the F.B.I. to find out if there is a recording of your talk. And there isn't," said Merry. "So it's your word against that of four high-ranking government officials. You ask what they can do to you? You just call Phil Cone at your office and see if they haven't started doing it already."

The steward made the phone connection and in a few minutes Cone's languid voice was complaining over the wire.

"Say, Winnie, what the hell have you been up to?"

"Nothing, Phil. Why?" I asked.

"It's just that the word's been passed to lay off Tompkins, Wasson & Cone. The brokers don't want to handle our orders. You know Manny Oppenheimer of Auchincloss, Morton, Caton, Beauregard & Oppenheimer? You know how he used to lick your boots if you stood still long enough for him to kneel down and stick his tongue out? Well, Manny cut me. Yeah, that's right. Cut me! What's cooking? Even my best friends won't tell me."

"Just keep on plugging, Phil," I suggested. "They can't refuse to handle our orders if we insist. That guy Willamer is back of this because I wouldn't go along with his proposition."

"Oh-oh!" Phil observed dismally.

I turned to Vail. "Merry," I said, "this is one for you to handle. Brokers are trying to get out of handling our orders. Can you find out what it's all about?"

Vail dialed a number. "I'd like to speak to the U.S. Attorney's office," he told the switchboard operator. "Oh, Ned? . . . This is Merry Vail. I've been retained by Winfred Tompkins. What I want to know is whether there are any charges against him. . . . Yeah, he's with me now. . . . No, he won't try to leave town— Suspicion of kidnaping? . . . No fooling? . . . That's cockeyed. . . . Listen, Counselor, my client is innocent and stands ready to answer all charges—"

He turned to me. "Hell, he hung up!"

"What was that about kidnaping?" I asked.

"Oh, something completely screwball. It's only that his office has received an anonymous charge accusing you of having kidnaped Winnie Tompkins and masquerading in his place. He said you were in trouble with other government agencies and said he'd see me in court."

"That sounds like Virginia Rutherford's idea of a snappy way to find out where I was before Easter."

Vail clucked his tongue. "Ned doesn't put much stock in this kidnaping angle, but the wolves are after you all right. Now I've passed my word, you can't leave the state, of course."

"Damn you, Merry, I never told you—"

"You retained me, Winnie. That's enough. You'd be a damn' fool to pull out now. Every G-man in America would be after you."

"That Rutherford woman!" I almost yelled. "Up to now I've just had a few friendly passes from a nice guy from the F.B.I. What shall I tell Phil and Graham?" I asked.

"Wait a minute and I'll put in another call," Vail said. He dialed another number. "I want to speak to Joe," he said. "Yes, Joe. Tell him it's Merry Vail. . . . Joe, this is Merry. . . . Say, what's all this about Winnie Tompkins? . . . Oh . . . the hell you say! . . . I don't believe . . . No. . . . Yeah, he's my client. . . . Of course he's innocent. . . ."

VAIL turned back to me. "That was the chief fixer in New York," he told me. "His word is good. This kidnaping charge is a phony. Just a move to tie you up. What they think they have on you is a charge under the Espionage Act, communicating with the enemy. Joe was vague but it sounded plenty tough. The SEC's passed out word to be cagey in trading with you. They can't black-list you or freeze your funds without a hearing, but they sure can put on the heat. How much did Willamer want you to put into his racket, anyhow?"

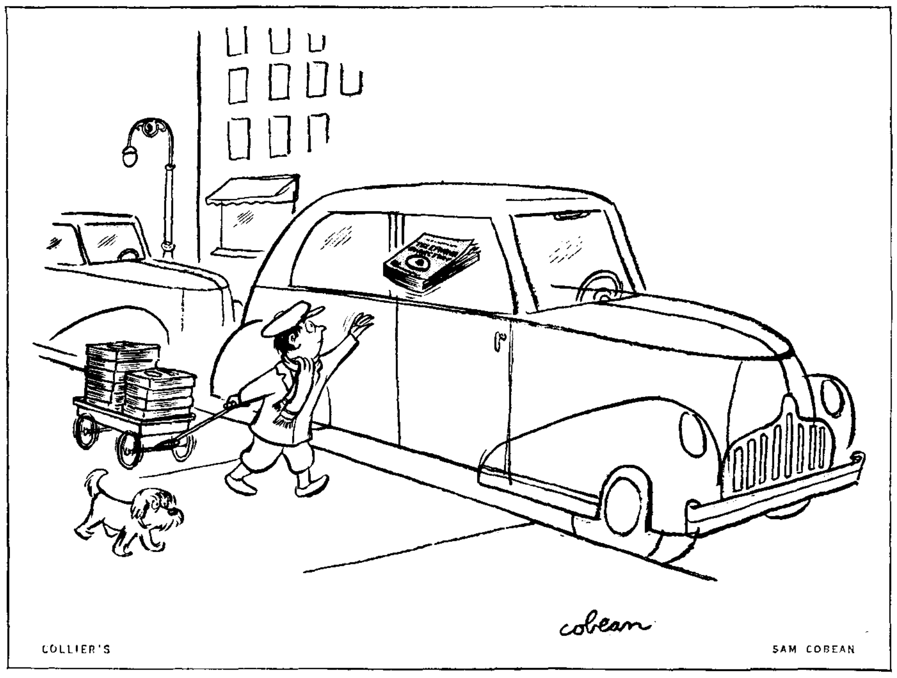
"Half a million," I told him. "One hundred thousand now and the rest in thirty days."

Vail drew a wry face, sucked in his lips and signaled to Tammy for another drink. "As a member of the Bar and an officer of the court," he remarked, "I can't advise you to pay blackmail. On the other hand . . ."

I shook my head. "No, Merry, I don't mind a gamble, but these boys figure to use malaria to put a financial squeeze on the whole world. Ever see a man die of malignant malaria, Merry? It's not nice and it's not necessary, if you have atabrine or quinine. Tammy," I said, "get me the office, please. I want to talk to Mr. Cone again."

"Say," said Vail. "what's come into you to make you act this way? You used to get the heebie-jeebies at the mere thought of legal complications."

"Phil," I said into the phone. "This is Winnie. Things are plenty bad for me



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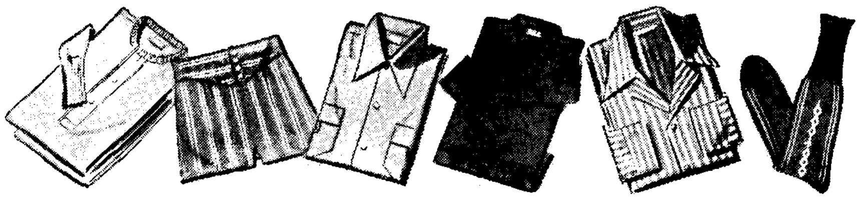

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Instead, save your money—fill the room with currents of warm, clean air by plugging in a handsome, easy-carrying General Electric Arizona Heater.

Instantly . . . the Arizona gives off a warming red glow. The chilly air is drawn in at the bottom of the heater—whisked out at the top—all warm. No moving parts to break down; it's done by natural-draft circulation.

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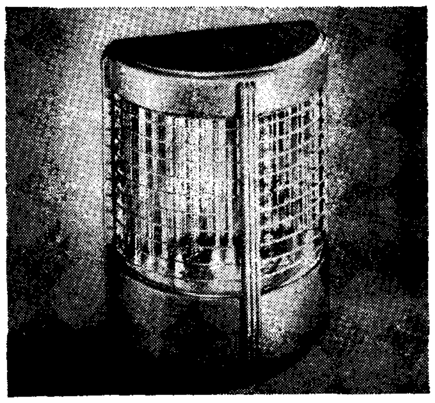

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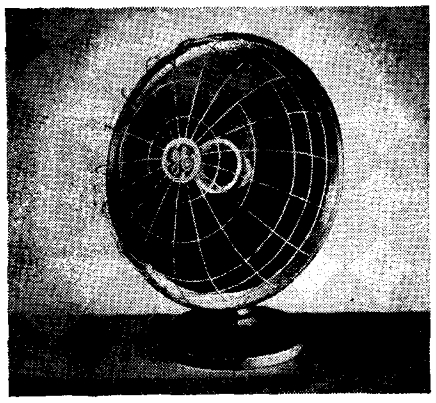


THE SUNBOWL—Just $8.25 plus tax

GENERAL ELECTRIC

personally. You and Graham can pull out now if you wish. That louse Harry Willamer or somebody has put me on the spot and I'm trying to prove I'm not a Nazi agent. . . . Naturally I'm innocent but just now it's tough. . . . Sure I'm in a jam, but it's not your fault and has nothing to do with the firm. . . . You two take care of yourselves. Anything you decide's all right by me."

When I put the telephone back in its cradle I looked up to see Merry Vail staring at me with frank curiosity.

"Winnie," he said, "you're innocent for my money. I don't know what sort of a frame they've figured for you or why the F.B.I.—"

"The F.B.I.'s been swell," I told him. "The special agent assigned to check up on me, A. J. Harcourt, couldn't be nicer."

Vail frowned. "Your man Harcourt may be the nicest guy in the world but if he's told to bring you in, he'll bring you in."

"What's your advice, Counselor?"

"My advice to you, Winnie," he said, "is to try to forget about it. Just go right ahead with your plans, whatever they are, just so you don't try to leave this jurisdiction or go into hiding. The best thing you could do is to go back to Bedford Hills and mind your own business and don't let these government so-and-so's push you around."

I phoned back to Pook's Hill and was rewarded by catching Jimmie five minutes before the taxi was due to pick her up. "Hold everything, dear," I told her. "Plans have changed. I'm coming out on the first train I can catch."

WHEN I arrived at Pook's Hill I had a definite program in mind. First I went to the kitchen, broke a raw egg into a tumbler and soused it in Worcester sauce. Then I added a good dollop of brandy from the portable bar in my den. Armed with this Prairie Oyster, I went boldly to the second floor, opened the door to my bedroom and contemplated the debauched great Dane. Ponto lay drooling and snoring on the bed, dead to the world.

"Ponto!" I ordered.

An ear pricked up, then dropped languidly back again. Then a bloodshot eye opened and shut. There was a whining snarl, interrupted by a hiccup.

"Here you are, Ponto!" I stated firmly, advancing on the bed, glass in hand. "A hair of the dog—man—who bit you."

The bloodshot eye opened again and the beast began to shake and shiver. I walked up, lifted his jowl in one hand, made a little funnel of his lip and poured in the Prairie Oyster. Then I clamped a firm control on the jaws, held Ponto's head back and let it slide down his gullet.

Ponto heaved. He shuddered. He shook himself free, leaped from the bed and ran around the room, lurching, whining and shaking his head violently. He stopped and sideswiped his muzzle with a clumsy paw. He lay down on his back and rolled. He lay on his stomach and growled. He stood up and collapsed again, panting.

Then the dose took hold. A noble expression seemed to pour over his brow. His eyes opened wide and remained open, with a clear and friendly gleam. He stood up, shook himself, ran into the bathroom, gulped some water and then came bounding back.

"Wuff!" he said to me. "Wuff! Wuff!"

Then Ponto reared on his hind legs, placed two large paws on my shoulders and proceeded to lick my face thoroughly with a rough, wet tongue. I had made a friend. As Androcles had won the lion by removing the thorn from its paw, so had I tamed Ponto by administering first aid to his hang-over.

There was a tap at the door. It was Jimmie. "Are you all right, Winnie?" she asked. "Is he still asleep?"

"Asleep!" I was contemptuous. "No, he's awake. Ponto and I are pals. We understand each other. He had a hang-over and I fixed him. We're buddies now, aren't we, old fellow?"

The answer was a low savage growl and I leaped through the door barely in time to escape his shaky but earnest attempt to remove a couple of pounds of meat from my frame.

"That beast's not human. Let's send him back to the vet's and get something easier to live with."

Germaine ignored this suggestion. "Come on down to the den," she said, "and tell me what's been going on in town. I've been so busy with Ponto's d.t.'s that I don't know what's happening, except for your contradictory phone calls. Did I tell you, Winnie, that I think your Miss Briggs is really nice? Why did you have to go chasing actresses and redheads when you had a nice sensible girl like that to keep you out of trouble?"

"Well, Jimmie," I began, "it's a long, long story—"

WE WENT into the den and after we were comfortably settled with the doors bolted and the curtains drawn, I said: "Now what do you want to know?"

"It's—it's just that everything is so queer," Germaine began. "You've changed so that you almost seem like a different person. You even look better, not so flabby, as though you took regular exercise. And then suddenly I find that you've been carrying on with that Briggs girl and I can't tell whether you've really changed or are just trying to fool me. She's a nice person, of course, and if you *must* have another girl, I'd rather have you pick someone, oh, safe and comfortable like her. And then there's Ponto. He used to adore you and now he tries to bite you. And then there's all this talk about where you were during Holy Week, and Myrtle tells me the F.B.I. has been asking a lot of questions about you and where our friends are, and, of course, they've found out about you and Virginia. What *have* you been doing, dear?"

I sighed. "I wish I knew, Jimmie. You must believe me when I tell you I can't remember things before Easter Monday. That was the 2d and today is the 11th and I can remember everything that's happened since. Before that it's all tied in with that dream I had."

She moved away from me, slightly. "You can't tell me that the F.B.I. would be interested in your dreams," she said sharply. "Not in time of war."

"They are in this dream," I told her. "You see I dreamed—if you want to call it that—that a certain American ship blew up in the North Pacific. The trouble is that the public hasn't been told that there is such a ship, and that the Navy Department doesn't know what happened to it. *I* believe that it did blow up. Harcourt believes my story, in the main, but from the F.B.I. angle they have to check up on whether I'm not part of an Axis spy ring which could have caused the explosion. If I could only remember where I was the week before, I could clear myself."

Her face lighted and she relaxed. "Oh, is *that* all?" she exclaimed. "I *know* you couldn't have done anything like that. All you've probably been doing is to go off with one of those silly girls of yours. That ought to be easy to check. For the first time, you know," she added, "I'm almost *glad* you've been chasing all those stupid blondes of yours. It will make it easy to establish your alias."

"Alibi," I corrected her. "Let me fix you a drink. From now on," I added, "there are going to be no more blondes or redheads. I like Arthurjean Briggs, but she's more like a friend than a—oh, you know. You saw her. I must have been chasing around so much my mind

By CLIPPER

your "week" becomes

NINE DAYS IN SUNNY BERMUDA

Now only 3 hours from New York

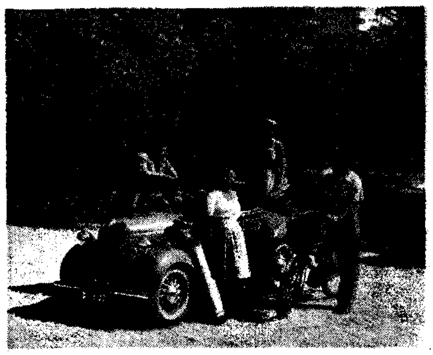
"Here's how we lived and loafed during our long week's vacation under Bermuda's blue skies!"

YE OLDE
WHITE HORSE
TAVERN

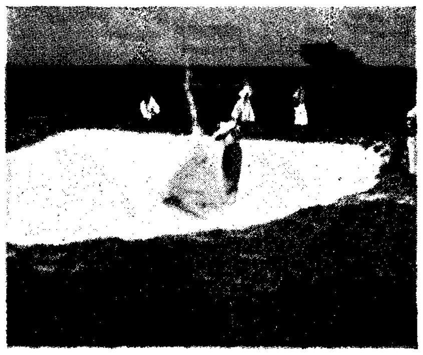
1st Day "Jack and I felt as if we were *already* in a 'different world' the minute we stepped aboard the big, comfortable 4-engine Clipper at La Guardia Field, New York! . . . And only a few hours later, we were sight-seeing in a Bermuda Victoria.

2nd Day "Imagine eating outdoors at this time of year! After a noontime swim, and our first hour of sun-bathing on one of Bermuda's many beautiful beaches, Jack and I had a delicious lunch, served on a terrace overlooking the blue Atlantic.

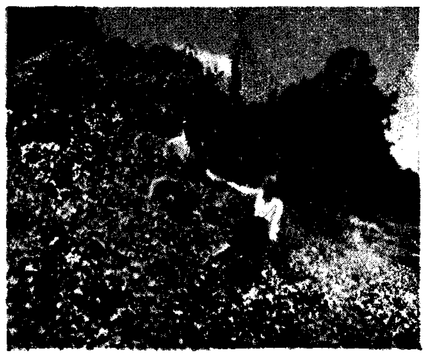
3rd Day "Part of Bermuda's charm lies in its old-timers whose families have lived on the Islands for three centuries! This photo, one of my favorites, shows Mr. Adcock, retired lighthouse keeper, pointing out a coral reef near Horseshoe Bay.



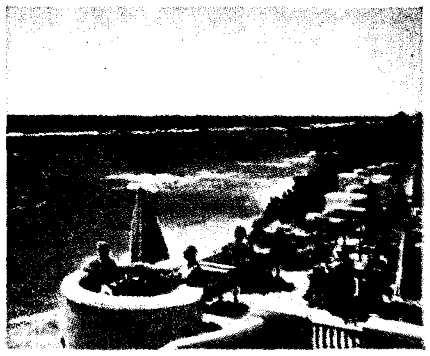
4th Day "Bikes in Bermuda are fun, so we pedalled leisurely through winding lanes, amazed at the beauty of the flowers . . . A couple we'd met on the Clipper were returning from golf, and told us how much we'd enjoy playing on Bermuda links.



5th Day "Our friends were right . . . Bermuda's courses are lovely to see and fun to play. I snapped this shot of Jack, making a difficult recovery from a sand trap . . . right onto that marvelous green!



6th Day "Winter? . . . It scarcely seemed possible when you saw glorious flowers like this . . . And to think that back in New York, only 3 hours away by Clipper, the skies were, no doubt, cold and gray!



7th Day "There are so many things to do and see in Bermuda that every day seems like a *different* vacation! Sometimes we just loafed in the sun, looking out across the long coral beaches . . .

8th Day ". . . on other days, when we'd been in Bermuda a while, and had become used to the sun, we spent *hours* on the beach . . . enjoying the swimming, the sunlight and the roar of the surf!

9th Day "Jack grumbled a bit when I dragged him shopping for some British imports . . . But we met a friendly couple, the Barrys . . . and Mr. Barry turned out to be a good customer of Jack's firm. Jack admitted, later, 'Say! I'm glad I came!'

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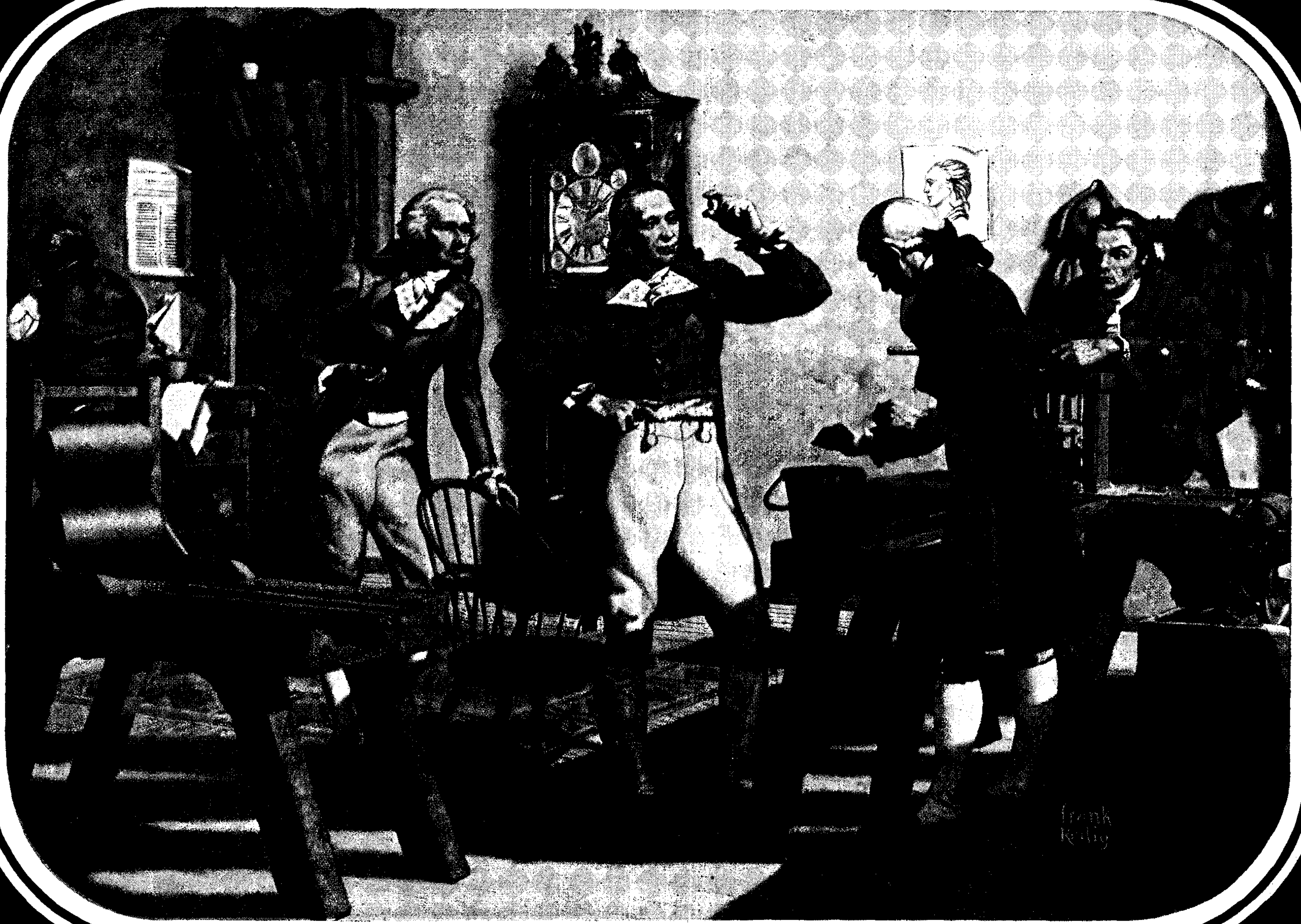

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The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"Upon one side of each of the coins there shall be*
> *an impression emblematic of liberty...*
> *upon the reverse... the figure of an Eagle..."*
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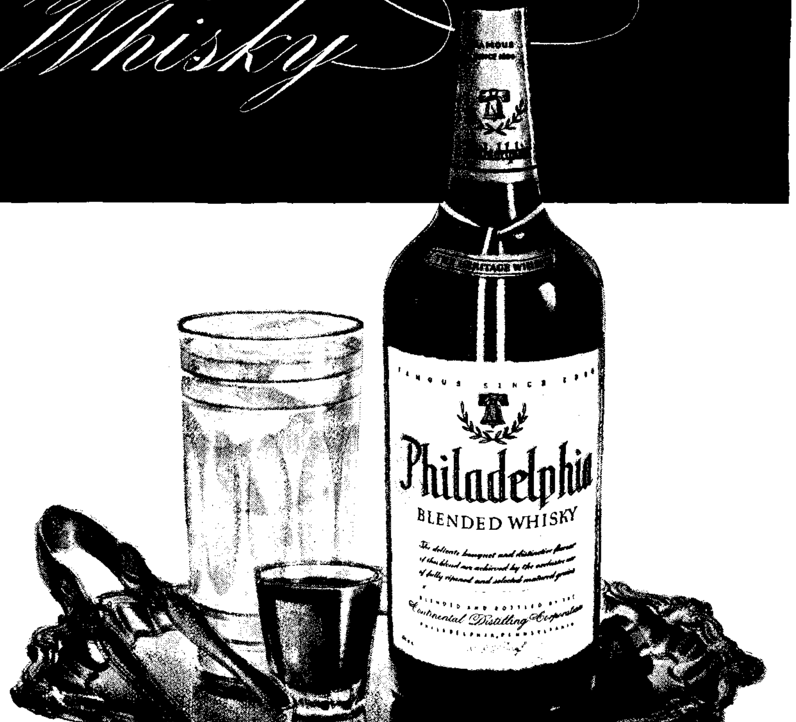
> ...ACT OF CONGRESS, 1792, ESTABLISHING MINT

From the Philadelphia of Washington's day many traditions have come down through the years. Closest to the heart and of most agreeable memory is its legendary hospitality, today so splendidly upheld by Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. For generous qualities, for deep, rich flavor, this is truly the special occasion whisky, yet Philadelphia Blend is yours to enjoy . . . regularly and often.



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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894 got tangled up in itself and sort of blew a fuse. If I can't get my memory straightened out soon I'll look up a psychiatrist and see if he can't fix me."

"You know, Winnie—" Germaine began and then fell silent.

"Yes, Jimmie?"

She turned toward me and smiled rather wistfully.

"You know, I was going to say that you and I—perhaps— Well, it's so long since we've been really—oh, *close* to each other. I wondered—"

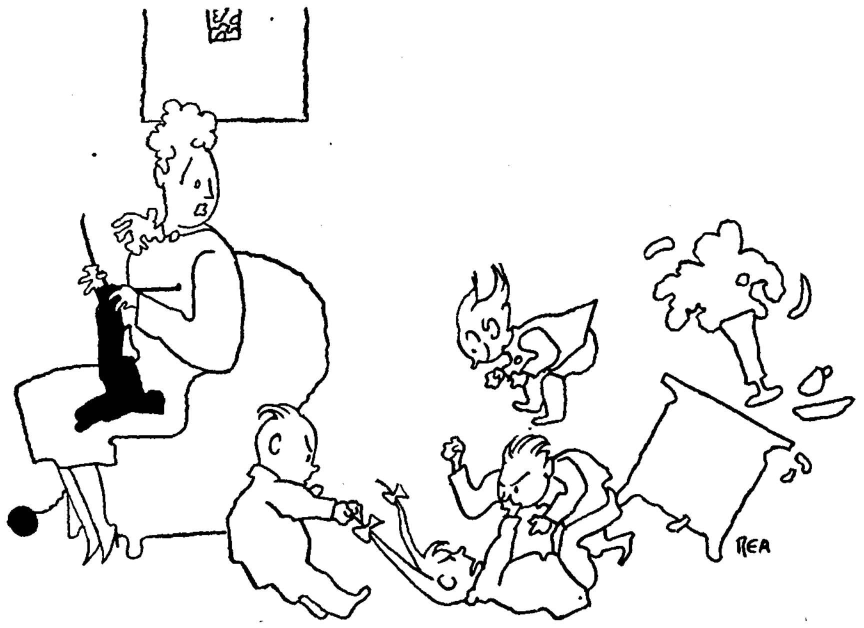
"You mean that perhaps we ought to patch things up between us?"

"Isn't that what a wife's for?" she asked. "I mean . . . I mean when things get difficult it ought—there ought to be *one* person to whom you could turn."

I slipped my arm around her and drew her close to me on the lounge. She lowered her face against my coat and I could feel her shaking. "You're crying!" I said. "You mustn't cry."

'Oh, Winnie, I've been so alone, so—"

I raised her face to mine and kissed her, tasting the wet, salt tears. Her lips were warm and soft against mine. Suddenly she pressed herself against me and responded to my kiss so fiercely that we were both startled. We sprang apart, almost guiltily.



"But can't you find some quieter game to play than 'U.N.'?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh . . . You haven't kissed me like that—"

She raised her lips again and this time we held it. After a while she stirred gently in my arms and smiled up at me.

WHAT with one thing and another, I didn't get back to the office until the market closed on Thursday afternoon. I found my two partners in pretty good control of our operation but frankly mystified as to the cause of the official mugging of Tompkins, Wasson & Cone. We had laid out two and a half millions in all, despite the attempt to scare us off. The market had continued steady. There seemed to be no need to alter any plans.

Neither Graham nor Phil asked me any direct questions about the events on Wednesday.

"See here, boys," I told them. "You've both been perfectly swell about this rat race the SEC started. Harry Willamer tried to put the squeeze on me for half a million dollars to finance him and a bunch of official heels in a shady deal. When I turned him down he threatened to tie us up with a Commission investigation. I bluffed him out of it at the time by pretending there was an F.B.I. recording of our talk, so he laid off the heavy heat and just started needling us a little. Any time now he'll make the check at the F.B.I. and when he finds there isn't a record he'll try to tie us up tighter than a drum. All we can do is wait it out. The market will start dropping any day now and we'll clean up."

"Oh!" Wasson said. "Was that it? Willamer's a bad actor. Thanks for telling us, Winnie. Phil and I knew that there must be something screwy when—"

THE door flew open and Arthurjean appeared, her face white and her mouth working wordlessly.

"God!" she said at last. "He was such a swell guy. He—"

"Who? What's the mat—"

"It's Roosevelt!" she choked. "He's dead. It just came in on the ticker."

"No!"

"He died at Warm Springs." And she hid her face in her hands and left the room, sobbing.

Phil Cone stood up, paper-white, crossed over and turned up the radio.

"Flash!" the announcer was saying. "Warm Springs, Georgia. President Roosevelt died this afternoon following his collapse from a severe cerebral hemorrhage. More in a moment. Keep tuned to this station."

"Well, I'll be damned!" I said. "So he was right—"

Cone whirled on me. "You knew about this," he stated flatly. "When we were talking yesterday morning. You had more than a hunch. You knew he was going to die."

"Be your age, Phil," I told him. "How in hell *could* I know?"

"Good Lord!" Wasson growled. "This will knock holy hell out of the market. Lucky trading's closed for the day. They'll have to close the banks. God, what a mess!"

Cone still looked dazed. "No dancing in the streets?" he asked bitterly. "I thought this was going to send values skyrocketing."

Wasson swung on him. "The hell with that talk, Phil," he snapped. "I was just shooting the bull. Roosevelt dead! You know, he wasn't a bad old buzzard after he got rid of all that New Deal nonsense and set to work winning this war."

Cone had recovered his poise. "Sure he did a swell job winning the war, but now we're going to lose the peace, sure as shooting!"

The radio announcer resumed his broadcast: "Warm Springs, Georgia. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt passed away at four thirty-five this afternoon, Eastern War Time, following a severe cerebral hemorrhage. The late President had been spending a few days at his Georgia retreat getting rested after his strenuous trip to the Yalta Conference. Earlier this afternoon he complained of a severe headache and almost immediately became unconscious. He died peacefully a little later. His death came at a moment when American troops in Germany and on Okinawa were driving ahead toward the victory he—"

Cone switched it down again as the telephone rang. I picked up the instrument. It was one of those automatic phonograph recordings: "The Stock Exchange will not be open tomorrow, by order of the governors, out of respect for the memory of the late President Roosevelt. That is all. . . . The Stock Exchange will not be open—" the metallic feminine voice went on. I hung up.

"That was an automatic message to say the Exchange will be closed tomorrow. It's probably on the ticker, too."

Cone sat down suddenly, as though his legs had turned to rubber. "Now it will all start again," he said. "Sell out and pack up, pack up and clear out. God help our people now."

I crossed the office and put my hand on his shoulder. "Buck up, Phil," I told him. "It won't be as bad as that. Graham and I will stick with you and that's true of Americans generally."

Cone shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "Thanks, Winnie," he remarked. "You're a good fellow and a good friend. I've got something to say to you. You won't like it. I got worried yesterday when you started talking about Roosevelt maybe dying and I tipped the F.B.I. on what you said. It was a lousy thing to do, but I was nervous, and . . ."

I laughed but my heart wasn't in it. "If the F.B.I. arrested every man in Wall Street who had ever talked about Roosevelt dying, the jails wouldn't hold them. Don't worry, Phil."

THE phone rang again. It was the receptionist. "Mr. Harcourt is here to see you, Mr. Tompkins," she informed me. "Shall I ask him to wait?"

"Tell him I'll see him in a couple of minutes," I replied.

"This is it, boys," I told my partners. "It's the F.B.I. Now, the market's going to drop. It will be a bear market in a big way, dignified as hell, and we're in ahead of the others. You two just carry on. Try to get a line on this guy Truman. Some of our Kansas City correspondents may have the dope. Phil, no hard feelings about this F.B.I. angle. They've been riding me for days on some crazy story Ranty Tolan started last week."

Wasson looked at me coldly. "If I thought that you had anything to do with this—" he began.

"Oh, skip it!" I begged him. "You know me better."

I picked up the phone and told the receptionist to send Harcourt in.

The special agent looked tight-lipped and serious.

"Mr. Tompkins," he said. "I've been ordered to ask you to come up to the Bureau's headquarters right away for questioning."

"Okay," I agreed. "I'll come along quietly. Phil, will you tell Miss Briggs to ring up my wife and say I won't be home tonight and not to worry. I'll be all right."

Harcourt came and laid his hand on my arm. "Come on," he ordered gruffly.

"How about my lawyer?" I inquired. "Graham, will you phone Merry Vail and tell him I've been taken up to the F.B.I. for questioning?"

Harcourt looked up at me. "Is Merriwether Vail your lawyer?" he asked. "I wouldn't bother to call him. We've picked him up too. All your associates, outside of business and—er—pleasure, are being rounded up. The President's dead, Mr. Tompkins, and you're going to do some talking."

(To be continued next week)

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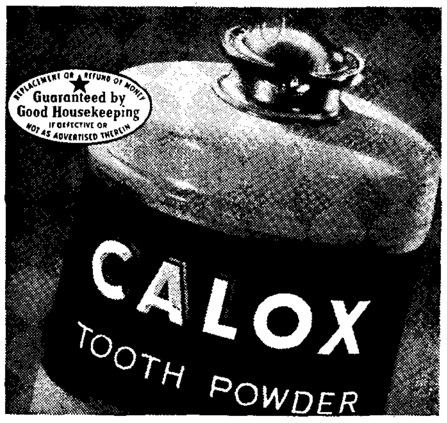
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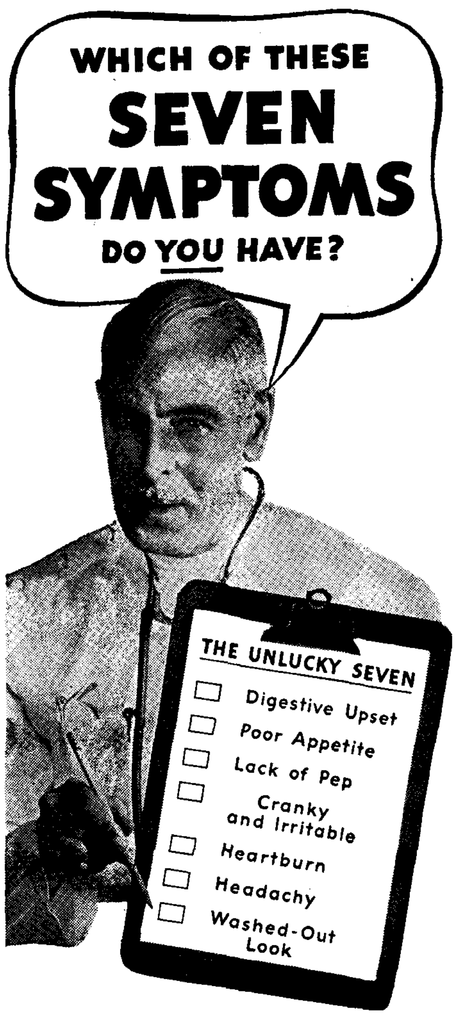

ANY ONE IS A WARNING YOU MAY NEED PROMPT, GENTLE SARAKA!

Don't neglect any of the Seven Symptoms when due to irregularity. At the first sign of a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven, try Saraka! Millions know this vegetable laxative is so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure!*

GENTLY URGES—NEVER PURGES

Saraka is entirely different from mineral oil, milk of magnesia or psyllium seeds! It's a combination of two pure vegetable ingredients, each with a distinct, necessary function. One acts much the same as beneficial, high-residue foods, like apples and dates . . . but in concentrated form! The other provides just the right amount of gentle action needed to give you the thoroughness you desire! *With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative!*

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There are no unpleasant seeds, oils, or chemicals in Saraka! And Saraka usually works overnight to start your day right! Saraka is economical because it's concentrated. Your own doctor can tell you about Saraka's superiority. Caution: Use only as directed. Buy Saraka at your druggist!

Double your money back if not satisfied

NO OTHER LAXATIVE GIVES YOU MORE GENTLE, MORE THOROUGH RELIEF!
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for twenty helpings
SARAKA
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SARAKA

SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Continued from page 13

aside, reserved, sometimes roped off, for the princess' private use and for the use of the other women in her party.

The greater amount of curiosity, however, of the English public, as well as the American and Russian press, has been devoted less to gossip and trivialities than to learning the truth about Elizabeth's character and, now that the marks of maturity are upon her, what manner of queen she will make.

According to the fairy-tale formula, just as every ordinary girl wants to wake up a princess, every real princess wants to be a shopgirl, with full freedom to indulge in the proletarian delights. Princess Elizabeth does not fit into this formula. From every indication, she likes the idea of being a princess, and, when the day comes, if it doesn't come too soon, she will like the idea of being queen.

Elizabeth has admitted, privately, that she does not wish to think of the throne, not yet. Mainly because, to inherit the high seat, she would have to replace her father. She adores him—calling him "Papa" in the palace—and she cannot imagine stepping in after an abdication, or dwelling in a world from which he has passed. Also, she is not ready to don the strait jacket of formality and seriousness that comes with queenship. Her early years were packed with grueling training, and the years ahead promise only protocol and officialdom.

The present period, the transition, is her breathing spell. She would hate, overnight, to forgo the night clubs, the informal life, the being young, for the rigidity of rule. In fact, though she doesn't object when her sister teases her about her romance with Philip, she is irked when Margaret constantly reminds her that she will be queen, and live unhappily ever after in a fish bowl, while Margaret, as the second in succession, will remain a free soul, tra-la.

Most of all, despite the fact that her great-great-grandmother Victoria became queen at 18, Elizabeth does not feel equal to the responsibility. She knows very well what is ahead of her. She knows that, even if she never becomes Empress of India, her Empire, without India, will still include one sixth the population and six sevenths the territory her father governs. She knows, firsthand, the ten-million-square-mile headache ahead of her, the problems and the grief of holding together four self-governing dominions and 46 colonies. She knows, too, that she will not be a dummy queen, "a ceremonial queen," as the Communistic Daily Worker of London predicted.

Royal Authority a Dead Letter

Recently, reading a biography of herself, she came across the reminder, "Though the executive powers of the crown have shrunk and diminished with the passing centuries, its power and influence by guidance and example have steadily grown." But she knows her main task will be that of posing as a symbol of continuity, and that her actual powers will be relatively few. She may, for example, create peers, thus upsetting the balance of power in Parliament, but she would scarcely attempt such a move. Even when her grandfather used this power as a threat in 1910, he acted only at the request of the government and probably against his own desires.

As head of the Privy Council, she can wield a veto all her own, but no member of the royal family has ever attempted this—or is ever likely to. Technically, she can name a new Prime Minister. Usually this is simply a rubber stamp, since the people have indicated their choice. Her position is chiefly one of influence with families, bankers, Admiralty members, publishers. But figurehead or not, Princess Elizabeth is in no haste to undertake the responsibilities of the throne.

At the same time, Elizabeth has always been conscious of the fact that she was a person set apart, and she is still conscious of her high station. When she was five years old, in a moment of childish temper, she insulted her governess. Her parents agreed that the governess must not speak to her until she apologized. The following day Elizabeth came to her lessons and said cheerfully, "Good morning!" The governess did not answer. Elizabeth frowned, repeated her greeting. Still no response. At last, she crossed the room, planted herself before the governess. "Good morning!" she shrieked. "It's royalty speaking!"

Several years later, when Elizabeth was escorted by her grandmother, Queen Mary, to a county fair, the farmers were officially requested not to delay the party by answering Elizabeth's youthful questions at length. Remembering this, one elderly farmer, bombarded with questions by Elizabeth, pursed his lips and refused to reply. Elizabeth repeated her queries, and still no reply. At last she could stand the silence no longer. "You must answer, you know," she threatened, "because it's royalty asking."

It was Queen Mary who knocked some of this out of the young girl. They had gone to a Royal Tournament together, and were seated in the royal box. Elizabeth's eyes were not on the army show but on the thick crowds gathering to watch her leave with the queen. Elizabeth finally turned to Queen Mary. "Grannie," she exclaimed, "how pleased all the people will be to see me!" This was too much. Queen Mary called the footman. "Take the princess out through the back exit, avoid the crowds, put her in a taxi and take her home."

Thereafter Elizabeth behaved. Today it is no longer necessary for her to insist, "It's royalty speaking." She knows she is important, the center of all eyes, and, besides, she is too intelligent and adult to intrude her rank upon others. Today, while formally addressing her father and mother as "sir" and "ma'am" in public and continuing to kiss the hand of her grandmother and curtsy to her at each meeting, Elizabeth leans over backward to be democratic toward other people. When she was performing in plays, in the castle, she would horrify officials by changing her costumes before them.

When Royal Guardsmen jostled her for her autograph, she calmly placed a blackboard atop three chairs, and sat for an hour at her improvised desk signing shreds of paper and clothing. When, during a luncheon, she sat between an important canon and a visitor who was awkward and a stranger to the palace, she talked throughout the meal to the visitor, later apologizing to the canon by saying, "I hope you did not mind, but he was shy and I felt that I ought to devote myself to him."

Dancing at the Servants' Ball

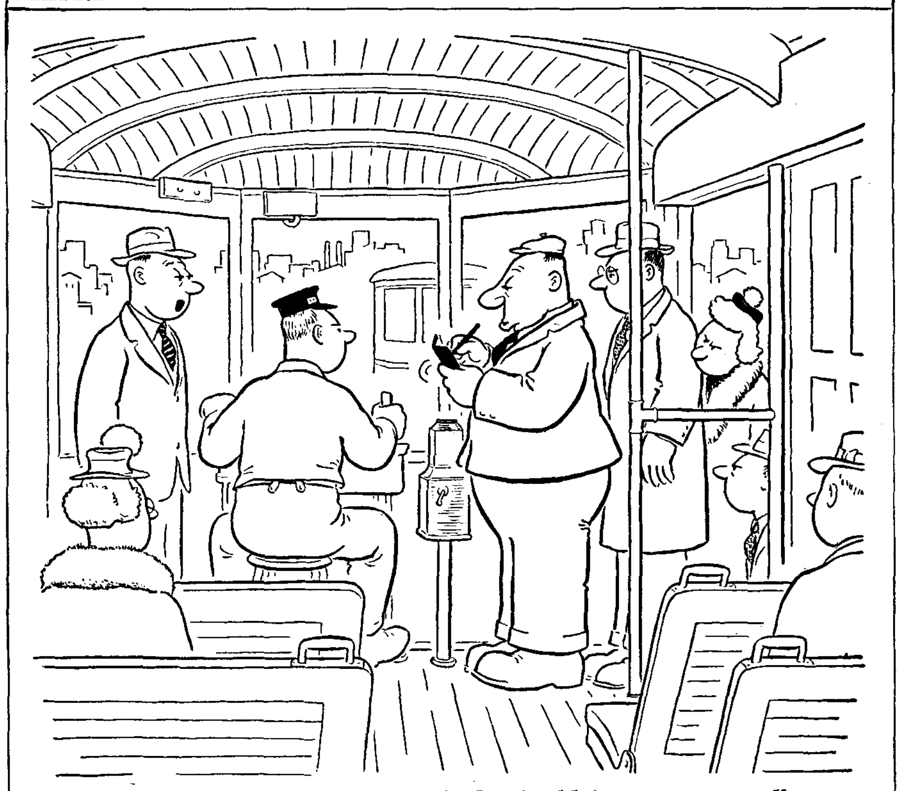
When the annual Servants' Ball, sponsored by a good share of the 1,500 members of the king's household, came around last holiday, Elizabeth arrived earliest, left latest, and danced with the kitchen boys, pages, butlers, just as her mother waltzed with a palace footman.

However, occasionally, when she feels it necessary, Elizabeth can still throw a snub with the impact of a footballer's block. One evening a few months ago, during a smart soiree at Windsor Castle, a colonial official cornered her and asked, sarcastically, "How would you like to be a factory girl?"

Princess Elizabeth raked him up and down with a look, replied icily, "I don't know how I should like it, because I have never been one." With that she turned on her heel and walked off.

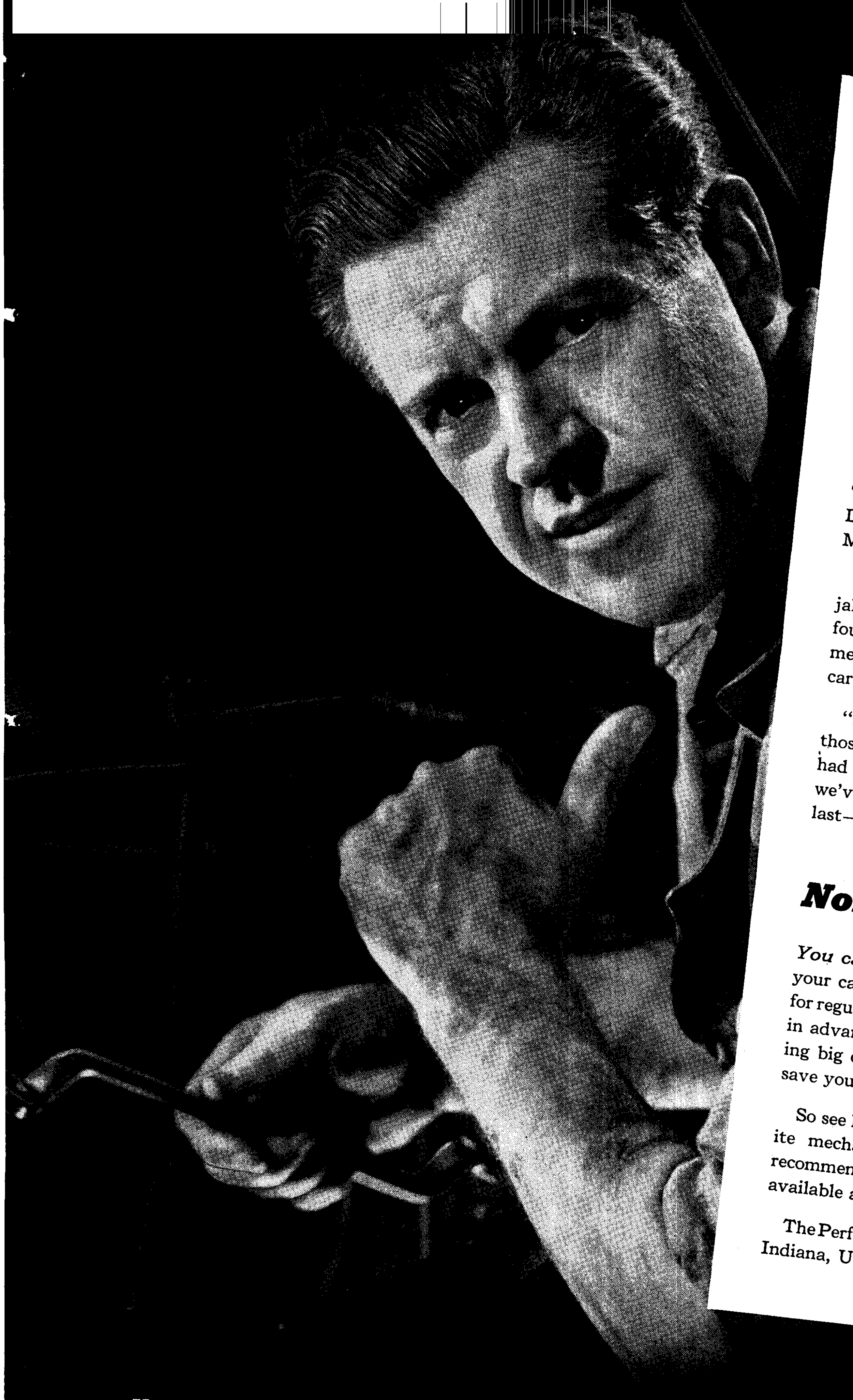
Though Elizabeth no longer bludgeons others with her title, except in self-defense, there have been moments in recent months when the sudden upsurge of publicity about her (she sees and saves all printed photographs of herself) has caused her mother to feel she was getting a little out of hand again. This has

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"You're holding up the line, Alfred. Couldn't you just as well enter the carfare in your budget book after you've sat down?"

COLLIER'S



"Me . . . a magician?"

"Honest, I'm not. I'm only a mechanic, a Doctor of Motors, perhaps *your* Doctor of Motors.

"Most of my 'patients' are broken down jalopies that have been neglected for three or four years straight. Yet, the owners expect me to wave a magic wrench and make their cars purr like next year's models!

"No, I'm not a magician but I *do* bring those cars back to life. We mechanics have had to specialize in old cars since '41. And, we've learned how to make motors last—and last—and last."

Notice to car owners!

You can help your Doctor of Motors help your car last, merely by taking it in to him for regular care. That way he can spot troubles in advance, keep little troubles from becoming big ones, save you money and probably save you your car.

So see him soon and regularly. Your favorite mechanic—*your* Doctor of Motors—recommends Perfect Circle Piston Rings, available at every automotive repair shop.

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PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING—

(OR IS IT?)

BY GROUCHO MARX

WHAT do you want to save up a lot of money for? You'll never need the stuff.

Why, just think of all the wonderful, wonderful things you can do *without* money. Things like—well, things like —

On second thought, you'd better keep on saving, chum. Otherwise you're licked.

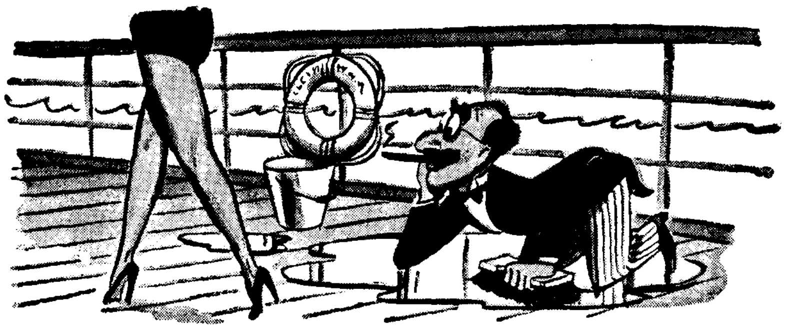
For instance, how are you ever going to build that Little Dream House, without a trunk full of moolah?

You think the carpenters are going to work free? Or the plumbers? Or the architects? Not those lads. They've been around. They're no dopes.

WHERE'S MY DOUGH ?

And how are you going to send that kid of yours to college, without the folding stuff? Maybe you think he can work his way through by playing the flute. If so, you're crazy. (Only three students have ever worked their way through college by playing the flute. And they had to stop eating for four years.)

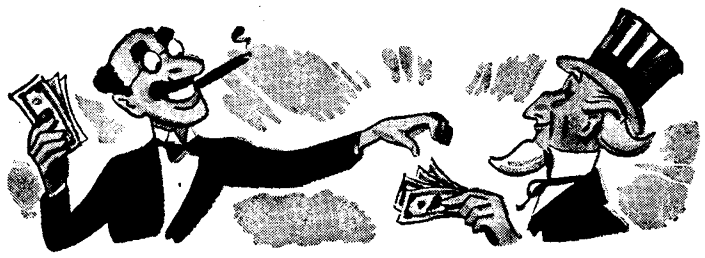
And how are you going to do that world-traveling you've always wanted to do? Maybe you think you can stoke your way across, or scrub decks. Well, that's no good. I've tried it. It interferes with shipboard romances.



So—all seriousness aside—you'd better keep on saving, pal.

Obviously the best way is by continuing to buy U. S. Savings Bonds—through the Payroll Plan.

They're safe and sound. Old Uncle Sam *personally* guarantees your investment. And he never fobbed off a bum I.O.U. on *anybody*.



You get four bucks back for every three you put in. And that ain't hay, alfalfa, or any other field-grown product.

Millions of Americans—smart cookies all—have found the Payroll Plan the easiest and best way to save.

So stick with the Payroll Plan, son—and you can't lose.

SAVE THE EASY WAY...BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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created the first minor friction in years between the princess and the queen.

Elizabeth resembles her parents, especially the queen, much more physically than mentally. At her best, Princess Elizabeth looks like an inflated Betty Field; at her worst like the daughter that Mama is worried about marrying off. Though the palace announces her height as 5 feet 7 inches, she is actually closer to 5 feet 4. She is a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl of creamy complexion. Her complexion is so good she uses little make-up—a touch of powder, a splash of lipstick, no more. She does not pluck her eyebrows, does not use nail polish.

Her teeth are almost perfect, and she has a phobia about caring for them. She visits her dentist, in town, once every month. She is a Brunhild for health, with great resistance and recuperative powers, and has suffered only a half-dozen colds and an attack of the mumps in her entire life. Those around her complain that she is too fat, especially at the arms and bust, which gives her the appearance of dumpiness. As one girl friend remarked, "There's nothing about Elizabeth that the proper brassière and girdle couldn't cure."

Other friends feel her regal fatness might be overlooked if she dressed properly. Sometimes, of course, Elizabeth is forced to wear clothes or colors of which she does not approve—as, for example, when she is requested to wear light clothes on an auto tour, because light clothes enable spectators to spot her, whereas dark clothes would blend with the upholstery of the limousine. But, by and large, Elizabeth has her own choice in clothes and her taste is very unsure.

When Flattery is a Handicap

The story is told of the time, toward the end of the war, when she was toiling as an auto mechanic in the Auxiliary Territorial Service and appeared at work with her hair done up in a trickily arranged blue scarf. One of the other girls complimented her, in passing, on her improvised headgear. Princess Elizabeth was pleased, then asked anxiously, "But do you really like it?"

The other girl was puzzled. "Of course. Why do you ask again?"

Elizabeth sighed. "Because," she explained, "back in the palace, whatever I do, whatever I wear, however I'm dressed up, everyone always compliments me. There's just no way for me to know if I have any taste at all."

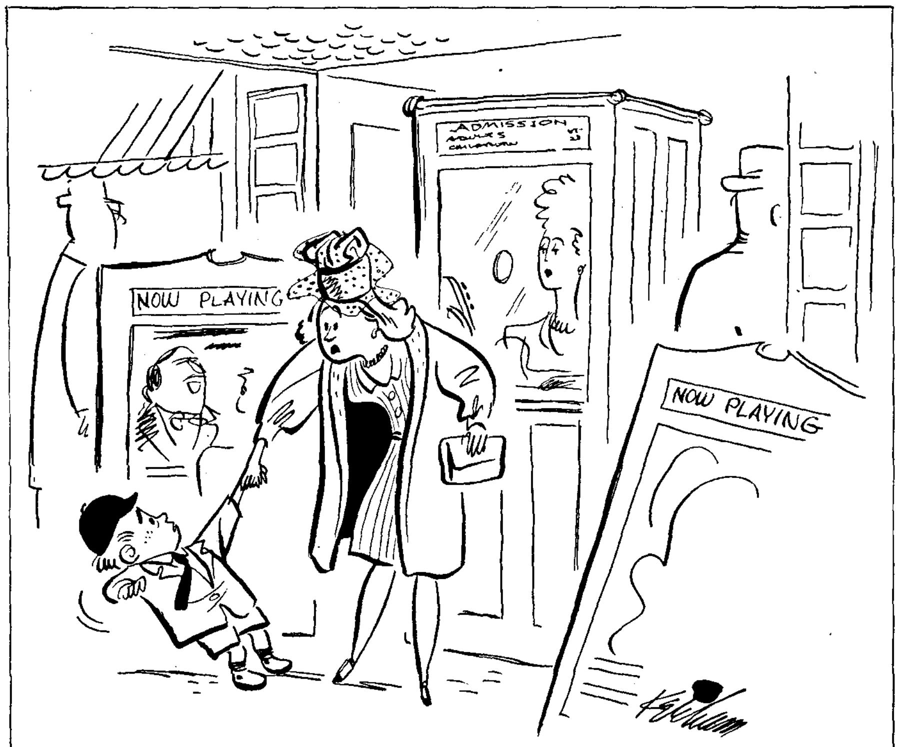
Because she is so uncertain of herself, Elizabeth, in her attire, leans heavily on the advice of her shy, redheaded Scotch maid, Margaret MacDonald, selected for the job by the queen. "And that's just the trouble," one of Elizabeth's titled female acquaintances remarked. "Who could possibly look chic, my dear, being dressed by a provincial Scotswoman whose idea of the latest fashion is what they're wearing in Aberdeen. If Elizabeth had a clever French maid for just six months, just six months, my dear, why, you wouldn't recognize the poor girl."

During recent years, Elizabeth's clothes, preponderantly blue, have been made for her by an obscure, fussy, gray-haired Englishwoman named Miss Ford and by London's top-notch designer and the queen's own couturier, Norman Hartnell. Recently, at the suggestion of Elizabeth's aunt, the gorgeous, Greek-born Duchess of Kent, Marina, whose late husband was the king's younger brother, a new designer was added. The new dressmaker, Marina's own, turned out to be the famed Captain Molyneux of Paris. Now, at last, Princess Elizabeth has French dressing, and the aesthetes of the Empire can hope for the best.

What individuality Princess Elizabeth does possess exists, for the most part, in her mentality, her likes and dislikes, her traits of character. In major characteristics, she is utterly unlike either of her parents. Her father, 51-year-old King George VI, is a shy, sweet man, with a slight stammer. When his older brother, the Duke of Windsor, kicked over the throne in 1936 for Wally Simpson, the present king did not wish to inherit it. He preferred obscurity. In fact, even then, it is said, he suggested his daughter, Elizabeth, take over under a regency, but the British Cabinet would not allow it.

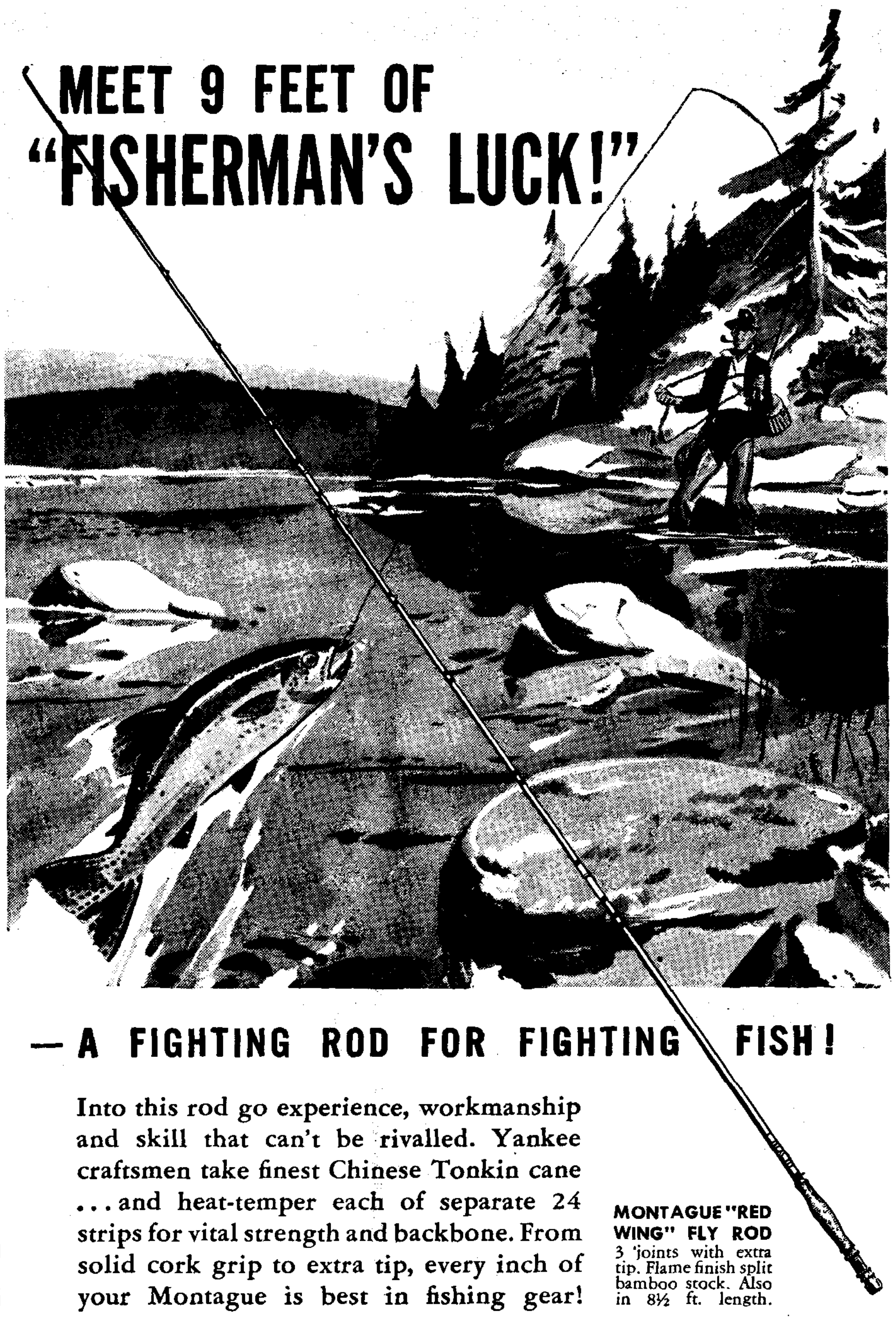
While Princess Elizabeth inherits much from her father, his love of detail, his conscientiousness, his transparent boredom with talkative people, his enjoyment of the outdoors, she differs from him in her complete lack of shyness, in her assurance, confidence, enjoyment of crowds and ceremony.

Princess Elizabeth has much more from her mother, the former Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the wealthy Scotch Earl of Strathmore, who owns Glamis Castle, ancient home of Macbeth. Elizabeth has her mother's fine intelligence, quick smile, enjoyment of speaking, love of books and ballet. She differs from her mother in a fond-



"Don't be silly! There's nothing to be afraid of—it's just like sitting at home in front of the television set"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM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MONTAGUE "RED WING" FLY ROD
3 joints with extra tip. Flame finish split bamboo stock. Also in 8½ ft. length.

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For it's precision-built, this fine fly-reel —put together carefully and skillfully as a 17-jewel watch. Yet built sturdily, strongly, for a long life and a rugged one.

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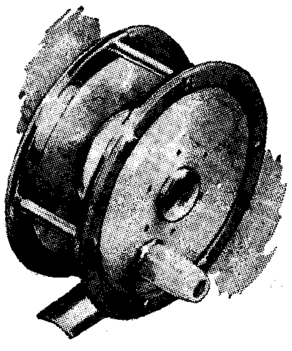
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ness for exercise (which the queen abhors), enjoyment of night clubs and the gay life, lack of warmth and easy graciousness, constant changes of temperament and mood.

If she resembles anyone in the family, Princess Elizabeth resembles the Royal Unmentionable, her Uncle David, known elsewhere as the Duke of Windsor.

She shares, with the duke, an affection for the underdog. Where he used to go popping off into slums and coal mines, Elizabeth confines her social consciousness mostly to reading and expressions of opinion. Sometimes Elizabeth will display active interest in the depressed classes. Returning with the queen from an official tour, Elizabeth saw a cheap new project of prefabricated houses in Southwark. Though the queen was in a hurry, Elizabeth insisted they halt. The chauffeur and escort pulled up, and the princess, along with her mother, went into one of the little houses.

Later, the mistress of the house, Mrs. Emson, age 23, told reporters, "I was so shy that my mother showed the queen around. There was a lady in ATS uniform with the queen, and she said to me, 'What a nice fire, it makes the place cozy.' I was glad to talk to someone and I told her it kept the whole place warm. The lady said that she was pleased about that, as the house looked cold from the outside. Afterward I realized that she was the Princess Elizabeth."

Undercurrents of Adverse Comment

While incidents such as these endear Elizabeth to the masses, there is still criticism by many English folk, spearheaded by English newspapers such as the Daily Mirror and the Daily Worker, that the princess confines her friendships and contacts to the upper crust and never bothers with people in other classes. It is pointed out that her friends in the ATS during the war, in the Girl Guides, in the Sea Rangers, as well as those she dines and dances with, are all hand-picked from wealthy or royal families.

But, as the king's public relations officer says: "*If she stepped out of her circle*, if she lost her dignity, she would also lose all mystery, which is one of the greatest royal assets." Nevertheless, for all her Tory friends, Elizabeth is, in her political thinking, far left of Tory, and it is said that if she voted, she would not vote conservative or labor but liberal.

Besides the flicker of social consciousness, Elizabeth possesses many other things in common with her uncle, the Duke of Windsor. Like him, she enjoys the company of the opposite sex, lively music, dancing, late hours, smart places, horseback riding. Like him, she dislikes candid-camera pictures, demands that her private life be private and displays impatience at formality.

Princess Elizabeth has not seen her Uncle David since December 12, 1936, when, as a tot of ten, she watched him, the day after his farewell speech and abdication, accept the title of Duke of Windsor and leave to join Mrs. Simpson in France.

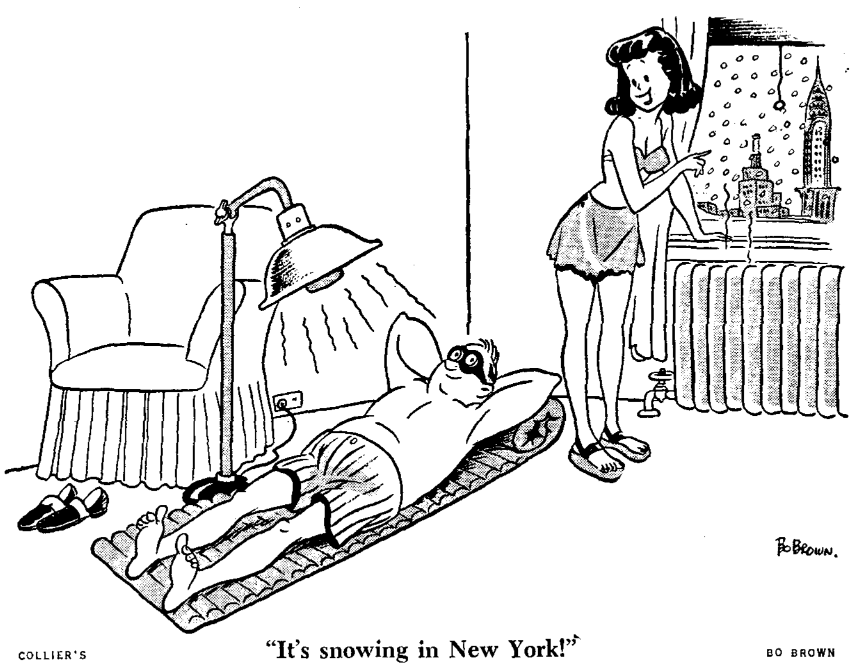
When, several months ago, he returned to London for a visit, Elizabeth was conveniently not at home. She wanted to see him, but the family refused. "Elizabeth has been trained to understand responsibility," a palace spokesman said, "and the necessity of sacrificing personal wishes for the good of the nation, so she sees in the Duke of Windsor's love story no high romance, but merely the quitting, by her uncle, of the exalted trust for which he had been trained for 40 years." This kind of talk, however, is not entirely convincing. Undoubtedly, Uncle David's legend has exerted great influence on Elizabeth, and much of his nature happens also to be her nature.

When the present duke became King Edward VIII, in 1936, he shattered precedent after precedent. He addressed Parliament in the first person. He neglected to attend church. He delivered a fireside chat to the nation. Most shockingly, at Sandringham House, 100 miles out of London, he turned the old clocks back to the right time—they had been a half-hour fast since Victoria's son, King Edward VII, set them ahead so that he might have more daylight for hunting.

When she ascends the throne, Elizabeth will be neither as radical nor as exciting. But she is headstrong, self-willed, modern, and she may cause minor eruptions.

As love of a woman accented the Duke of Windsor's dominant trait, his independence, so love of Prince Philip of Greece has brought this trait out in Elizabeth. When she was four years old, speculation began on whom she might marry. At that time an English periodical drew up a list of eight likely candidates. Since that time, the press has had her engaged to every unattached male she has met. Rumor has had Elizabeth marrying Prince George of Denmark, graduate of the underground, Lord St. Just, who inherited a three-million-dollar banking fortune and, though she was only 16, 41-year-old Prince Charles, heir to the Belgian throne.

Once she was actually mooning about the blond, handsome Earl of Euston, but he was whisked off to India, where he is now serving on Wavell's staff. Then came a crowning absurdity: an announcement that she would wed, any



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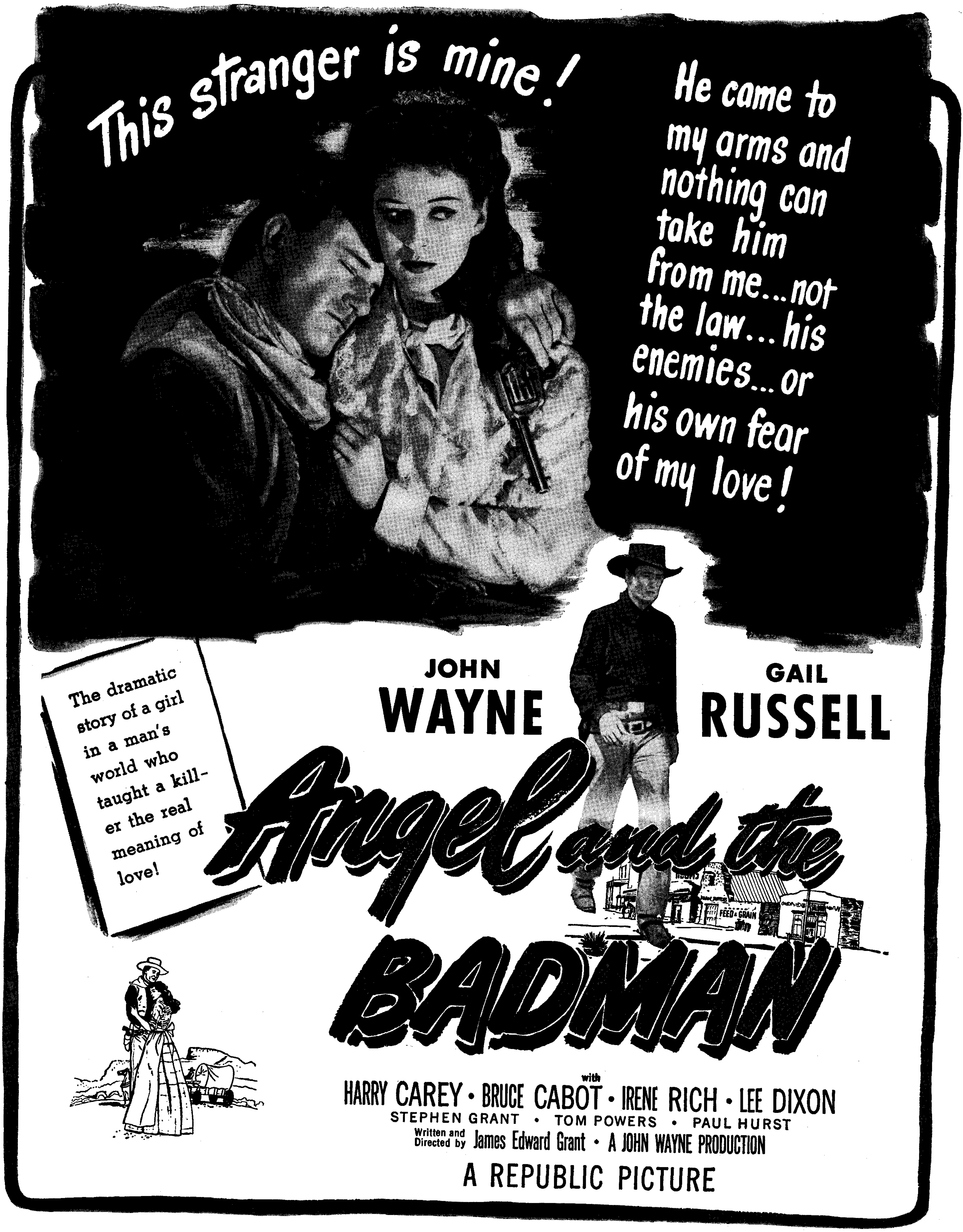

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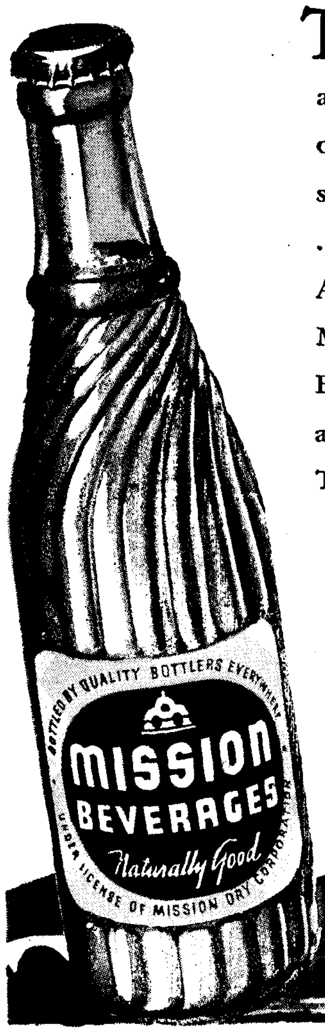
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day, an English aristocrat with whom she was seen dancing—until it turned out he was the husband of her best girl friend. One member of her intimate crowd, a British officer, bragged to the boys of Elizabeth's affection for him. Word got back to Elizabeth. He was dropped like a leper, and, odd coincidence, he is now serving in occupied Germany.

No one knows exactly when Elizabeth became serious about tall, athletic, 25-year-old Prince Philip. She has known him all her life. They are second cousins and attended frequent childhood parties at Brook House, the home of his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten. Philip's background is interesting. He was born in Corfu, the youngest of five children. His four older sisters, beauties, all married German princes. His father was a Greek army general, Prince Andrew, and his mother was the English-born Princess Alice of Battenberg, a sister of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Curiously, Philip's late father hated Greece and Grecian political intrigue, and his earliest wish was that his son be reared in England. At the age of one, Philip was moved to Lord Mountbatten's home in London and raised there. Under the influence of his Uncle Dick, Philip went to school at Dartmouth Naval College, graduated the best all-round cadet, enlisted in the Royal Navy as a midshipman, and during the war saw action on the battleship Valiant in the invasion of Sicily and was present at the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay.

Living Down a Greek Background

Philip has tried to erase Greece from his background. Since his first birthday he has been to the country only once, for a few weeks. Though sixth in line of succession to the Greek throne, he renounced all rights to his inheritance three years ago. He has twice applied for British citizenship, and his final naturalization papers should come through any day now. He speaks no Greek at all. Nevertheless, in the last 18 months that he has been seeing Princess Elizabeth regularly—they share a love of the ballet, music, sketching, dancing—he has been frowned upon as a suitable husband largely because of his Greek heritage. Officially, he is eligible in every way.

Elizabeth is barred, by Act of Parliament, from marrying a Roman Catholic or marrying without the king's consent. Otherwise she can marry anyone, even an American. In fact, Wally Simpson was quite acceptable as an American, but not as a divorcee. Elizabeth can even marry a commoner. Her own mother was a commoner, who possessed the title of Lady only as a courtesy.

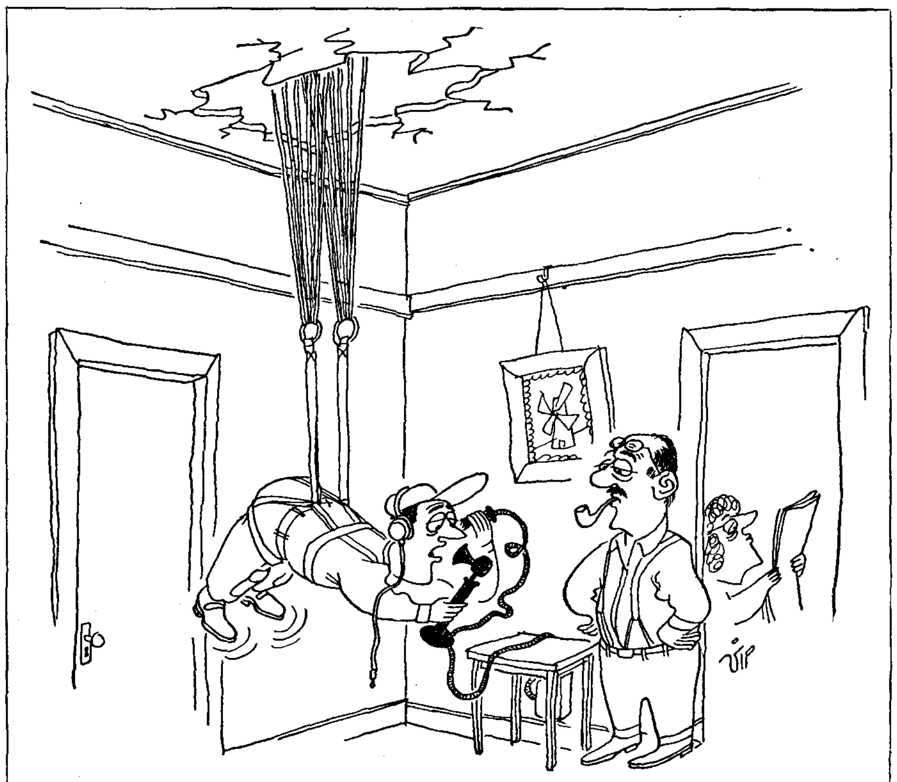
But despite her freedom of choice, there is one great intangible that Elizabeth, as Heiress Presumptive (it is legally presumed that as long as the king lives he may have a son), must reckon with. Her choice must be popular. Not just in her own circle. Those around Elizabeth would like to see the marriage. Both the Duchess of Kent and Lord Mountbatten have been plugging it. Elizabeth's younger friends think Philip is charming and that she would be lucky to have him.

But the great uncertainty is the reaction of the government and the people. Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin has been against the match, for the time at least, because British troops are still in Greece, and the union might have political implications. As one London paper put it, "What will be Russia's reaction to Elizabeth's engagement to a prince whose identification and origin will scarcely be disguised by formal British citizenship?"

The English people seem divided. Some feel that though Philip, as prince consort, would have no voice in ruling, he might still have husbandly influence and might involve England too deeply in new Balkan affairs. These people contend she should marry a home-grown product or at least someone from the dominions. Others feel that nothing should stay the course of true love. Of course, no one has bothered to consider Philip's feelings. Those close to him believe he will think twice before giving up his naval career. There have been rumors, too, that the press furor attending his romance makes his life in the navy miserable.

At present, the king and queen regard the match as premature; they are embarrassed by the daily sensational publicity and they are annoyed at their daughter's persistence in seeing Philip. They would prefer she take it easy. Recently, when some of Philip's navy friends begged him to invite Elizabeth as guest of honor to one of their brawls, Philip wrote her an invitation. The queen saw it and put her foot down. Philip's friends were too fast, and Elizabeth must not attend. Elizabeth finally gave in and told Philip no. But in most similar conflicts she is a strong-minded girl, and in the end, she does as she pleases.

(To be concluded next week)



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COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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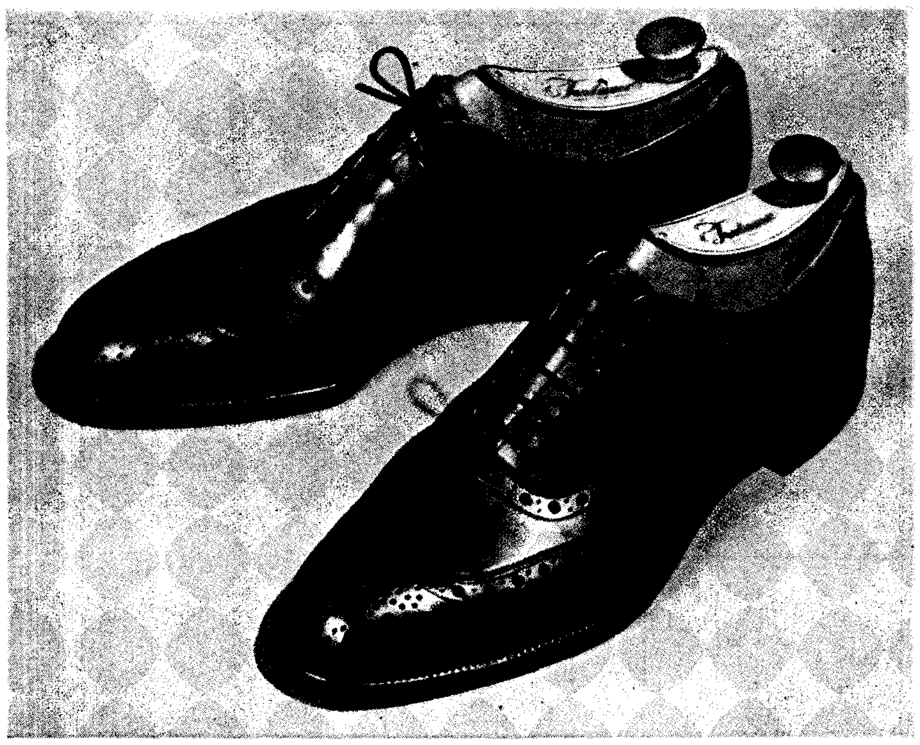

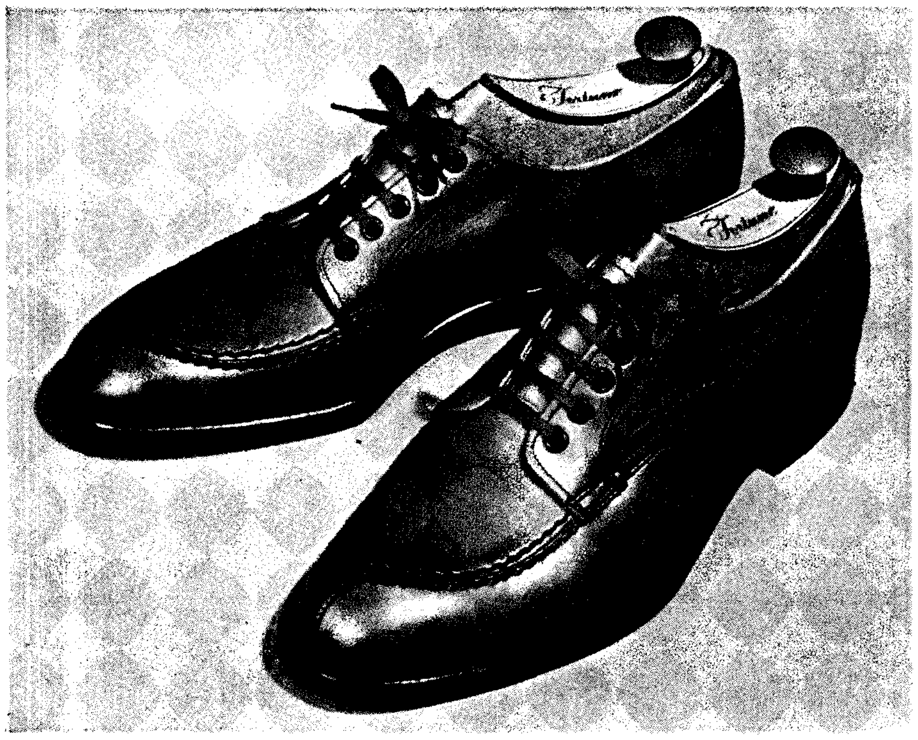

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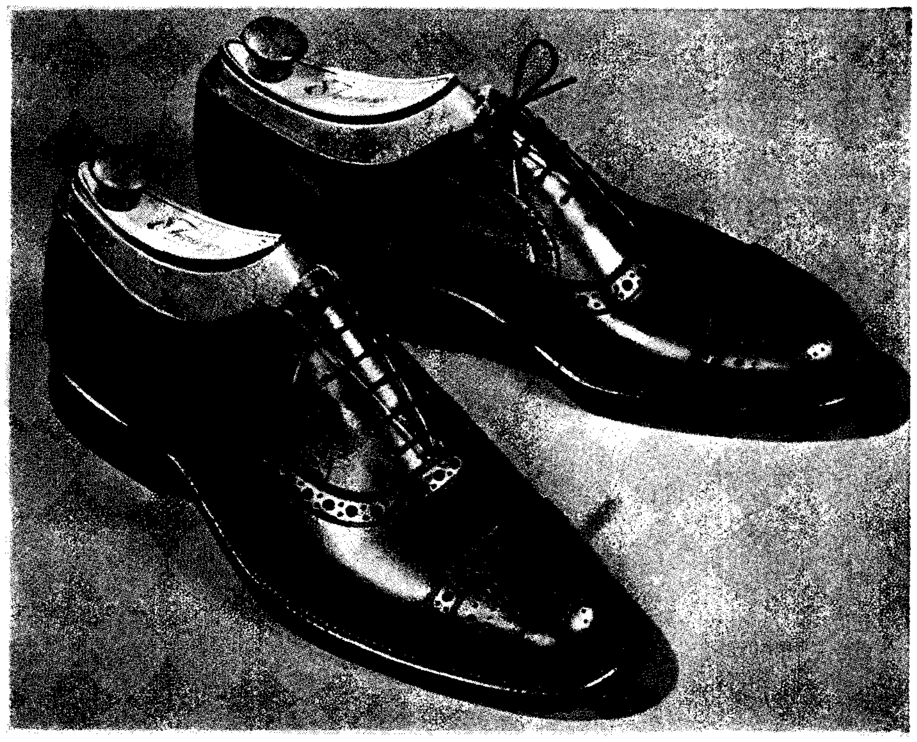

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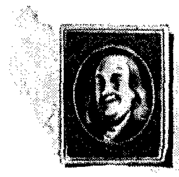
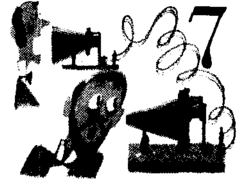
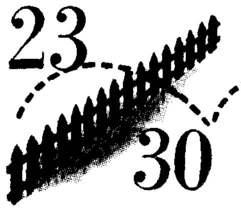
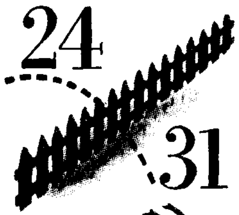
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						 1 *In like a lion . . .*
 2 *U. S. adopts postage stamps, 1847.*	3 *"Star Spangled Banner" made U.S. anthem, 1931.*				 7 *Alexander G. Bell invents telephone, 1876.*	8 *It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.*
 9 *Merrimac & Monitor fight famous battle, 1862.*	10 *March to a bar or store for mellow Kinsey!*	1		3	14 *Eli Whitney patents cotton gin, 1793.*	 15 *Beware the Ides of March!*
16 *West Point Academy established, 1802*	 17 *St. Patrick's Day, Hooray for the Irish!*	1		0	 21 *What if it is cold? The calendar says it's Spring!*	22 *Kinsey gives new pleasure to Old Fashioneds.*
 23 30	 24 31 *. . . Out like a lamb!*	25 *Henry Hudson sails for America, 1609.*	26 *Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!*	 27 *Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, 1513.*	28 *Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.*	 29

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THE STARS WERE STEADFAST

Continued from page 20

moment she lost her aplomb. "He's not one day over thirty," she protested hotly. "I suppose Jen knows more about him than I do." Then she controlled herself and spoke in a manner designed to advance her cause. "Garry's seen you at the Golf Club, Daddy. He says he can't remember ever seeing a more distinguished-looking man. He's dying to know you."

Flattery did its work. Mr. Forrest said pleasantly, "I can't wait, myself."

After dinner, Mr. Forrest went to the living room and Evie brought him coffee and brandy, also a stack of magazines she had saved in his absence. When she had placed a footstool under his feet and tucked a pillow behind his shoulders, he smiled ruefully. "So I've got to like him, have I?"

She kissed his cheek. "You've got to adore him."

Mr. Forrest ruffled the hair on the back of her neck as if she were a very sweet kitten. Then Evie ran happily upstairs to dress for the dance. The Golf Club party tonight was to be formal and Evie had a new evening dress, a blue dress the color of her eyes.

WHEN Evie slipped the dress over her head, it clung lovingly to every curve of her body. She painted her lips cautiously, for her father had an old-fashioned notion or two; but she knew he would never realize it was eye shadow which gave that sophisticated expression to a pair of innocent hazel eyes. When she had studied her reflection, back, front and sideways, she decided that nobody but a sour sermon like Jen could ever say she was too young to get married.

The telephone rang and she dashed down the hall. It was Dodo Tyler calling, Evie's best friend whom she hadn't seen since the middle of the afternoon. Dodo, at present, had no beau of her own, probably because she was chubby and pink-cheeked and unlucky enough to look her age. But Dodo was getting a tremendous thrill out of Evie's love affair, with which Evie was being generous.

"Evie," Dodo exclaimed, "I'm so relieved. I thought he'd have you locked in your room or something. Is he furious?"

"Who? Daddy? No, he's in a very good humor."

"You mean he's going to let you get married?"

"Oh, I'll have to reason with him." Evie spoke softly for she didn't wish to be heard all over the house, "but you know how it's been since Mother died. He simply can't get tough with me."

"Yes," Dodo said doubtfully, "but I just had a funny thought about your father, that's one reason I called you. Maybe he frustrates you once in a while without your knowing it."

"Daddy? Perish forbid! I mean he wouldn't even try."

"Still and all," said Dodo, "last summer when we wanted to go out West and be waitresses in Yellowstone Park, we didn't get to go, did we? And here's the funny thought I had: What if somebody did something, like writing a letter out there, telling our right ages?"

"Not Daddy. He just isn't the underhanded type."

"I don't mean he's underhanded, but how about when we got jobs in the chorus of that show in New York? That time we really had the jobs sewed up and cinched. But next time we saw the man he threw us out, didn't he?"

"It could have been *your* father who did something."

"No, it couldn't, because I didn't dare tell him. Your father pretended he was all for it. He said a girl hadn't lived until she'd danced in the chorus."

Evie gulped. "I don't remember he said that."

"Those were his exact words."

Evie heard footsteps. "Change the subject," she muttered. "Jen's prowling."

"Listen, Evie, have you got it on?"

"Uh-huh, and I don't mind telling you it's gorgeous. So low in front, if I hunch my shoulders, I'll start a panic."

Dodo sighed jealously. "And did you?"

"Did I what?"

"You know. On your eyes."

"I certainly did. It makes them long and dangerous. But really dangerous."

Dodo made the sound of one expiring. "But I've got some bad news for you. I'm not going to the Club myself."

"But how tragic! I thought Tommy was taking you."

"Oh, he was so obnoxious, I just abandoned the whole idea. Anyway, nobody dances with a girl who only has her brother to take her out."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that," Evie said. "It sounds like you were getting an inferio. Maybe this is the very night you'd meet somebody who'd burn you up."

Dodo was dismal. "A lot of good it would do in what I have to wear. And even if I had something different, imagine if I asked Tommy to take me in a dress like yours! He'd go up in smoke and never come down. You should have heard him at dinner, going on about children our age. Honestly, since he got back from Germany, he hates everybody. What he said about you, Evie, made me so mad I left the table."

"What did Tommy say about me? Anything new?"

"About the same as always. You're affected and spoiled and you take a superficial attitude toward life and you don't know a real man from a phony."

Evie laughed. "Tommy really does hate people."

"And I forgot, you're uninhibited."

"How does he account for the fact that I appeal to an intelligent man like Garry Pell?"

"Tommy says that's the most natural thing in the world. He says you and Garry are the same age, mentally, but he's afraid Garry will be very unhappy if you ever grow up. That's when I left the table."

"You didn't need to. I mean it's very comical, considering the source." Evie's voice shrank to a whisper. "Dodo! The doorbell rang. It's Garry. I'm all goose pimples."

EVIE dropped the phone and flew down the stairs. She opened the door and for a minute they just looked at each other. His beautiful brown eyes seemed to say, "I'd forgotten how lovely you are." Then the wonderful voice murmured, "Sweet, sweet," and drawing her into his arms, he kissed her.

The first time Garry had kissed her, Evie had confided to Dodo, "I was so shattered, it scared me."

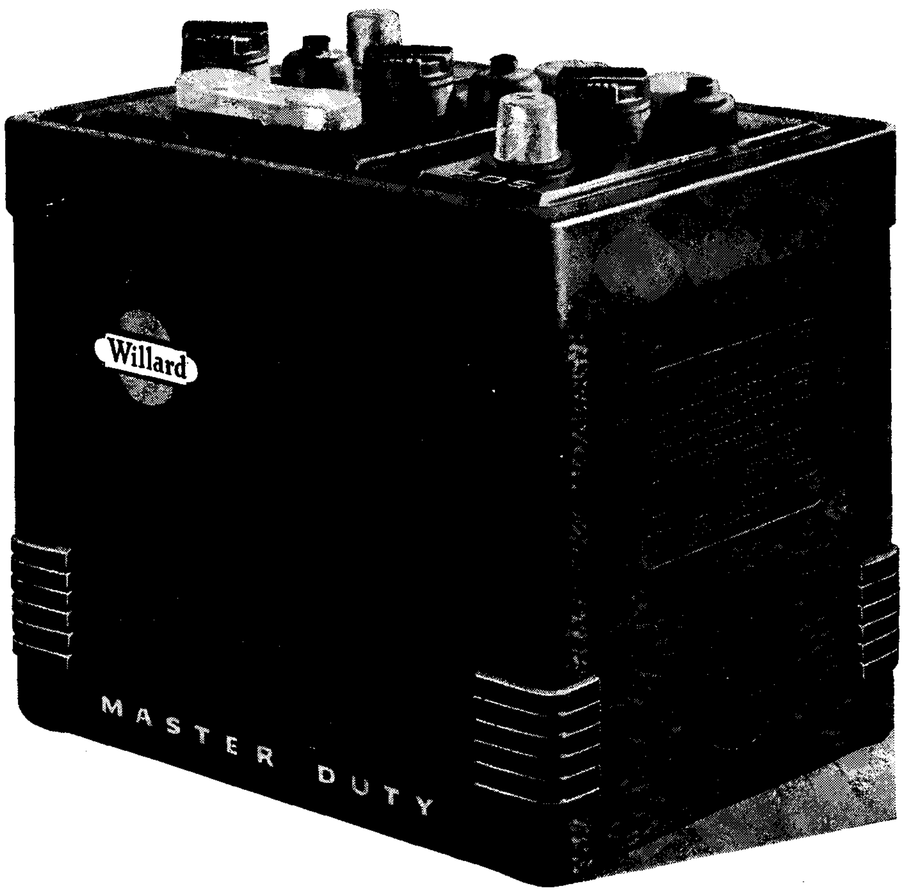
Dodo sighed and wondered if she would ever, ever be kissed like that herself. They had agreed it would have to be done by an older man.

When Evie took Garry into the living room, Mr. Forrest stood up. It was typical of his casual manner that his right hand was in his pocket as Garry strode the length of the room toward him.

"Good evening, sir. I'm very happy to meet you, sir," Garry said.

There was a slight hesitation before Mr. Forrest's hand came out of his pocket. Evie thought her father was being rather cold, but she was awfully proud of Garry. He was wearing tails, of course. His white shirt and black hair and brown eyes all gleamed in the amber lamplight and he didn't look an hour over twenty-eight years old.

And his manner was so wonderfully



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deferential. When her father offered brandy, Garry jumped up and served both of them and Evie was delighted by the way he warmed his brandy glass in his hands and sniffed it with a very appreciative expression on his face.

In everything Garry did, he showed the know-how of the connoisseur and the skill of the expert. He often said, "If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well." The two sports which kept him in the pink were golf and boxing and he didn't just play around with them like most men; he coached with professionals. "Perfection is my creed," he had told Evie and when he said it, his eyes were speaking to her of the perfection of her own lines and proportions and features and Evie had thought, with a throb, what a lucky girl she was to fulfill such high standards.

Garry and her father talked of the problems of business, about which Garry was informed. For a while Evie was silent, just letting Garry make a good impression, but her father wasn't as talkative as he'd been at dinner, and when the conversation dragged, Evie told about the tragic fate of Dodo Tyler, who had no date for the dance.

Mr. Forrest was surprisingly sympathetic. "Perhaps I should take her."

"Daddy!" Evie laughed immoderately.

Garry had jumped up to light Mr. Forrest's pipe, and he said, "Why not? I'll bet you're pretty terrific on the dance floor, sir."

For an instant Mr. Forrest's eyes flashed as if he were going to take a dare and Evie feared for Dodo. It was bad enough when a girl had to go with her brother. Then Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "I guess my dancing days are over."

Soon Evie said they should be leaving, but while she and Garry were putting on their coats, her father called her back. Returning to the living room, Evie found him with a look of displeasure on his face. "Evie, that's quite a dress!"

"Daddy, you're not going to be difficult."

He looked difficult for at least a minute—a record for him. Then he softened. He ruffled the hair at the back of her neck, hair that was exactly like her mother's and said with fond amusement, "I guess it's the kind of dress every girl has to wear once."

And this was the man Dodo suspected of getting around her in Machiavellian ways!

IT WAS a short drive from the Forrest home to the Club. Anyone in a hurry could get there in ten minutes—but if he stopped to look at the stars, for instance, it took longer. Garry remarked again what a distinguished man her father was. "And did he say anything about me?"

"Daddy's not a gushing type," Evie said, "but I'm not the least bit worried."

And what, she wondered, was there to worry about. Garry's youthful head and shoulders were silhouetted against the night sky, and he didn't look a minute over twenty-five years old.

He kissed her as if he feared she would melt, like a wax toy in a warm hand. And presently, when Evie opened her eyes, she smiled at the stars which were steadfast and eternal, like her love for Garry Pell.

She would have said they had stopped only a few minutes, but when they reached the Club, a number of people had found time to arrive there, people who hadn't intended to go when she had left home. Tommy was standing near the door, scowling at everything in general. When he saw Evie and Garry, his scowl became a smile.

The second surprise came when Evie went into the dressing room and saw Dodo. For once Dodo did not squeal at the sight of her dearest friend. She was standing before a mirror in a pink silk evening dress, a girlish number which her mother had bought and which Dodo despised. She was painting her lips, and she looked breathless. No, not breathless. There was rather too much breath in her, causing a turbulence in the modest front of the pink silk evening dress. Rapturous was the word.

"Evie," she said, when she had put away her lipstick, "I wish you'd kick me. But hard. When I think how blind I've been, how many times I've looked right through him without even seeing him, it scares me. It positively terrifies me."

"Dodo, you've *found* somebody!"

Dodo, it seemed, was perched on a cloud, way out of hearing. "You think *Garry's* good-looking! *He's* got everything. Absolutely everything. And he thinks I'm exceptionally pretty. He even likes my dress. He said a man hadn't lived until he'd met a girl who could wear an old-fashioned pink silk evening dress." Half a dozen gasps of rapture and wonder escaped from Dodo who then set her little cloud in motion and skimmed across the room and out the door.

A NASTY premonition seized Evie as she crossed the room herself and opened the door to peek out. Dodo continued to skim across the ballroom until she reached the arms of a tall man, frequently described as distinguished. It was clear from her blissful expression that this was the party she had just seen for the first time. "Murder!" Evie gasped.

She dragged herself back to a dressing table and sat down to ask her dazed reflection how it ever could have happened. Not that she couldn't figure out how they got together. Her father had decided to drop in at the Club, and he'd phoned Dodo and offered to take her along. And driving to the Club, Dodo probably had babbled as usual, and her father, recognizing the symptoms of an inferio, had tried to build up her ego by flattering her. Right up to there, Evie could follow, but what staggered her was the way Dodo had lost her head. The sad truth, Evie finally decided, was that Dodo didn't have much of a head and that the sooner she warned her father the better.

Outside, Garry was waiting. "Have you seen them?" Evie demanded.

Garry laughed. "Didn't I tell the old boy he'd be terrific?"

"My father's not the least bit terrific. He doesn't know what he's doing to Dodo."

"Maybe Dodo doesn't know what she's doing to your father." Garry winked.

Evie located the ill-assorted couple in a corner and what she saw gave her the cold creeps. Dodo's nose was buried in her partner's shoulder. His cheek was lying on her hair and his eyes were ecstatically closed.

Again Garry winked. "Don't you think we'd better mind our own business?"

"I do not. Dodo Tyler's seventeen and my father's thirty-nine years old."

"How old?"

Evie hesitated. She was startled to realize that thirty-nine was only nine years older than thirty. She stated the facts a little more dramatically. "He's twenty-two years older than Dodo."

Garry's beautiful eyes narrowed as if he were checking her sums. "Well, we can't do anything now," he said gruffly. "Let's dance."

Garry had applied his creed so successfully to dancing, that the first time they danced together, Evie had told Dodo afterwards, "I just wanted to go right on until I collapsed of old age." Just now, however, she wasn't in a dancing mood. The excesses of others certainly made a girl self-conscious. As Garry's strong arm encircled her and his cheek touched the top of her head, she caught a glimpse of her father dancing like a blind man in a trance and Dodo draped over him like a wet rag. Evie straightened up and backed away. And Garry stiffened too. Primly they circled in the well-lighted center of the room with twelve discreet

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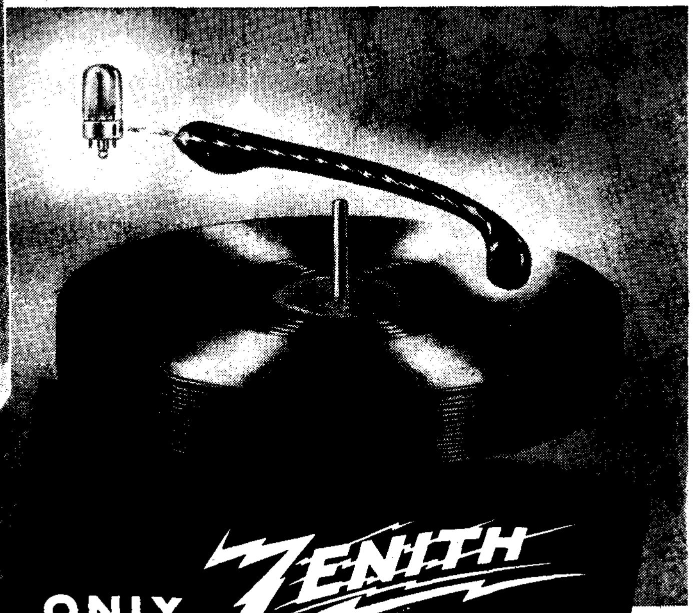

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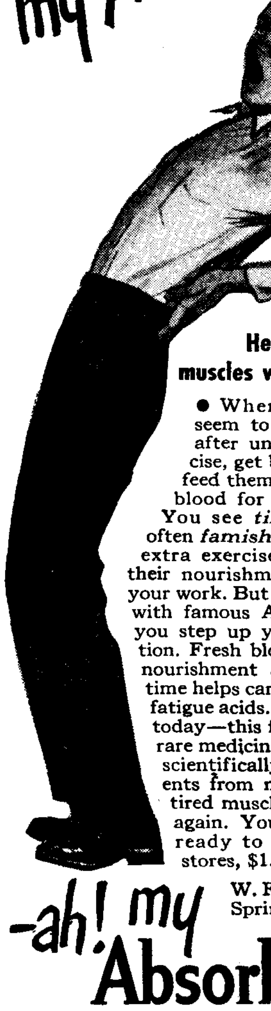

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inches of air between them. Even so, a disagreeable suspicion lurked in Evie's mind and she said, "Garry, do you ever dance with your eyes closed?"

"Never."

But she wasn't happy. She was pretty sure he sometimes did.

When Evie saw Tommy Tyler's scowling face she was really alarmed. "Tommy's furious," she whispered. "Daddy better watch out."

Garry appraised the angry face and deemed it wise to move in closer to the corner. "In case the old boy—I mean your father—needs assistance."

"Tommy might be a little hard to handle," she whispered. "At least I think he thinks he is."

Garry smiled and allowed the muscles of his shoulders to roll. And of course they were gorgeous shoulders. He never missed a day at the gymnasium. But the Army had trained Tommy for the serious purpose of policing Germany. "Dodo says Tommy's hard as rocks."

"Trying to scare me, sweet?" Garry was amused. "I think I can handle the infant."

"Tommy's not an infant. Just mentally arrested. He's twenty-one years old."

Garry stopped dancing so suddenly that Evie trod on his toes. "You're very explicit about age this evening. You have age on the brain." The gorgeous voice was almost shrill. "And you certainly have a childish point of view. You regard thirty-nine as senile and twenty-one as—as—the prime of life."

Before Evie could defend herself, Dodo brought matters to an unexpected climax. The music stopped and Dodo lifted her shining face from her partner's shoulder. He opened his eyes and for a minute they just stood close, their eyes speaking volumes; hers adoring and his telling her she was the loveliest girl he'd ever seen. It was too much for Dodo. Pent-up rapture raised her to her toes and right there before the assembled and well-behaved members of the Golf Club, she kissed him.

Evie stopped breathing as Tommy descended on them. He muttered a few furious words to Mr. Forrest. The older man nodded acquiescently and followed the younger to the locker room.

"Garry!" Evie was frightened.

"Don't worry," he said bitterly. "I'll see that your aged parent doesn't get hurt." He crossed the ballroom with a determined, athletic stride.

Dodo jostled her elbow. "What's the matter?" she asked with innocent wonder.

"Never mind what's the matter," Evie snapped. "You come with me. I'm going to knock some sense into your head."

THEY found privacy in the trophy room, behind a cabinet filled with silver cups. Evie was blunt and uncompromising. "Dodo Tyler, you are not in love with my father. It's only your overwrought imagination."

"Why, Evie!"

"I hate to hurt your feelings, Dodo, but if you'd ever stop to analyze yourself, you'd get a big shock. The trouble is you haven't got a mind of your own. I don't mean you're an idiot but you're absolutely dependent on other people's ideas and when you get one you break your neck to copy it, whether it's working in Yellowstone Park or dancing in the chorus or falling in love with an older man."

"Why, Evie!"

"What I mean by breaking your neck is the sickening way you threw yourself at the first older man you could find." Evie looked at her best friend with chilled pity. "Though considering the unbalanced state you're in, it could have been worse. It could have been somebody's grandfather."

"Evie!" Dodo's eyes had filled with tears.

"I'm going to ask you one question. Do you realize if you married my father, you'd be my mother?"

Dodo was sobbing into a pink chiffon handkerchief. "St-stepmother," she stuttered.

"If that doesn't bring you to your senses, I give up."

Whether or not Dodo then met with her senses wasn't clear, but she did find some courage, enough to grasp Evie's arm as she was leaving and yank her back behind the trophies. Dodo's head was hign as she could hold it, now, and there was a vengeful flame in her wet eyes. "I'm going to ask a question myself, Evie Forrest, You're so superior. Do you realize your father isn't one split second older than Garry Pell?"

"That's a perfectly ridiculous idea you got from Jen."

"I got it from looking at him. I mean Garry. You're just blind, that's all."

Evie paid no attention to the insidious observation. She hurried back to the place where she could watch the door of the locker room and told herself she would not allow Dodo to poison her mind. After a while the door opened and her father and Garry came out wearing their overcoats. Garry's face was very white and his eyes were glazed. In that relaxed condition, he looked every minute— Evie's heart tightened and sank. Garry didn't seem to see her. Leaning heavily on Mr. Forrest's arm, he left the Club.

It was cold on the terrace in back of the clubhouse where Evie fled for a breath of air. The stars that are eternal and steadfast twinkled derisively. She told herself stoutly that she would marry him anyway. Love didn't vanish just because a man told a lie about his age. She thought about the time she and Dodo had wanted to go to Yellowstone Park. That time she'd lied herself.

The stars continued to twinkle.

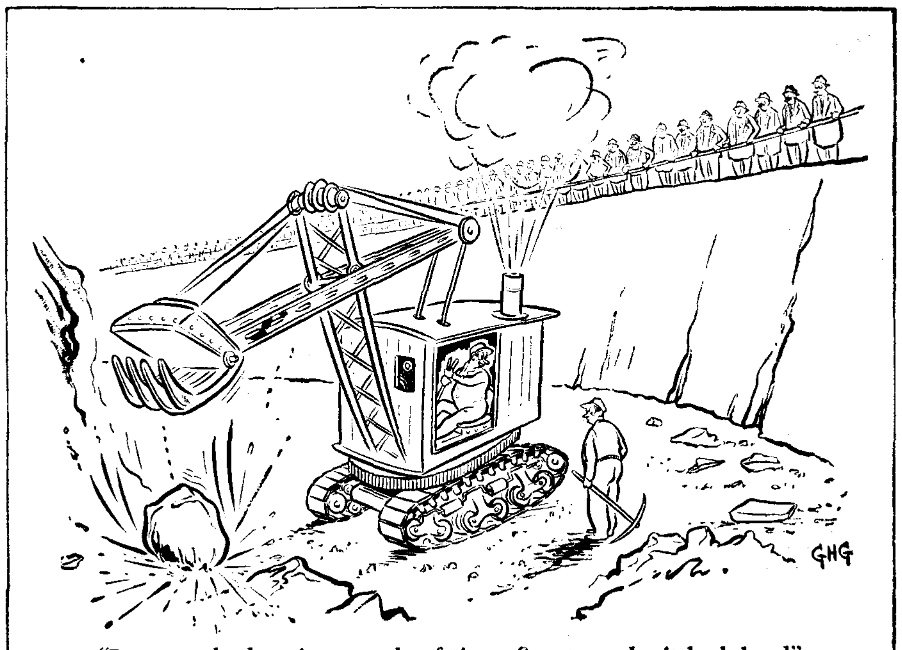
So maybe he'd been a little overvain about his boxing! So maybe he had! Did a girl stop loving a man because he had a good opinion of himself?

The stars continued to blink and blaze.

After a while Tommy Tyler found her on the terrace and wrapped his coat around her, buttoning it over her chest so she wouldn't catch cold.

"Pell's all right. Just groggy. I told your father I'd take you and Dodo home." Tommy seemed to think she was crying. "There's a handkerchief in the top pocket."

After she'd blown her nose there was silence on the terrace. Tommy lighted a cigarette and had nearly finished it before he spoke. "Are you going to marry him?"



"I purposely drop it a couple of times first to make it look hard"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

She couldn't deceive herself any longer. Dropping her eyes from the embarrassing stars, she shook her head. She expected Tommy to say some of those awful things about her that he said to Dodo. And now he could add that she was fickle. Tommy gave all his attention to extinguishing his cigarette, crushing it under his heel and kicking each shred of tobacco into the shrubbery.

"In that case, I'll tell you something." The voice was astonishingly gentle for Tommy's. "I've dreamed of socking that guy ever since I laid eyes on him, which was here at the Club, the night I got home." He sighed from his depths. "You wouldn't remember. You didn't notice me."

IT SOUNDED emotional, for Tommy. Evie looked at him furtively and was surprised to see how rugged he'd grown. Without his coat, it showed. She remembered when Tommy was gawky. One night, before he'd joined the Army, he'd condescended to take her to the movies and when he brought her home he got fresh and kissed her good night. But he had stumbled over the door mat and their faces met so hard her teeth ached until she went to sleep.

Suddenly Tommy laughed. "Remember the time I nearly knocked your teeth out?"

Evie jumped. She was instantly horrified to feel an omen of this kind at this particular time. "I mean," she said to herself, "when I ought to be wearing sackcloth and ashes."

"Tommy," she said meekly, "we'd better see about Dodo."

Tommy shrugged like a brother. "I know how Dodo is. She's miserable. It's pretty tough trying to keep up with a girl like you, Evie."

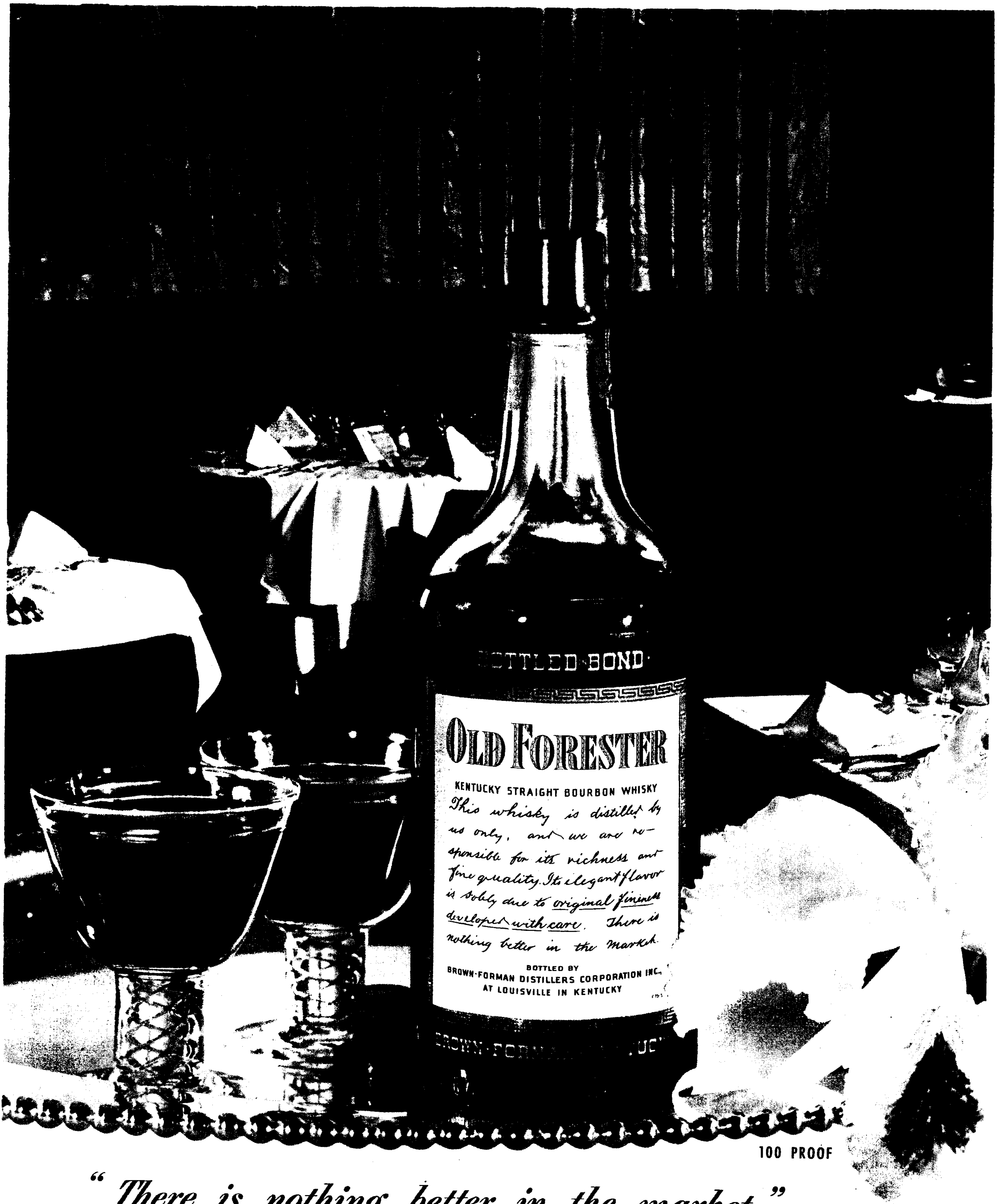
That was what she'd been expecting from a young man who had a low opinion of her. She asked a humble question. "What do you mean, a girl like me? Spoiled and superficial and uninhibited?"

"Maybe," said Tommy, but his voice was husky and he was holding her hand as if he owned it.

It was humiliating that she didn't want him to let her hand go. I ought to fast, too, thought Evie. Shut myself in a dark room without food for about a month.

However, she had one thought that mitigated her shame. It was about her father and his unwholesome infatuation. "Daddy will just have to get over it," she was pleased to think, "because if Dodo keeps up with me this time, she'll be looking for a younger man."

THE END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ONE BITTER DAY

Continued from page 24

"I'll worry," he answered. "You've got enough. I'll worry." He sounded like he was up before a firing squad.

"No." She shook her head at the floor. "No. Right is for me to be quiet. Wrong is for me to talk. I shouldn't talk."

He had the jacket buttoned, his cap in his hands. "No fine for talk," he said.

She bent her head over the broom. "No. I shouldn't talk. I know you enough. I believe you enough. With you here it's always all right. I shouldn't talk. It's always been all right." She dropped into the chair beside me suddenly, the broom falling to the floor, and she was sitting bent over, her hands between her knees. And she was crying very quietly, shaking her head slowly, trying to stop, her face wet and the tears sliding down her cheeks.

I THOUGHT Pa was going to die. He didn't move. I could hear him breathing through his nose. He had his hands in the cap, *turning it and turning it* and turning it. His face was awful thin just then and no color in it at all. It was just awful watching them, him standing there maybe two steps away like somebody had a gun to his back so he couldn't go to her. He got the cap on, pulling it low down to his ears, taking a time getting the visor straight.

He unbuttoned the jacket and buttoned it once more. "Ah," he said as though he were in great pain. He pulled the door shut behind him when he left. I stood a minute more and then got my coat and cap off the hook near the door.

"Joe." Ma sounded awful tired. "Where you going to?"

"Out." I was almost to the door.

"Joe, don't go with him."

"Ma."

"Leave him, Joe. He got enough."

"Ma, please." I had to go.

"Leave him, Joe."

I *had* to go. I opened the door, looked once at her. She said "Joe" in a wailing tone, all the pep gone from her voice and her shoulders sagging. I knew I couldn't see or hear any more of that. I pulled the door behind me as I ran out. I fastened the top button of my coat right away, swinging my hands when the cold hit. There was a mean wind out, hitting in waves every few seconds, as if it were going back to recharge every time it smashed you. Our garage was halfway down the block from the house and I cut over to the alley, running on the frozen ground between the ruts. There had been a thaw three or four days back, and now most of the snow was gone, but the ground was hard again. There is a school garden on the corner running down half the block and ending at the alley. I noticed how bare it was, some forgotten tufts of weeds browned and sick from the winter wind forlorn in the gaunt earth. I wished I'd had my cocoa.

Then I saw the truck come nosing out of the garage. I got on the running board when he was straightening out to come down the alley. The leather seat was cold. I could feel the springs against me where the leather was cracked, and the cardboard over the broken floor board wasn't enough to keep out the wind.

He never argued with me. "You coming with the Old Man, Joe?" he asked, watching the alley.

"Sure."

"You should be with the boys having fun."

I moved over close to him until my legs straddled the gear shift. "It's more fun with you," I said. I shoved my hands in the coat pockets, felt my mitts and got them on. They were fur lined. Pa wore two pair of khaki cotton gloves, one pair over the other.

"That's the truth? That what you said, you mean that, kid?"

"Sure."

"By gee," he said. "By gee." We got to Robert Street and he shifted gears as we swung out of Colorado. He went into third, stepped hard on the accelerator as we came near the bridge and hit the incline, him shifting into neutral and cutting the motor, as we started coasting the half mile to Fairfield Street. That was supposed to save gas. I saw him relax a little then, but I still didn't know if we were going to do anything but ride. "Women are lucky, kid," he said. "More than we ever are."

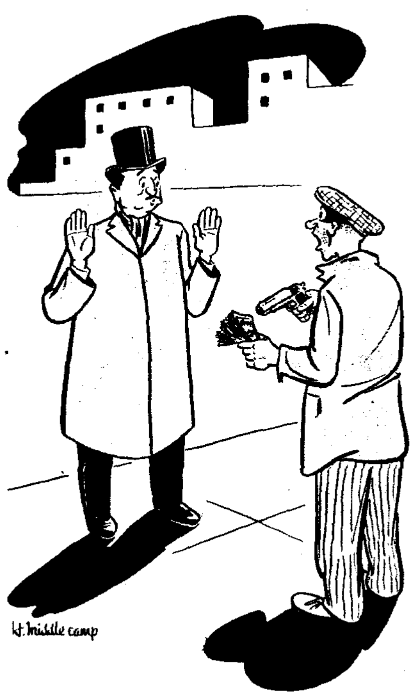
"How come?"

"They can cry. Certain age a man can't cry any more. You just watch and eat yourself up." He banged the wheel hard with his right hand. "Damn me," he said. Banged again. "Damn me, damn me."

"Pa."

He sat hunched over the wheel. "Pa!" I shouted.

"All right." He turned to me and I saw his cheeks were flushed now. "All right, kid. That's all."



"Be sure and deduct this on your form 1040 page 3, under losses from fire, shipwreck or theft"

COLLIER'S HERB MIDDLECAMP

"Where you going, Pa?"

"Maybe they can use the truck." He was way ahead of me.

"Use it for what?"

"Down there," he said.

"Where, for Pete's sake?"

That woke him up. He smiled at me. You never saw my Old Man smile. Things were never so bad with him that he couldn't chase the whimwhams with a smile. I hope it did half as much for him. "At the airport. I can see something building from our house. Maybe they need a truck and me."

"Me too. Me too, Pa, huh?"

"Sure, kid." There was never any of that "no son of mine works for me" stuff. I'd worked plenty and I was happier with him than anywhere else. "Sure. Maybe luck changes now, eh, Joe?"

"Darn right. We'll be lucky now."

He rumpled my head. He grabbed the cap off my head and then rubbed his knuckles in my hair. "Good luck starts, Joe. Right now."

He swung into Fairfield, not even shifting gears, and now, protected from the wind by the buildings, he really stepped on it. He started whistling some marching song from Europe and I tried it too, and we both laughed when I got stuck.

I sure tried to wish him into luck. He parked across from the main building and I sat waiting, holding my fingers, closing my eyes and praying him luck. I stretched out on the seat so I wouldn't see him when he came back, whether they wanted him or not, and then, just as I straightened up, he stepped out of the door, standing on the top step and looking over to the river. He spent a half minute fixing the visor of his cap and he had all the time in the world coming across the street toward me.

This time he turned the key and looked at the gas gauge for a minute before he stepped on the starter. We drove down toward State Street no more than ten miles an hour, his arms on the wheel again, the wind demanding entrance, threatening to stop us, pushing the truck around the highway.

"Pa?"

"What, kid?"

"Let's go home. Come on. It's warm home, Pa."

"You," he said. I didn't want him mad at me, thinking I was against him.

"I didn't mean that."

"No, go home, Joe. Too cold for you."

"No, Pa, you come, too." I knew it was worse but it was like when you went to bat four times without a hit. It was just one day, and if you hit the day before, you were going to hit tomorrow. *You know that, and I know it, but getting* him to believe it was something different.

"I'll drop you on Robert near home. You go home. I didn't ask for you here."

"Not unless you come."

"Shut up. Shut up, you." He'd never talked so rough with me, never—not even the night Timmy and I slept in the quarry and they had all the cops out looking for us. It wasn't so much I wanted to go home, but I couldn't look to see this guy beat. I'd rather he'd holler at me, or holler at Ma, or sell the damned truck.

I was so mad watching him. And there was nobody to be mad at. All the things this guy tried: down at the post office, Saturdays and Sundays, running bundles for people, working in that jacket that wasn't enough to keep a dog warm, and buying himself one lousy carton of cigarettes for Christmas. But I got a baseball bat, didn't I? I got a glove, didn't I? And the stuff for Ma, and for Billy, and he made her promise nothing for him, but he bought the cigarettes—ten packs and then back to rolling them until May when he could afford the tailor-mades.

Most of the time I didn't think of it. I had school and whatever game there was in the season. But once in a while, say when I was in bed, I'd think that he didn't have all this coming. He was smart—I knew he was smart. Worrying like this, why, cripes, there were kids in school whose fathers *gave* them three and four bucks a week just to spend.

IT WASN'T until the truck stopped that I noticed we were up on Cherokee Heights, on Stryker Avenue, in front of a hamburger shop. Then I saw we were in West St. Paul.

"Come on, Joe. Have cocoa."

"I don't want any."

"Come on, kid. Come on, I still got five, six dollars." He nudged me with his knee, followed me out of the truck. He ordered cocoa for me and coffee for himself and he told the man to fix me a hamburger.

"For gosh sake, I'm not hungry," I told him.

"Keep still," he said softly. "Spend money to make money. I'm offering this for luck, luck gets a quarter and I wait for dividends, eh, Jack?" The counter-

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man grunted. He watched me eat, and then Pa pulled some change out of his pocket. There was a quarter, a half, three nickels, and three pennies and he spread them out like they were diamonds he was examining. He gave the man a quarter when we got up and I waited while he rolled a cigarette. Pa stood by the frosted windows, taking two deep drags on the cigarette and then he threw it away.

"Joe, we're going to the country." Anything out of the city limits was always country when we went for a ride in the summer.

"What'll we do?" He opened the door for me and I ducked beneath his arm going out.

"Come on," he said.

"What'll we do?"

"Maybe get some junk." When he said that, I wanted to run away. Guys who collected junk went through alleys swinging a bell and hollering. The kids always teased them. I guess in my thinking there was nothing lower. He must have felt it. "Joe, you listen," he said. "Don't feel so bad. Kids thirteen not supposed to feel so bad. You feel worse for me and I feel worse for you. Don't make sense. You cut it out, hear?"

"Sure."

"No. You don't hear me."

"I do," I said. His hand got my coat and pulled it into a ball on my chest. "Cut it out," he said, making a face. I had to laugh at him. "I'll punch your nose good."

I really laughed then. "No, you won't."

"Why not? You think I can't?"

"Sure, but you wouldn't. You wouldn't hit me."

He laughed too. "I'll be dead before I touch you. Now you listen. You don't like junk, eh, kid? Neither do I. You think it's wrong, eh? You listen, a man got to feed his wife and kids. Digging ditches, sure; cleaning streets, sure; washing windows, sure; anything is all right. Junk, too."

"Okay."

"You believe that, true?" he asked.

"Honest," I said.

He rolled his window down a little. "Now we find junk," he said.

He was wrong. There wasn't a farm on the Dodd Road, from the city limits to way out past the Mendota cutoff that we didn't stop at. I made him let me go ask too, but all the time there was something: There'd been somebody through last week; or too busy; or it was in the attic; or they just slammed the door.

IT WAS bleak out there. That section just outside St. Paul's city limits is mostly flat with an occasional rolling hill that makes it beautiful in the summer and like a kind of no man's land in the winter. All there was to see were snow fences, sitting at about a 45-degree angle, rusty and cold-looking. When I saw smoke coming from the farmhouses it only made me feel colder. You couldn't tell about the wind from the land around, because there was nothing for it to blow, the ground was bare and the trees bare, standing like hatracks at the foot of the hills.

We were driving along about a half mile from the WKLM transmitter station—you could see the towers behind the tiny brick building—when Pa all of a sudden pulled into a path leading to a farmhouse.

He had a little grin on his face. "Maybe I see a half month's rent, kid, I don't know," he said. He pulled into the yard and there was the chassis of a car or truck sitting next to the barn. It was rusted and old and I wondered how we'd ever carry it, but Pa said it looked like maybe five bucks for us. When we stopped, just at that second a farmer came out of the barn carrying a shovel over his shoulder. Pa got out of the truck and I rolled down my window all the way so I could listen.

"Excuse me, mister," Pa said. "Don't want to bother you, but maybe you want to sell me that chassis."

"In a pig's ear," the man said. "Out of the yard, bum."

"Don't have to talk rough to me, mister."

"Out, bum." I opened the door. The farmer had a crossed grip on that shovel. I thought Pa was going to give it to him, but he backed away not turning around, and I leaned over and opened the door for him. He went out in reverse, looking at the farmer all the time.

"You heard him, eh, Joe?"

I couldn't answer.

"That's how to talk to a man, eh, kid?" I thought he would holler. "We got some good day, eh, Joe?"

"Don't worry, Pa."

"His house, his yard. Can't say anything in his yard." He didn't have to explain to me, my pa was plenty tough.

HE WAS almost past the transmitter station when he swung into the yard. He drove far in, stopping only when the bumpers were almost touching the doors of a garage. "Wait," he said, "maybe something." I'd never heard such defeat in my life.

"Me too, Pa," I said.

He laughed. "All right, come on. We're going to divide nothing." I got out and we walked over to our left and then the Old Man went for the pile. It was like a coal pile in the railroad yards, shaped like an ice-cream cone upside down. "Maybe five dollars," he said. "Not much to split, kid." He bent over and pawed at it, and after a minute from behind a screen of tin and two-by-fours and strips of cotton cloth, black with grease, he pulled out a tube of copper as big around as a drawing pencil. It was like spaghetti, no end to it, and I watched the Old Man turn around, looking at the windows of the buildings, wanting to see if somebody was watching.

"Joe," he whispered. "Here, quick."

I was afraid all of a sudden. He was all stiffened up, pushing the copper beneath the pile. "Joe, fast, hide it. Throw everything on top, what you got, rocks here, throw them quick."

"Why?" I was scared. He grabbed my shoulder and shoved me at the pile.

"Damn it, come on. Quick and no talk, Joe." I found rocks on the ground, kicked with my feet. He had the copper in the pile and he dusted his gloves. "You stay here. Wait," he ordered. "You should have seen him now. His eyes were alive and it was like he was a general or something giving orders. "I'll be back." I watched him walk off.

I don't know how long I was out there. I had the copper covered so I don't know if we could have found it right off. I was *so* scared. There was something wrong here, I knew, and I was more afraid for him than for me. I waited and waited, counting to a hundred, then another hundred. I sailed some pebbles across the field, testing my arm, and all the time I could see somebody inside beating Pa up, or calling the police—hurting him some way. All of a sudden I just started running.

When I opened the door of the building, Pa was standing against a hot-air register, his hands in his jacket pockets. He saw me and turned to the man with a pad who was checking dials on a big, black board. "See," Pa said, "I got to bring him with me to help. How much will I make then?"

"There's plenty of iron and stuff out there," the fellow said. "You'll make money." Gee, I was scared.

"Maybe you pay me for taking it away," Pa answered.

The man turned. "Give me five bucks. All I want is enough for a bottle of whisky for the house. I got to split with my relief man; he threw most of it out there."

"All right," the Old Man said. He

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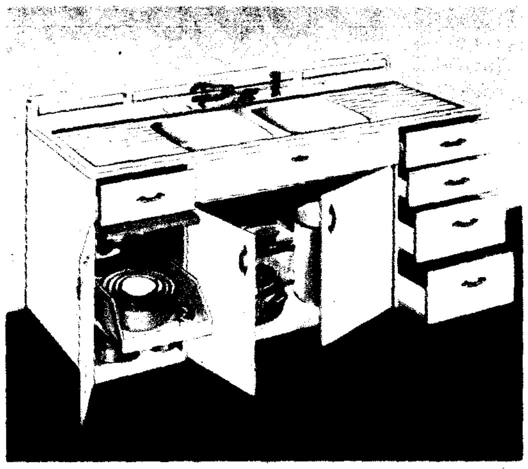

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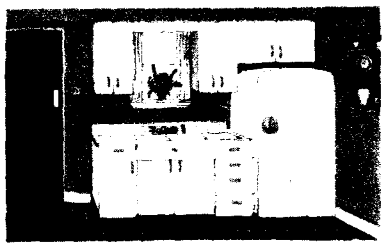

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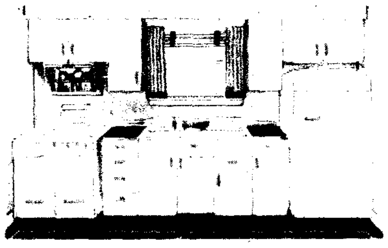

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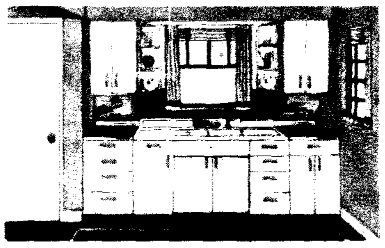


Whatever bugaboos your kitchen presents, there's a handsome Youngstown arrangement to lick them. Units go beautifully with any range and refrigerator. See your Youngstown Kitchens Dealer *now.*

reached into his shirt pocket, came out with six one-dollar bills, folded twice. He counted five.

"Thanks," the guy said.

"Maybe I made a mistake," Pa said, but he was shoving me out ahead of him. Once we got around the side of the building, he started running. Well, not running, because he didn't bring his legs up high enough. I ran beside him, then waited while he swung the truck around and got it back so the nose was pointing to the building and the body hiding the pile. "In the back, Joe," he hissed. "Quick." I got in. He started throwing stuff at me. I never saw anybody move as fast. It was like he was shoveling coal into a furnace: lift, turn, throw, turn, bend, lift, turn, throw.

"Make a big pile in back," he ordered. I did. Golly, but it was cold. We didn't have a quarter of the pile when my back started aching. I wanted to take a rest, but watching him, the sweat coming out on his face, his gloves off and the knuckles bleeding a little where he'd skinned them, I couldn't quit.

Then he jumped on the truck and told me to get down. "The copper," he ordered. "Make it fast, Joe."

I started pulling. For a while I never thought I'd see the end of it. He stood in the truck, bending the copper, shoving it under the junk, kicking at it with his feet. He quit once to take off his jacket, working in his shirt, bent over almost double. I kind of loosened up. Every once in a while I'd come to the end of one piece and there'd be another one there.

FINALLY it was done. I was sweating, but my back was cold; I couldn't feel my toes any more. I had my hands fisted up in the mitts and still they were cold. Then Pa jumped down and both of us started piling the rest of the stuff in. When we finished, we couldn't shut the endgate all the way. I hooked the chain when it was about three-quarters closed.

We were out of there in a minute. Pa drove slow, looking back every few seconds to see if anything dropped. I just couldn't get that feeling out of me. I was almost choking with it, and I said, "Pa, did we steal that copper?"

He didn't say a word. He just slowed up and pulled over on the shoulder. I watched him roll a cigarette and when he struck a match it seemed to me he kept his hands cupped around the flame just to get them warm.

"Joe, you and me we're like two brothers, eh?" I nodded. "Never lie, me to you, or you to me, eh?" I nodded. "I'm not a bad man, eh?" I shook my head. "Joe, you heard Ma today. You seen where I was. You heard the farmer. All right. Doesn't excuse me. Maybe if I told the man there's copper, he says to take it anyway. Maybe not. Maybe if I was single with no Ma, no Joe, no Billy, I would tell him. But this way, I can't. You got to understand me, Joe. I'm not happy. Nobody's going to hear me brag. But I'm sure glad the copper was there. You understand me?"

"I do, Pa."

He was very quiet. "You like me still?"

"Oh, Pa!"

Quieter still. "You respect me?"

"All my life," I said gravely.

"That's my Joe." We got going, down to Stryker, across the High Bridge and down to Seventh Street to the junk yard. Pa got the truck on the big scale and then we just stood inside a little shack in front of a pot stove while they unloaded.

The junk brought four dollars and sixty cents. The man gave Pa eighteen dollars for the copper. Pa kept that in another pocket.

Pa had his arm around me when we walked to the truck and he handed me a dollar.

I shook my head. "No."

"Take it, kid."

"No."

"You think it's spoiled money?"

"Gee, no, it ain't that. I want to help, too." I thought he was going to kiss me. Then he patted my shoulder.

He stopped at a drugstore on Robert Street. He came back in ten minutes with a small box and his pockets loaded. On the way home he started whistling the marching song again. We hit for home then and he was like a race driver. He stopped at the side of the house.

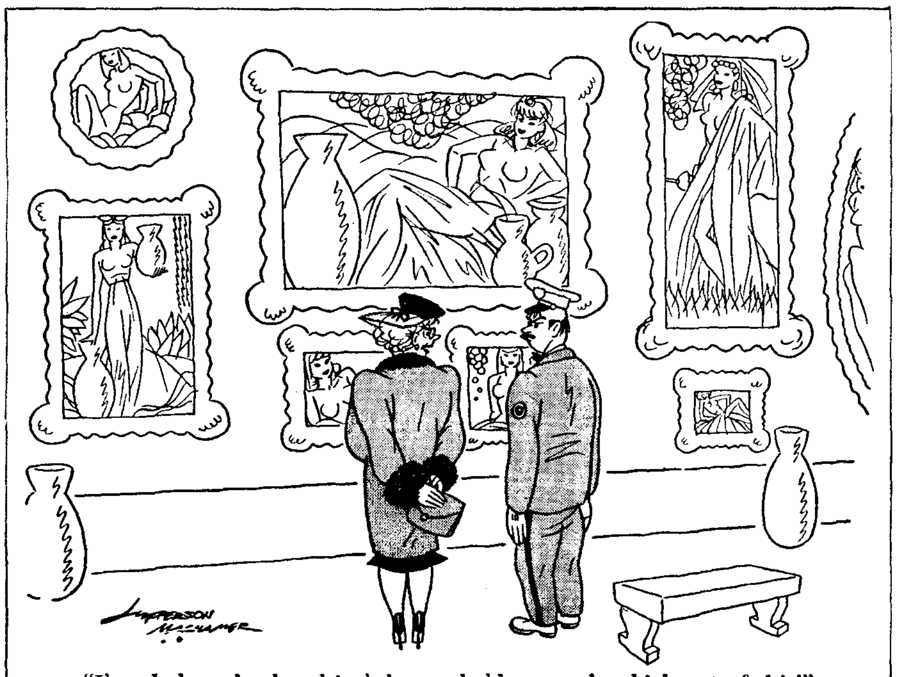
The kitchen felt like a warm bath after being outside. Ma was at the stove and Billy was sitting in Pa's chair reading a comic book. Ma must have seen it, for she was smiling, too, and waiting. Pa took off his jacket and threw it on the floor, grinning. He threw his hat on the floor. Then he took the money and threw it on the table and grabbed Ma and kissed her and picked her off the floor and kissed her some more and I could feel the tears in my eyes but I had the package in my arms.

He let go of Ma and got the package. There was a box of candy for her, and comic books for Billy and a cowboy belt for me. Ma sat down and cried just for a minute. I watched him roll a cigarette.

"Where?" she asked. "How? How?"

The Old Man took a drag and looked up at the ceiling as he exhaled. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing. An old bum and his partner, eh, Joe?"

THE END



"I'm glad my husband isn't here—he'd get *such* a kick out of this!"

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ULTRA-SMALL hearing aids (new sets with amplifier and batteries in one unit) and others with clips for two-unit instruments are designed around these "Eveready" batteries. #412-E "B" battery at left, smaller than a box of safety matches, delivers 22½ volts. (Similar "Eveready" 15- and 30-volt types also available.) "Eveready" "A" battery (#1016-E) matches "B" battery in size.

THESE NEW small "Eveready" batteries can be used with all existing vacuum-tube instruments employing 22½- and 30-volt separate plug-in "B" batteries. Ask your hearing-aid dealer about them. The 30-volt "Eveready" "B" battery (shown at left) is #430-P and the companion "A" battery (right) is #1040-P. The same high "B" capacity is also available in 22½ volts.

FOR OTHER modern hearing aids of the single-unit or double-unit type, this "Eveready" #420-E "B" battery delivering 22½ volts, together with this #1035 "A" battery, offers long life and economy. (15- and 30-volt "Eveready" "B" batteries are also available.)

HEARING-AID users requiring a heavy-duty 45-volt "B" battery obtain exceptionally long life from the "Eveready" #455-P battery (left). The "Eveready" #1052-P (right) is the companion "A" battery. (A 33-volt "Eveready" "B" battery is also available.)

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

he's got somethin' there, in his story about a snore leadin' John Smith to America (Bedlam in the Boudoir, Feb. 22d), but Durante's done a bit of hist'ry-makin', too. Durin' the war I stayed overnight at a Coast Artillery base. About t'ree in the mornin', just as I'm dozin' off, there's an air-raid alarm. Everybody's runnin' for battle stations when the post commander stops 'em.

"Back to bed, men!" he orders. "It's only Durante, snorin' again!"

Reading Dugan's story, wit' Collier's in one hand an' a dictionary in the other (you see, I'm a man of few woids!), I says to Garry Moore: "Junior, it's all clear to me now. Snorin' is a ululation of the uvula, which is a pendant fleshy lobe in the middle of the posteriod border of the soft palate."

"Jimmy," says Junior, aghast, "do you know what you're sayin'?"

"What'sa matter?" I asted, even more aghastly. "Did I say somethin' dirty?"

Time was when Durante snored, the woild trembled. People came from miles aroun' wit' snorin' cures. They tried pluggin' the Schnozzola wit' cotton, which led to the cotton panic of '24, while Durante snored on. To cut down the ululation of my uvula (I love dem woids!) they tied a loggin' chain on it, an' all that happened was that my snore dropped two tones in pitch an' added a loud clank. A passin' trumpet player stuck a mute in my kisser, an' so instead of soundin' like a B-29 warmin' up in a sheet-metal hangar, I sounded like a fire siren in an underpass.

Professor Einstein was on his way to take charge of the project when all of a sudden, I stopped snorin'. My soft palate had got so much exercise, it developed muscles . . . an' Dugan an' Webster agree that you can't snore unless you got a soft palate!

Ululatin'ly yours, JIMMY DURANTE

FAT STATISTICS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Let me congratulate you on A Nice Clean Story (Jan. 25th). We of the American Fat Salvage Committee, however, feel that you do less than justice when you say: "The American housewife, who, during the war, salvaged 18,000,000 pounds of kitchen fats each month, has let down on her efforts." In August of last year civilian salvage was around 9,000,000 pounds. It declined through September and October to 4,500,000 pounds. Collections have been climbing ever since and from what we can judge we will collect around 9,500,000 pounds from civilians in January.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS,
Information Director

JOIN THE U.S. FOREIGN LEGION

DEAR EDITOR: Although I doubt it was meant to be, I think Army Anonymous by Irving Wallace (Feb. 1st) was an excellent recruiting article for the French Foreign Legion. If our armed forces would stop spending so many thousands of dollars for fancy posters and radio time, and instead use their money and creative energy to present such factual, two-sided articles to the youth of our nation, I feel certain their recruiting dreams would become a reality.

GORDON HUBEL, Mountain View, N. J.

. . . One of my friends spent several months in a Moroccan village. A detachment of Legionnaires was stationed there, and daily he was much amused to see those stalwart fighting men rolling baby carriages, washing clothes, and otherwise being as unromantic as possible!

ROBERT RAND, Boston, Mass.

. . . Irving Wallace calls the absurdity of Ping-pong in a café of card players an "anachronism." Does Wallace mean "anachorism?" Interesting article!

MARY PIADER, Broad Brook, Conn.

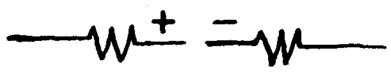
Possibly you're both wrong. There's no reason why Ping-pong can't be played in the same room and at the same time as cards. (Anachronism: out of place in time; anachorism: out of place geographically.)

CHAD OR CLEM?

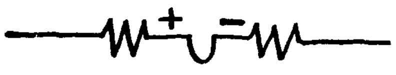
DEAR SIRS: Although I have never heard of Clem (The Week's Mail, Feb. 1st), I am quite familiar with a famous English snooper named Chad, who resembles Clem. Wherever I went Chad peered at me with an accusing glance.

Chad was supposed to have been born in an Oxford lecture hall, where a professor was talking about practical electricity. He started to draw a diagram on the blackboard.

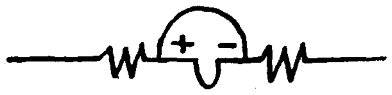
"Supposing you have two charges of electricity, one plus and one minus," he said as he began his illustration.



"Then you connect the two, starting a flow of electrons," he continued adding this to the picture:



"Then you connect them again, further apart," drawing this:



This is as far as he got, however, because Chad was born, and he made an immediate success with the students. In time the one lonely hair was added, and his dead-drunk eyes became more alert (as pictured by Mr. Trout).

FREDERICK W. LORD,
Great Barrington, Mass.

RED AND WHITE HOUSE

GENTLEMEN: Reading articles like Will Russia Rule the Air? (Jan. 25th & Feb. 1st) has greatly disturbed me. It would be wonderful if the Russians would stay in Russia, but as you and I know too well, the bearded Bolsheviks are practically on the steps of the White House.

WALTER (PAUL REVERE) ISAKSON,
Islip, N. Y.

. . . I have been a reader of Collier's since I was a "wee lad" and it was one of the family favorites, and now when I read someone has accused this magazine of being a so-called "Red Sheet" then it's about time that I add my voice to shout to high heaven of the injustice of such an accusation. Your magazine is just as natural in the American home as ice-cream cones, or a night at a family movie, or a session at a community forum. In other words, from the front page to the last it's "All American."

DR. H. CRAIG HUNTER,
Trenton, N. J.

RUSSKY JAZYK V AMARIKE

GENTLEMEN: Re your editorial, Too Old to Learn? (Jan. 25th): My sister and I began to study Russian four years ago under a native-born teacher. Two years ago my father, who is 75, could withstand the temptation no longer—he picked up a grammar and a simple reading book and from then on, it has been a race among the three of us, with Pater gaining on his two daughters.

I am a high-school teacher in Portland and had the pleasure of teaching what I think was the first high-school class in Russian in the U.S. a couple of years ago.

MRS. MARJORIE MCDONALD, Portland, Ore.

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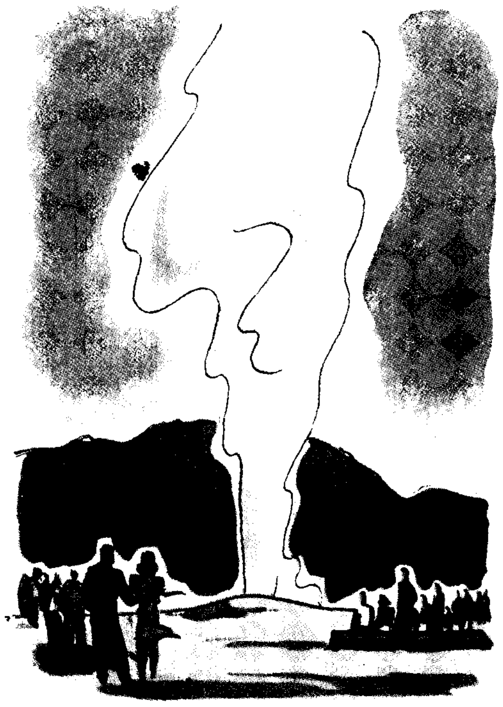

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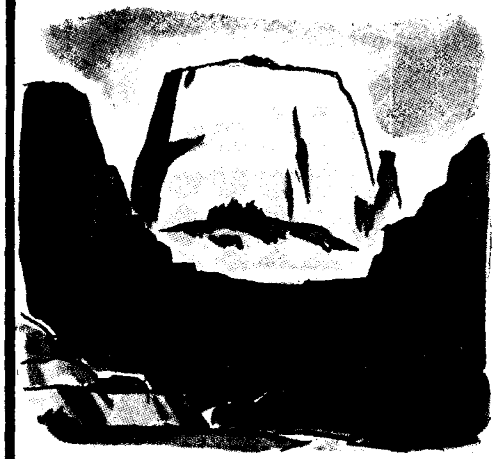

ZION-BRYCE-GRAND CANYON *Nat'l Parks*

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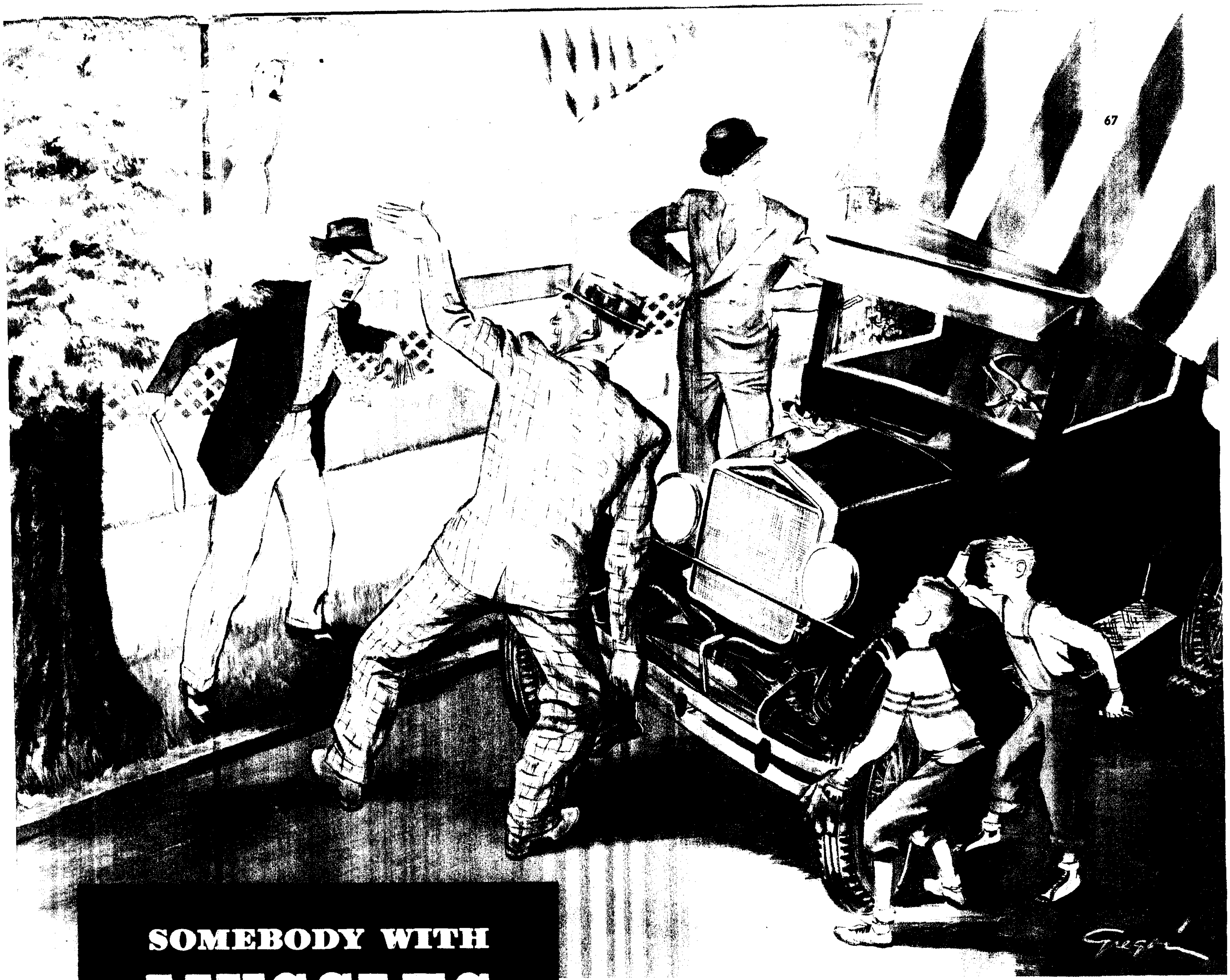
Year 'round sports center

DUDE RANCHES
Where the West Begins



Mike took hold of the bumper and lifted the wheel off the ground. "Can you hold it a minute more?" said the dumfounded Mr. Kelso. "Take your time," Mike said. He let go with one hand and waved to my aunt

SOMEBODY WITH MUSCLES

BY WILLIAM PORTER

After Aunt Henrietta came into their lives the rivals just didn't know their own strength. But Henrietta did

I HAD my childhood in the early twenties. The nineteen-twenties, that is. The Jazz Age, the Prohibition Era, the F. Scott Fitzgerald Epoch, or just the Good Old Days. Personally, I think of that time in terms of muscles. I have no recollection of Warren G. Harding, but I still remember Mike O'Connor and Mr. Molyneux.

Mike O'Connor delivered ice, and Mr. Molyneux was the postman. They were the strongest men in town, probably the strongest men in Cleeter County, and quite possibly the strongest men in the entire state of Kansas. I remember distinctly. And they were both in love with my Aunt Henrietta.

Mike O'Connor drove a big ice wagon with a rounded top. It looked something like a prairie schooner, only it was painted white with big black letters on the side. His horses were named Tom and John. Tom was black and John was dapple gray. They were big horses, and lazy, and they knew the ice route by heart.

Mike O'Connor was a large man. It seems to me that he must have been seven feet tall at least, since I came about to his waist and always had to look up at him. It was like looking up the side of a house. He rode on the back of the ice wagon, with his feet over the end. He sang a lot. Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen. I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen. The kids on our block always followed the wagon, bumming little pieces of ice.

There was always a gallon pail, the kind with a lid that snapped on, nestled against the ice. About once or twice during his progress down the block, Mike would unbutton the lid and take a substantial swig out of the pail. We always wondered what was in it. One day my good friend Joe Turner decided to ask.

"That bucket there," Joe said. "Whatcha got in it?"

Mike opened it, took a long, long pull, and then clapped the lid back on, making a noise like a cymbal.

"That," he said, "is my special herp beverage."

"What kind?" my good friend Joe Turner asked.

"Herp. It's made with herps," Mike O'Connor told him.

Maybe he meant herbs. Or hops. Or maybe both.

"What's it good for?" Joe asked.

"Muscles. It makes strong muscles, and keeps your kidneys open. I make it myself. I invented it while I was training for my fight."

Mike had been a prize fighter, you understand. A killer. He had fought Joe Tunney, Gene's big brother, and Homer Dempsey, Jack's cousin, and Six-Finger Willard, who was Jess

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

"First over the bars!"

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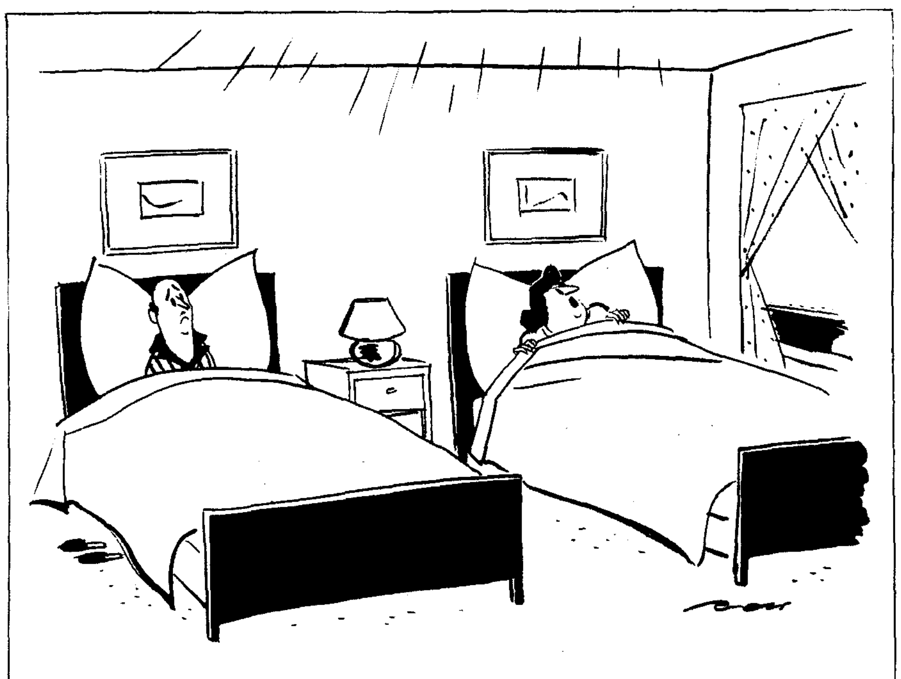


"Just because he won the heavyweight championship is no reason for an all-night party. Henry, go right up and tell them to stop!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Willard's nephew. He had licked all these guys, only in a private way, because—he told us this confidentially—he was a modest man, and he would be embarrassed with all that hoo-rah and whingding public people have to go through.

"Which fight was that?" Joe asked.

"My big fight. The one with George L. Sullivan."

"Who?"

"You mean to sit there and tell me you never heard of George L. Sullivan?"

We weren't sitting anywhere; we were walking behind the ice wagon, but it was a figure of speech.

"George L. Sullivan was the stepson of John L. Sullivan. And he was a lot tougher than his old man. I had trouble with him."

"How long did it take you, Mike?" I asked him.

"I knocked him down in the seventh round, and in the eighth I cooled him," Mike said.

The horses stopped in front of my house, the white house in the middle of the block with the trees in front. Mike stuck his head around the side of the wagon to look at the card, and reached for his saw.

"Willie," he said, "I've been meaning to ask you—who's the lady?"

"What lady?"

"The new lady at your house. She came the first of the week. The one with the blond hair."

"That's my Aunt Henrietta from Kansas City," I told him. "She's a mess. She's got the giggles. She giggles all the time."

"You hadn't ought to talk about your aunt that way," he said.

He ripped off a piece of ice, a big piece of ice, and swung it on his shoulder.

"Hey," I said, "the card says twenty-five." He had enough ice to sink the Titanic.

He didn't seem to hear me. He loped across our lawn, jumped the sidewalk, and went to the kitchen door. My Aunt Henrietta from Kansas City opened it. Mike took off his cap with his free hand.

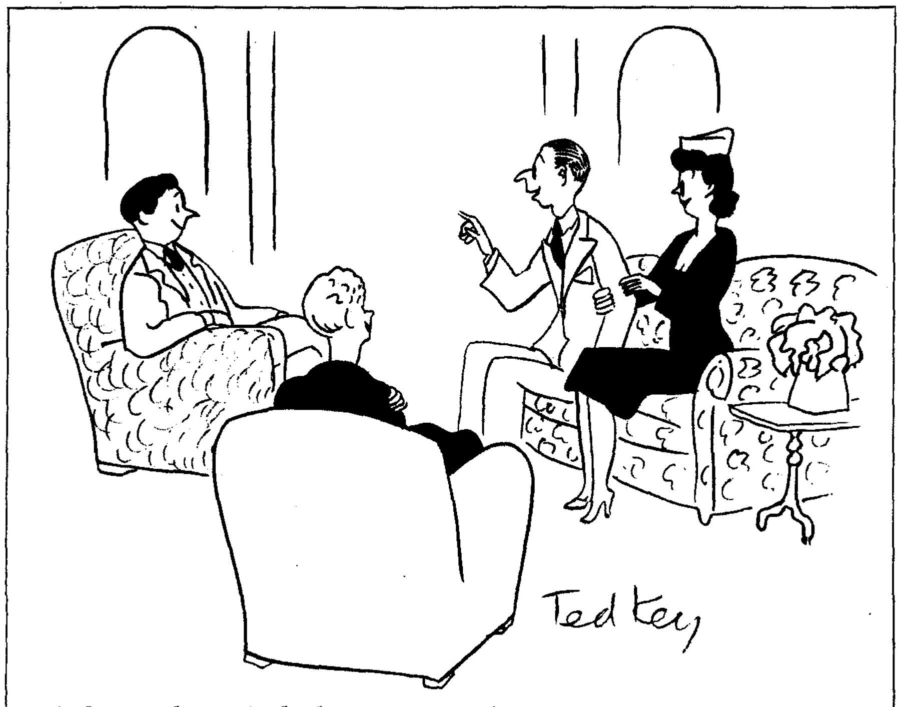
"Your ice, lady," he said. He held it out in front of him with one hand, as easy as you'd hold a loaf of bread.

"That's too much," she said, and giggled. "Look. Look at the card."

"Well, I'll be doggoned," Mike O'Connor said, and came back to the wagon. On the way he jumped over the sidewalk.

"I told you it was too much," I said. "Twenty-five pounds."

He paid no attention to me. He picked up another piece, the proper size, and



"Uh—you know the bathinette and the bassinette we lent you last year"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

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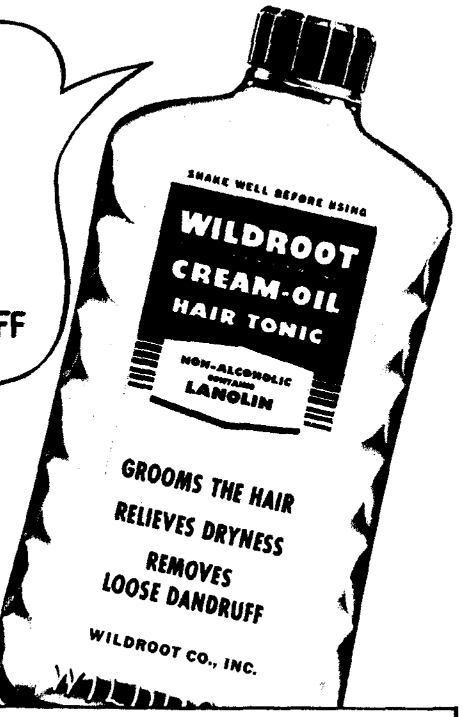

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started off for the kitchen. This time he didn't use the tongs. He carried it in his arm, the way you'd carry a football. He jumped across the walk and at the same time threw the cake of ice in the air and caught it on the other arm.

"Holy cow," I said.

"Holy cow is right," Joe said. "He knows better. He's been carrying twenty-five pounds of ice a day to your house ever since I was a kid." Joe thought about it for a minute. "Maybe he is trying to look good for somebody."

"Not me," I said. "He already looks good to me. Look what he did to George L. Sullivan."

"Maybe it's your Aunt Henrietta from Kansas City," Joe said.

I was coming around to the same idea myself, but I was coming reluctantly. My Aunt Henrietta was obviously too much of a simpleton to appeal to a man with the excellent judgment and fine physical condition of Mike O'Connor.

"Go in to get a drink of water," Joe said, "and find out."

I WENT into the house on the dead run and found three people in the kitchen: Mike O'Connor and my Aunt Henrietta, and Mr. Molyneux, the postman. Mr. Molyneux was a surprise to me; he went past our house every day, but I had never seen him inside before. He was sitting on the kitchen table and his blue cap was lying upside down on top of the ice box, and he had a pitcher of lemonade in his left hand and a glass of lemonade in his right.

"I'll get another glass," Aunt Henrietta was saying. "You can sit down for a minute, don't you think, Mr. O'Connor?"

"I can sit," Mike said, "but no lemonade. I am not the kind of man who needs a pick-me-up in the middle of the morning."

"What about the stuff made with herps?" I asked him.

"Get the hell out of here, sonny," Mike O'Connor said.

"I wouldn't think people who got soft jobs *would* get tired," Mr. Molyneux said. "Like people who ride around all day, being pulled by a big team of horses."

"*Soft?*" Mike O'Connor said. "I have delivered, I expect, a ton of ice already this morning, and all on my back. During a day I deliver maybe three tons of ice, carrying it on my back."

"I walk thirteen miles a day," said Mr. Molyneux, wiping lemonade from his mustache, "carrying on my back a mail bag which will weigh thirty to fifty pounds. I can't even sit down, to say nothing of being pulled by a big team of horses."

"I don't know," I said. "I see you at Ike's every afternoon. I see you having a big root beer."

Mr. Molyneux cocked an eyebrow at me. "Children," he said, "should be seen and not heard."

I went back and reported to Joe, who was sucking a piece of ice he'd picked up from the cool, wet floor of the wagon.

I said, "They are talking about strength."

"That's silly," Joe said. "Mike O'Connor could tie Mr. Molyneux in knots and pull him through a keyhole. With one hand."

Mr. Molyneux, you understand, was a small man. He had good shoulders, but the rest of him was thin. He walked with his feet pointing out. He had a tidy mustache which was mostly pink in color.

We heard giggles from the kitchen door, and the men came out. They carried their hats in their hands, and they both bowed to my Aunt Henrietta. They said goodby, and they were almost to the sidewalk when she called after them.

"I just happened to think," she called. "I wonder if you gentlemen would do us a favor, while you're both here? If you have a moment?"

The gentlemen stopped as suddenly as if they had bumped into a fence. They turned and started back.

"Go ahead," Mike said to Mr. Molyneux. "I'll take care of it."

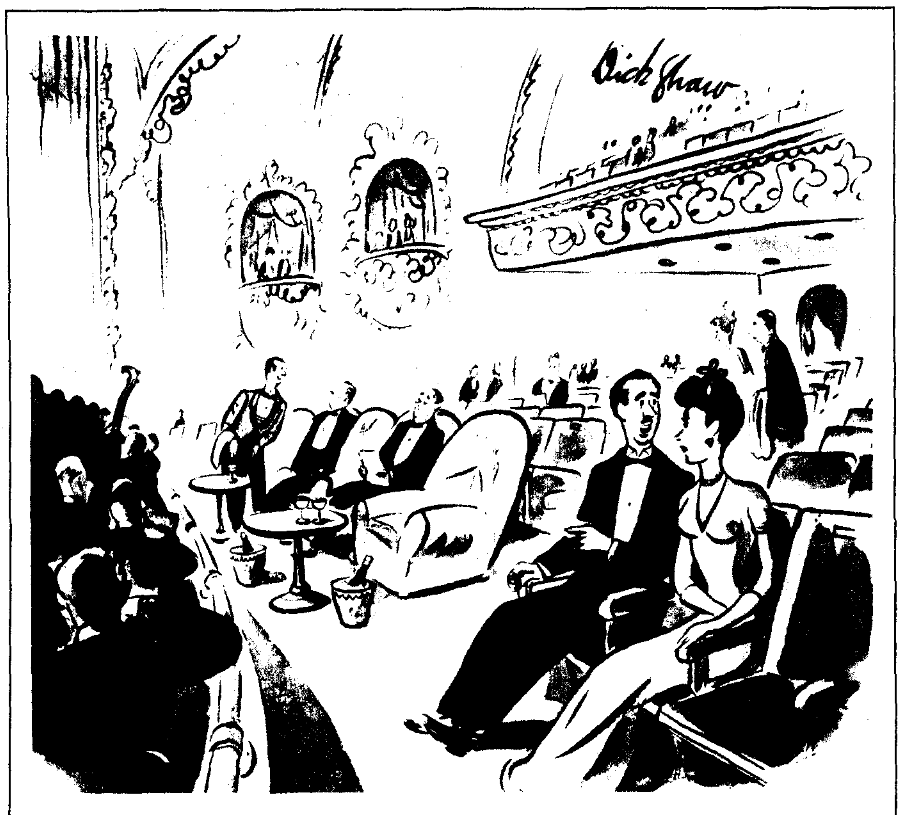
"I'm in no hurry," Mr. Molyneux said.

"Alice"—that's my mother—"Alice has been wanting the flowerpot moved," my Aunt Henrietta said. "She was saying only yesterday how awful it was, not having a man around"—my father was on a two-week fishing trip in the Ozarks—"to move things. Just yesterday she was saying how we ought to round up some of our gentleman neighbors to move that old flowerpot. It's a heavy old thing. It'll take both of you."

She pointed it out. It was a cement pot like they used to have on lawns, and you could have given a good-sized dog a bath in it. It was full of geraniums.

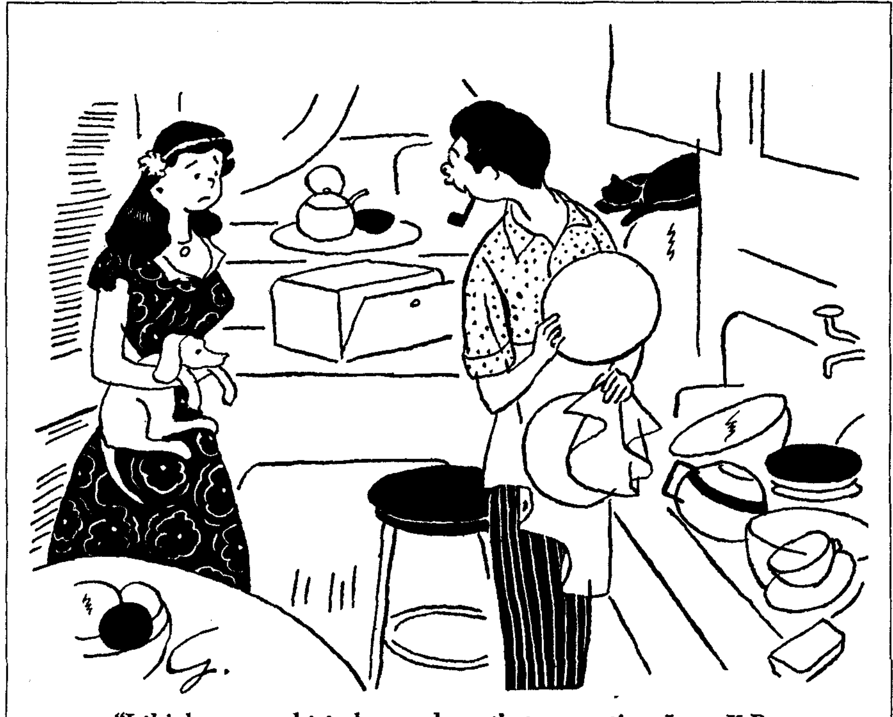
"We thought it would be nice, Alice and me, if it could be moved over there." She pointed to a spot in the grass under the parlor window.

Mike O'Connor took a hitch in his overalls and started for the flowerpot. Mr. Molyneux was right with him, but Mike turned around and put a large hand on the postman's chest.



"It's probably going to be a lousy show. Look at the critics' seats"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW



"I think you ought to know, dear, that every time I got K.P. in the Army, I used to go A.W.O.L. for weeks at a time"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

"Just give me room," he said.

He squatted on his heels and locked his arms around the pedestal. He hunched up his shoulders, and he lifted. You could have heard him grunt in the next block, and he left marks two inches deep where his heels dug in. He picked up that cement flowerpot, pedestal and all, and carried it maybe twenty-five feet and put it down in the grass under the parlor window.

My Aunt Henrietta stared at him with wide eyes. "Goodness, how strong!" she said.

Mr. Molyneux made a snorting noise, shifted his mail bag on his back, and started down the sidewalk. My Aunt Henrietta was moving her head from side to side, looking at the flowerpot.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "it's not quite right there, is it? I hadn't realized it was so big."

Mr. Molyneux was already sliding the strap off his shoulder, and he was headed for the flowerpot.

"Oh, we don't have to move it *now!*" my Aunt Henrietta said. "Maybe we should leave it and see what Alice thinks."

"It looks awful," Mr. Molyneux said. "It's terrible."

Joe punched me in the ribs. "This is gonna be good," he said.

Mr. Molyneux went way down on his haunches, spread his feet wide apart, and hugged the flowerpot to his chest. He gritted his teeth and he strained. The flowerpot moved, but it didn't lift.

"Ha!" Mike O'Connor said.

The sweat popped out on Mr. Molyneux's forehead and he crouched lower and spread his feet farther apart. And suddenly the flowerpot came up. Mr. Molyneux carried it back to where it came from. He lowered it carefully to the barren spot in the grass, and then straightened up and did a small dance step to show how good he felt. He didn't grunt once.

"Goodness!" my Aunt Henrietta said.

She wasn't half as surprised as Joe Turner and myself. Not to mention Mike O'Connor.

"Muscles in the arms—that's nothing," Mr. Molyneux said, with a broad gesture. "Everybody's got muscles in their arms. It's the legs that makes the difference." He patted himself on the thigh. "Thirteen miles a day," he said.

This was the beginning of a great athletic and spiritual competition. The next day Mr. Molyneux hurried with the mail route, and when Mike arrived in the kitchen with the ice, he found the postman sitting on the table again, drinking lemonade. But the next day Mike was first. After that, they always hit our kitchen at practically the same time; one day Mike would be a couple of minutes ahead, but the next Mr. Molyneux would be deep in the lemonade pitcher before the ice man got there. This pleased practically everybody in the neighborhood, because it gradually speeded up things so that pretty soon the mail that had been arriving about eleven o'clock was coming at 10:15 and the same way with the ice.

Old Tom and John, the ice horses, began to get thin and haggard.

There were small track and field events almost every day. One time Joe Turner and I were knocking flies, and Mike O'Connor took the ball and bat away from us and belted one that disappeared somewhere in the next block. My Aunt Henrietta thought this was pretty good, but Mike pointed out that he hit a lot better than that when he was with the Baltimore Orioles, only he was out of practice. We never did find that baseball. Mr. Molyneux responded by kicking my football clear to the end of the block, into the middle of Armbruster Drive. Another day they took turns lifting the iron dog that stood under the cedar tree in the Hebl's front yard.

THIS was when Mr. Kelso came into the picture. He walked up just as Mike O'Connor was lifting this cast-iron bulldog and putting it down again.

"Wow!" Mr. Kelso exclaimed. "Hot ziggety!"

"What's so special about that?" Mr. Molyneux said, sliding his mail bag from his shoulder and giving a significant look at our porch swing, in which my Aunt Henrietta was sitting.

"Well," Mr. Kelso said, lifting one eyebrow, "I got four bits that says you can't do it."

"A fool and his money are soon parted," Mr. Molyneux said, and picked up the iron dog.

"Judas Priest!" Mr. Kelso said, in great astonishment. He took his straw hat off and put it on again, and reached into his pocket. Then he showed that he was a good loser by smiling a large smile, and

Step back a hundred years and more,
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That's Peter Ballantine at the table,
A brewer from Scotland, skilled and able.

He's testing his ale—and now you'll see
How the 3-ring trade mark came to be.

One healthy drink, "Aye lads," says he,
"This ale o' mine ha' PUR-R-RITY!"

A second drink of his fine old brew,
"Ah," he declares, "It ha' BODY, too!"

A third drink now, see him slowly savor,
"An' sur-r-rely," he says,
"It ha' the FLAVOR-R-R!"

Then spying 3 rings on the table dark,
*"**Lads,**" cries Peter,*
*"**I ha' my mar-r-rk.**"*

And today the 3 rings identify
America's largest selling Ale

Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge PURITY . . . a second for BODY . . . a third for FLAVOR . . . and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Today, this famous trade mark is *your* guide to the finest of ale. Look for the 3 rings; call for "Ballantine". . . *America's largest selling Ale.*

BALLANTINE ALE

PURITY BODY TRADE-MARK FLAVOR

BREWED ON THE SAME SITE SINCE 1840

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
NEWARK NEW JERSEY
ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

started up the walk for our house. Mike and Mr. Molyneux watched him. They turned and looked heavily at each other as he tipped his hat to my Aunt Henrietta.

"Who's that?" they said, almost together.

"The new insurance man," I said.

They watched him sit down on the porch rail, holding his hat in his hand. My aunt giggled.

"He came to collect," I said. "She's just being nice to him because she has to. He's a lardhead."

"A college man," Joe said. "And you know what college men are. He's a violet. Look at that straw hat."

"And the high-waisted pants," I said.

"And the checkered coat," Joe said.

"With a handkerchief pointing out of the pocket," Mr. Molyneux tittered.

"A white handkerchief to boot," Mike O'Connor said.

"And padded shoulders," Joe said.

"That's not my Aunt Henrietta's kind of man," I said. "No, sir. What she likes is strength. Somebody with muscles."

"I know what you mean," Mike O'Connor said.

ABOUT a week after this the baseball glove came into the picture. That is, it came into the window of Spielhagen's hardware store. It was a fielder's glove, junior model, of genuine brown leather with Tris Speaker's name on it, written by hand right across the leather. It cost one buck. One dollar even. It gave me ideas.

Tuesday morning my aunt was uptown with my mother, so Mike O'Connor stopped just long enough to leave the ice. I walked to the wagon with him.

"Aunt Henrietta is wondering," I said. "She is wondering about who is going to take her to the Fourth of July." This was probably true, although she hadn't spoken to me about it. "I guess she's waiting for me to ask her."

"Me?" Mike said.

"Who else?"

"Well!" He stood there for a minute, rubbing his thumb across his chin, a worried look on his face. When he stepped onto the wagon, I went right at his heels. He jumped on the end gate and sat, the tongs hooked over his knee, rubbing his chin with his thumb. "Golly," he said. He took a swig of the herps beverage and sighed. I just waited.

"Willie," he said finally, in a husky whisper, "what would you say if I told you I was afraid to ask her?"

"I wouldn't believe it," I said. "You afraid of somebody? What about Six-finger Willard?"

"That was different." He leaned even closer and blew the smell of herps upon me. "I don't suppose you could give me a little help?"

"Well . . ." I said, "she *is* my aunt."

He reached into the bib of his overalls and gave me fifty cents. I looked at it skeptically.

"Of course," I said, "I couldn't guarantee anything. You know how it is."

He dug up another half dollar.

Later on I was ashamed of myself, which made me feel better.

I wasn't quite sure how my aunt would take the whole thing, and it took me a couple of days to work up my courage. Then it turned out to be simple. She was sitting on the back porch in the sunshine drying her hair, smelling a little bit like vinegar, and singing to herself. She was singing Yes, Sir, That's My Baby.

"Hey," I said, jumping right into it, "there's a guy wants to take you to the Fourth of July."

"I know," she said. She giggled at me. "He asked me."

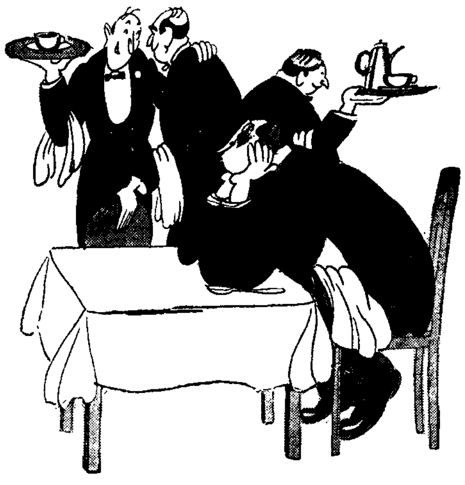
"He did?" I said. "Well, he wasn't going to. He was scared. He even wanted me to ask for him."

"Well," she said, almost blushing, "that was sweet." I couldn't see what was sweet about it. "Who would be afraid of plain old me? Anyhow, it's a good thing he called. I wouldn't go out with any man who didn't want me bad enough to ask *himself.*"

Then it hit me. Suppose it wasn't Mike O'Connor she was talking about? Suppose it was the mailman, Mr. Molyneux? I didn't ask. I didn't want to know. It would be a pretty tough thing, trying to sell that fielder's glove back to Mr. Spielhagen. I made up my mind that it was Mike; this made it simpler. Anybody can misunderstand, but collecting money under false pretenses is another thing. For that they jail people. . . .

You know what they have on the Fourth of July. Explosions.

I was sitting on the front porch oiling my glove with some of my father's neat's-foot oil, wondering as usual what a neat was, when my friend Joe Turner came around. This was just after dinner, and my Aunt Henrietta was fixing herself and making small happy noises in the front bedroom.



AFTER ALL

Would I like my coffee later
Or would I like it now?
What's the difference? The waiter
Brings it later anyhow.

—Richard Armour

"Look," my friend Joe Turner said. He had a Boy Scout knife, brand-new. He started opening the blades, of which there were several. Including a corkscrew, bottle opener, skinning blade, and a small funny one which I didn't recognize.

"Where'd you get the money?" I asked, with the directness of youth.

"Oh," Joe said, looking a little shifty-eyed. "I got it."

Mr. Molyneux came around the corner. He was so dressed up that for a minute I didn't even know him. He was wearing a derby hat and yellow shoes; he was wearing a brown suit and a green necktie. He was spiffy. I jumped when I saw him, and automatically looked in the other direction. Sure enough, coming around the other corner was Mike O'Connor. He was pretty well shined up himself, including a hard straw hat with a baby-blue band on it. He stopped and scowled at Mr. Molyneux, who scowled right back. I went racing out to the street.

"Look," I said to Mike, "there has been a little mistake—"

He walked right around me and up to the mailman. "What are you doing here?" he said.

"I was planning to ask you the same thing," Mr. Molyneux said. "I have an engagement with a lady. We're to join in the spirit of the holiday."

"The hell you say!" Mike roared. "When did you ask her?"

Mr. Molyneux looked at Joe. "Yesterday, I believe." He patted his lips with his handkerchief. "That is, I didn't exactly ask her myself. I was . . . represented in the matter by this young man here." A light of suspicion came into his eye. "You did arrange it with Willie? I gave you a half dollar for yourself, and another half for Willie—"

"What?" I yelled, just as the car came to a stop. The car was a Model T, a coupé, bright blue in color with red wire wheels and silver hub caps. It stopped right in front of our house, but I didn't even notice Mr. Kelso getting out. "What fifty cents?" I said.

"The trouble was, the knife cost a dollar," Joe explained. "You can use my knife any time you want to, any old time—"

"Well, gents," Mr. Kelso said in a friendly way. "Hot ziggety, all dressed up for the birthday of the Republic!"

"I want to talk to you," Mike said to me. You could have climbed the ridges in his forehead like stairs.

"Maybe I'm interrupting something," Mr. Kelso said. "Did I—"

He stopped in the middle of the sentence and whirled around, looking at the car. Only one thing makes a noise like that, and that's what it was. The Model T sagged forward gently, leaning toward the curb as the air spewed out of the right front tire. The insurance man ran out to see, and while he was looking the noise came again, and the Model T eased back again and sort of leveled off, because now the left rear tire was flat. I remembered that a couple of days before my good friend Joe Turner and myself had been building bird houses out there, and maybe we were a little careless about the nails. But I didn't mention it.

MR. KELSO grabbed his hat and tried to pull it over his ears. By this time Aunt Henrietta was on the front porch. Mike O'Connor and the mailman tipped their hats to her and then glared at each other. I got a safe distance away.

"The trouble is," Mr. Kelso said, "I haven't got a jack. You sure can't fix a flat without a jack."

"I don't know," Mike O'Connor said suddenly, looking right at my aunt. "All you need is somebody to hold up the car while you slide that thing off'n there."

"Some*body?*" Mr. Kelso said. "Don't be funny. Nobody in the world is that strong. Lift that?" He kicked the wheel with his two-tone shoes.

Mike came over and stood in front of the Model T. He braced his feet. He spit on his hands. He took hold of the front bumper and looked at my Aunt Henrietta, smiling a smile full of teeth.

"Sure, why not?" he said, and lifted the wheel a good three inches off the ground. I heard my aunt gasp, and Mr. Kelso was just plain dumfounded. He stood for a minute with his mouth open, staring. Then he leaped over to the tool box and opened the lid.

"Hold it!" he said to Mike, grabbing the tire tools. "Can you hold it just a minute more?"

"Take your time," Mike said. He let go with one hand and used it to wave at my Aunt Henrietta. Meanwhile, the insurance man was getting ready to work on the tire. He spread a handkerchief on the grass, right next to the curb, and knelt on it. He gave the tire a couple of delicate little jabs. He looked clumsy.

"You know," he said, laughing self-consciously, "I'm afraid I'm not very good at this—"

Mr. Molyneux looked up at our front porch. "There is such a thing," he said

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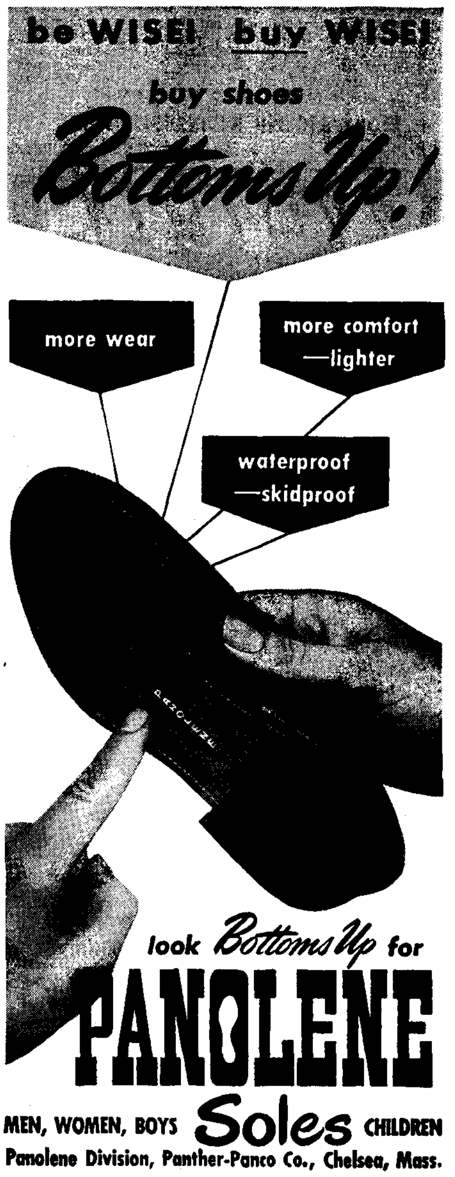
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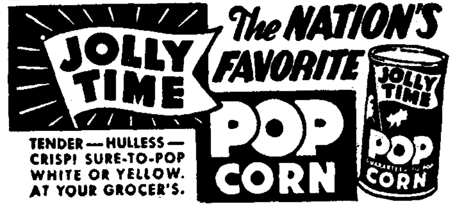


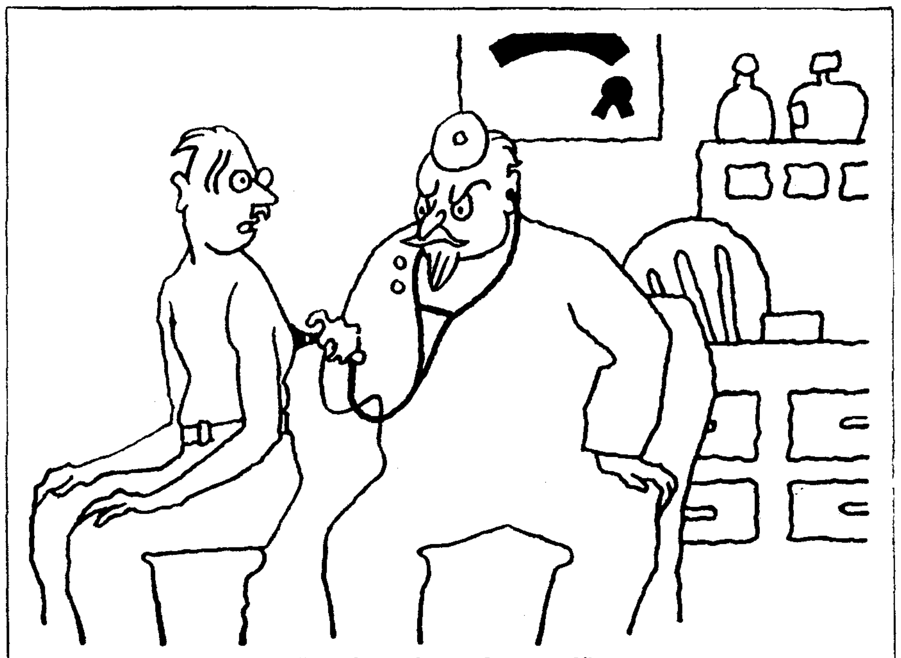
JOLLY TIME
The NATION'S FAVORITE
POP CORN
TENDER—HULLESS—CRISP! SURE-TO-POP
WHITE OR YELLOW.
AT YOUR GROCER'S.

loudly, talking right to my aunt, "as a wrong way to change a tire, and a right way. Move over," he said to Mr. Kelso and took the tool and knocked the casing off the rim with one mighty lunge. "All right," he said to Mike, "you can let it down now. You must be getting tired."

"Me?" Mike said. "I could stand here all day. But you'll probably need help." He let the wheel down, so that it rested on the rim, and came around and grabbed the tube out of Mr. Kelso's hands. "Why don't you just go sit down, bud?" he growled, and so Mr. Kelso went and sat down on the front porch, beside my Aunt Henrietta. When the tube was patched Mike and the mailman had quite an argument about who was going to handle the pump, but Mr. Molyneux got there first. He almost made it smoke.

As soon as that tire was replaced and all set to go, Mike started for the other one. Mr. Molyneux stopped him, holding up his hand like a traffic cop.

"Please," he said. "Stand aside."



COLLIER'S "Find anything okay, yet?" GARDNER REA

BY THIS time there was an audience. People were standing on their front porches and watching, away up and down the block. Mr. Molyneux smiled at all these people and then took off his derby hat and made a slight bow in the direction of my Aunt Henrietta. Then he took off his coat, handed it to me, and lay down in the street. Right in the street, on his back, sort of halfway under the car.

He raised his feet and notched them under the axle and grunted. He lifted that wheel a good six inches. Mr. and Mrs. Hebl, standing on their front porch, applauded. My aunt gasped again, even louder than before. I guess this made Mike O'Connor mad. He sailed into that tire like a typhoon. I've never seen a flat fixed that fast before or since.

"If you can manage alone," Mr. Molyneux said, "I guess I'll just stay here. It's comfortable." He lowered the wheel gently to the ground and then turned over on his side, leaning on one elbow. He gave Mike a constant stream of advice, in a loud voice. He made comical remarks, and when my Aunt Henrietta giggled Mike got red in the face and worked with the ferocity of a tiger. When the tire was ready to go on again Mr. Molyneux rolled over on his back and lifted the axle again. He really threw himself into it. He lifted *both* wheels off the ground.

"Show-off," Mike growled.

"Excuse me," Mr. Molyneux said, lowering one wheel. "Just animal spirits."

Just as Mike O'Connor finished pumping, Mr. Kelso came back. My Aunt Henrietta was with him.

"Gents," he said, "I don't know how to thank you."

"A-a-h," Mike said, "just a simple little matter of strength." He gave my aunt a large wink.

"In the legs," Mr. Molyneux said, leaping up from under the car.

"If it hadn't been for you, I don't know what we'd done." Mr. Kelso smiled at my aunt. "It's a pretty long way to walk, isn't it, Henny?"

"What?" Mr. Molyneux said.

"Why," Mr. Kelso said, with great innocence, "I'm taking this lady to the exercises in the park, and without the help of—"

"You what?" Mike O'Connor yelled.

"You were supposed to go with *me!*" they both yelled, together.

It was about this time that me and my good friend Joe Turner began to back away. On tiptoe.

"But you didn't ask me," my Aunt Henrietta said. "A lady likes to be asked. Besides, Mr. Kelso has a car. Look, flags on the radiator cap."

"But we fixed it!" Mr. Molyneux said. "He wouldn't even have—"

"That's what I mean." Mr. Kelso smiled. "Honestly, fellas, I don't know how to thank you."

THE postman and the iceman looked at each other. Each took a long, deep breath and, as if by common consent, headed for the car. By this time Joe Turner and myself were at the side of the house, peeking around the corner.

Mr. Molyneux, the man with the strong legs, took the back end. Mike O'Connor, the man who licked George L. Sullivan in eight rounds, took the front end. They dug their heels into the dirt of Checker Street, and they heaved.

They picked up that blue Model T and moved it over to the sidewalk, right beside the elm tree. Then Mike O'Connor came around and joined the postman in gripping the edge of the running board. They heaved again and they turned it over. Not on its side. Clear over, on the top. It sat there in the middle of the sidewalk, partly on our front lawn with its wheels turning gently.

My Aunt Henrietta screamed.

Then Mike O'Connor and Mr. Molyneux solemnly shook hands and went down the street together. As they turned the corner of Armbruster Drive they were whistling. Come Back to Erin, two-part harmony.

"Well," my friend Joe Turner said, "I guess that settles that."

"I guess it does," I said.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out his new Boy Scout knife. He opened all the blades and started polishing them on the bib of his overalls.

"Nice knife," I said.

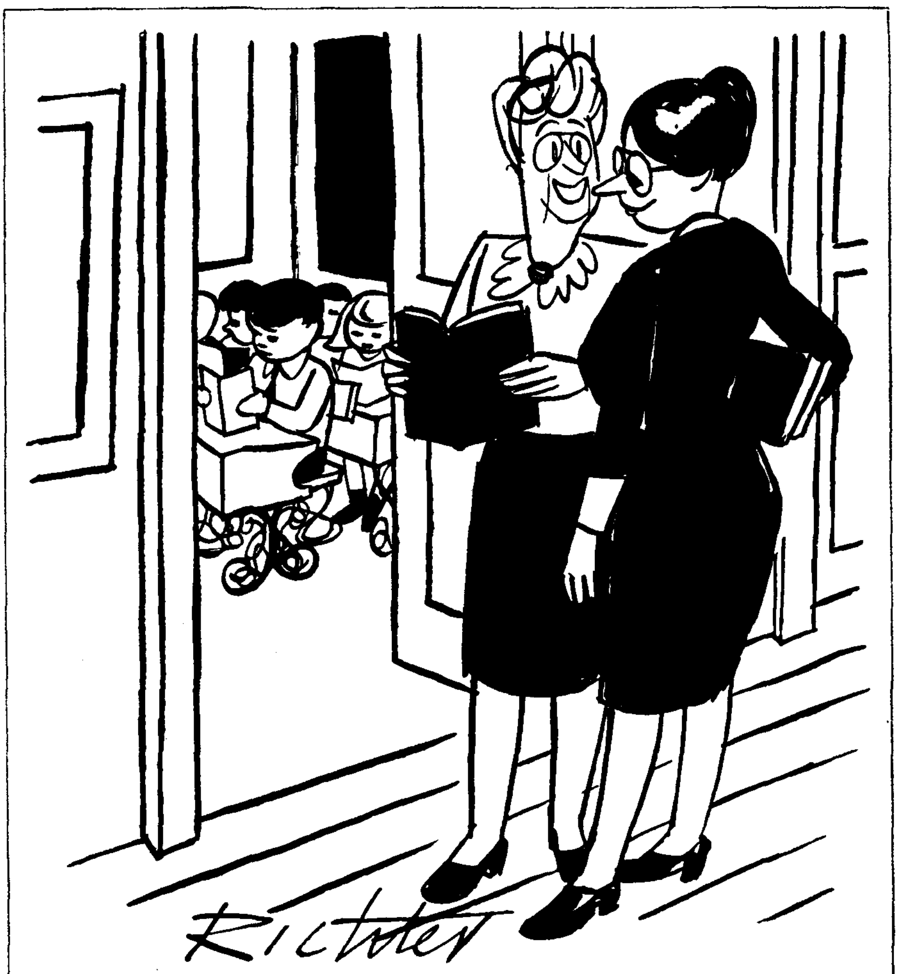
"Yeah. Nice fielder's glove you got, too."

"Yeah."

Joe yawned and stretched his arms over his head.

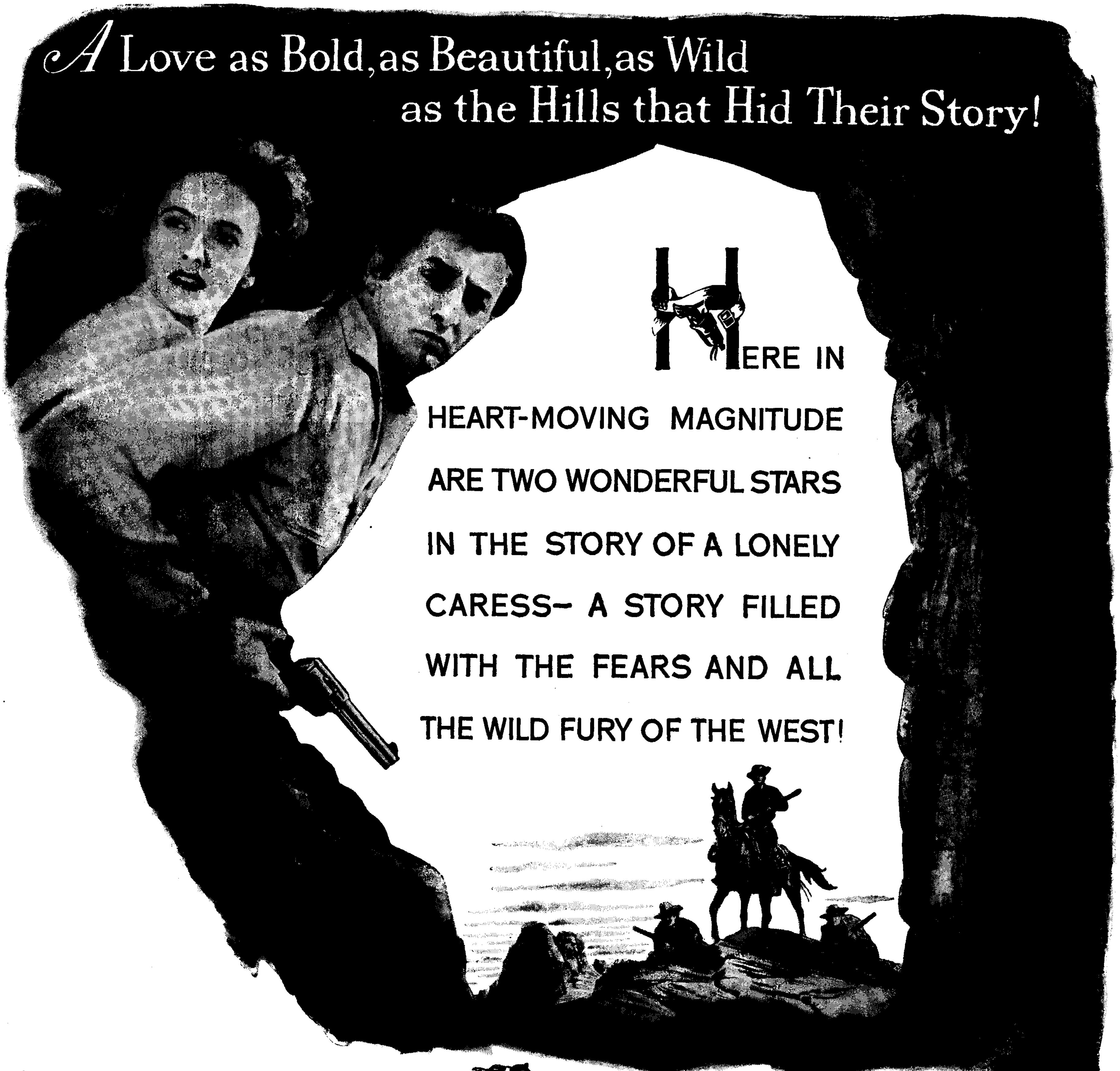
"Well, what'll we do?" he said. "Play catch, or mumblety-peg?"

THE END



"I have to laugh at some of these old math books: 'If two pounds of butter costs 35¢, how much . . .'"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER



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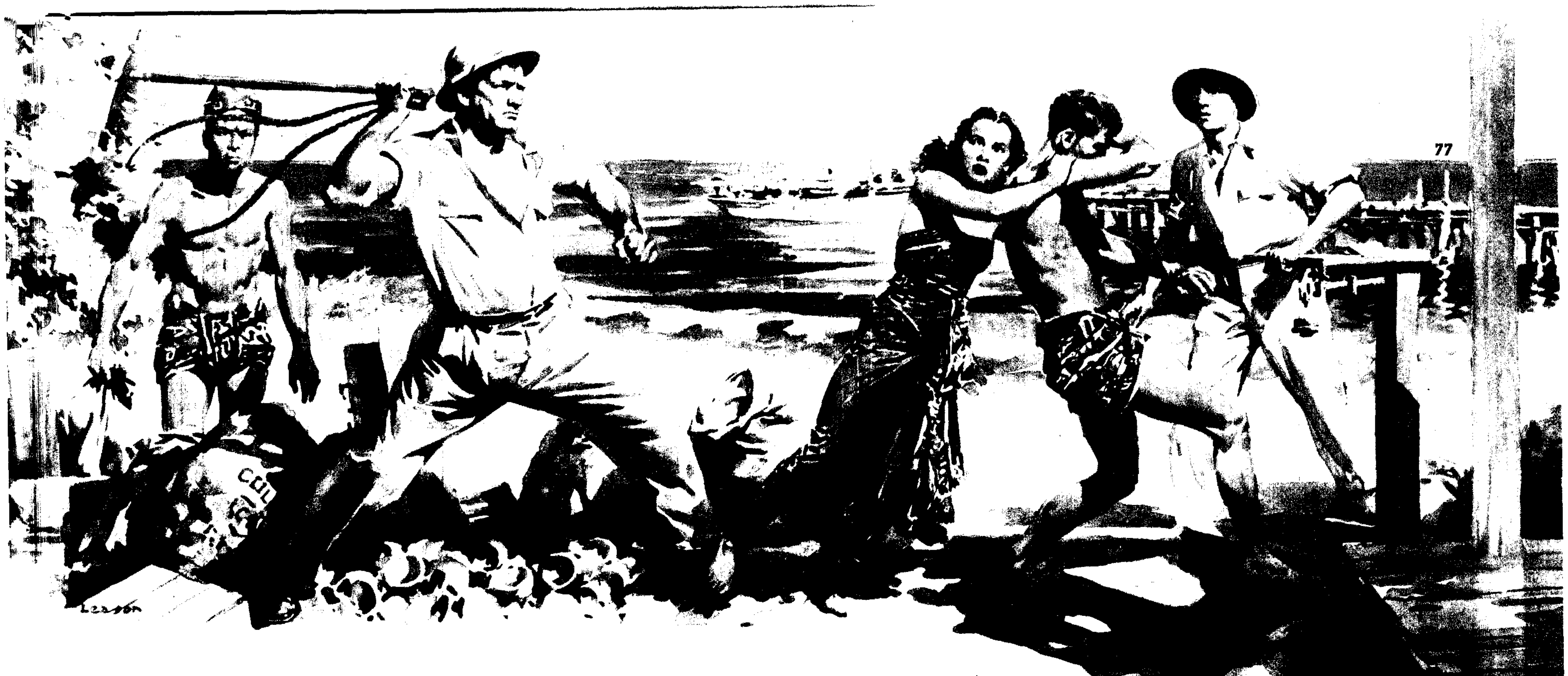


Before I could make a move the girl leaped between the Bull and the back he meant to crack

THE TWO-THONGED WHIP

BY JACLAND MARMUR

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

RAIN drummed the corrugated iron roof of Kin Yen's ramshackle trading hut on the landing jetty of Palandang. It strung thin-beaded screens of dripping water from the open overhangs, shimmering in lamplight; and there was no wind. Only the long slow sighing of the island went whispering across the dark lagoon to where the liner at her anchorage burned hopeful orange globes against the night.

"Gold? On Palandang?" The young woman visiting in Kin Yen's poor establishment let two large lumps of yellow-bedded quartz roll slowly to the plain deal table from her palms. The first officer, sitting opposite in tropic whites, saw her shake her honey-colored head. "It's just a travel-folder fable," Lois Amberly said with a smile. "For the tourist trade. For passengers like me."

"No," said Mr. Bishop, "that's not true. I was Captain Blanding's mate out here when the stuff first started turning up in the copra sacks."

"You?" The girl looked quickly up, her brown eyes startled at the hint of dangerous and unknown source roots in a seaman's past. "If he was such a brutal man, John—how could you?"

"You never knew the trading schooner Flores," said John Bishop. "You never saw her white hull splintering the sunlit water past these coral reefs. You—" The liner's first mate grinned. "I was just a kid, Lois—"

"You saw him use the whip?"

"Yes." Bishop nodded at the cruel thing, hanging like a trophy on two pegs near Kin Yen's door. Its stock was leaded, the coiled long leather thongs still metal-tipped—the way the steamship travel folder said.

"Sober or gin-soaked, the Bull could wrap those two thongs round a black boy at six paces anywhere he wished, and claw out living flesh. I never knew a man more hated through the Islands, or more feared."

Lois Amberly shuddered. "And no one opposed that frightful evil?"

"How? Bull Blanding—blackbirder, atoll pirate, copra trader, rakehell sailing master—weighed two hundred forty. He stood six foot three. You remember, Kin Yen?"

The Chinese, passive on his stool beside the counter, put his pipe of long bamboo across his bony knees. His voice had a fluting, fragile quality. "Remembah, Mista Bishop," Kin Yen said. "Remembah very good."

Lois Amberly frowned down at the lumps of gold-ribbed quartz, saying flatly: "He was evil, not romantic. If no one opposed him, that was evil. But the whip has two thongs. One against the other. And evil, in the end, destroys itself. I believe that, John."

"Maybe. Maybe not." John Bishop's eyes smiled at her.

"THE Flores used to pick up copra here," Bishop said. "It came from all over the island. The Malay people packed it down. We weighed the sacks in on the beach. There were always rocks in some of it, of course. That used to be expected. It raised the weight a little, but it kept the natives happy—they thought they traded smart. They got damn' little, anyhow, and all the Eastern Island copra crackers used to let it slide. Not the Bull; he began to use the whip. He got back fear and hatred for it. They crawled away from that savage white giant on hands and knees. It was not a lovely sight. He cracked my skull once when I asked mercy for a softhearted, whining kid.

"And the whip didn't work. Not for long. They had no other weapon, don't you see? The rocks showed up again. Bull Blanding used the leaded stock next time. I was on the beach myself. There was murder in his eyes. But I wasn't quick enough—someone else leaped first between the Bull and the back he meant to crack. A fine-looking, olive-skinned young woman—the brown lad's sister, I think she was. Balinese people. He caught her across the base of the neck and she dropped to the sand like a stone. She was dead when I looked down. Her name was Tonleia. Funny, I've always remembered that name: Tonleia."

In the quick silence only Kin Yen's pipe made a gurgling sound.

"And then some of the rocks in the copra sacks turned out to be gold-bearing quartz?" asked Lois Amberly.

"That's right. I quit the Flores and reported what I knew about Bull Blanding to the authorities in Kwandang. It did no good. I didn't expect it would. But I heard about the gold. Everybody in the Islands soon heard about Bull Blanding's gold on Palandang. It was here, all right; lumps of it were turning up now and then in his copra sacks. Damned rich, too! The natives wouldn't know raw gold when they saw it. They picked up rocks, that's all. But where was the vein it came from? It was very ironic, in a way. Only the Malays knew. Someone knew, that's sure. You think they'd tell Bull Blanding? After what they'd seen him do with the whip? It drove him wild. He was a savage, greedy man. He sold the Flores. He came ashore to hunt out the gold on Palandang. And he wasn't the only one who tried."

The liner's tender hooted warning from the jetty's end just then, and Lois Amberly put down her gin and bitters and stood up. "What happened to him, John? To Bull Blanding?"

"This is my first voyage back to Palandang in a long, long time," John Bishop said. "Maybe he's dead. Kin Yen would know."

"Not dead," they heard the Chinese say. When they looked around, they saw Kin Yen was standing by a tattered canvas curtain, walling off a corner of his hut. He drew the canvas aside, and let it drop. There was only time enough to see the bloated, drunken wreck of what had plainly been a giant of a man—prone and senseless on a filthy cot.

"Belong me," said Kin Yen in his fluting, gentle voice. "Cap'n Blandin' belong me long time now."

"You mean that hulk in there is—? You mean you've been taking care of him? All these years?"

"Suppose man love, can live, Mista Bishop," said Kin Yen softly. "Suppose man hate, can also live. Not love, not hate—have nothing then: must die." He tapped his chest lightly with the stem of his bamboo pipe. "Pretty soon now Kin Yen finish," he explained. "Must tell Cap'n Blandin' first where gold come from."

"You mean you *know*, Kin Yen?"

"Know long time now." Kin Yen took two small steps. All at once they realized the rain had ceased, because the stillness was intense. "You remembah good, Mista Bishop. Tonleia name. Balinese girl. Tonleia Kin Yen's woman. Cap'n Blandin' kill. Kill Kin Yen's man-child, too; Tonleia have inside." The Chinese blinked his eyes. His wizened face remained emotionless. "Suppose Kin Yen tell Cap'n Blandin' where gold come from—Evil will destroy self, just like lady say. Then Kin Yen all alone. Have nothing left." He tapped his bony chest again. "Gold come from Yuba City. California-side. My brother send. Six piece, no more. Cap'n Blandin' find. I trade him for gin; put back in copra sack again. Long time now. Maybe tell tonight."

The girl made a throttled, gasping sound. The liner's tender wailed more urgently.

"G'by, lady. G'by, Mista Bishop."

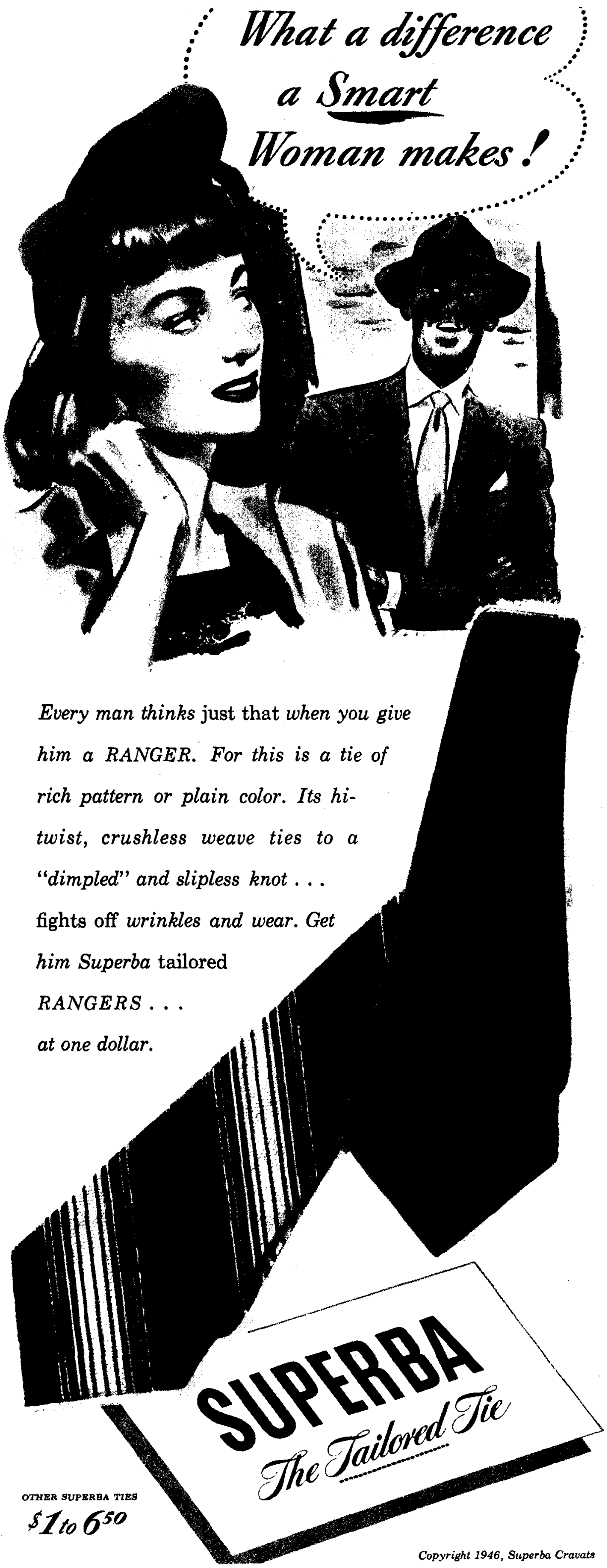
"Goodby, Kin Yen."

THEY were silent in the cockpit. The moon was rising behind broken cloud-shapes, flinging crimson slivers at the dark lagoon; the tender's rushing wake was a phosphorescent pathway boiling back to Palandang. That's when they heard the pistol shot, a loud, clear, single burst of sound. In the strengthless hand of Kin Yen the whip of two thongs had struck back, solving the golden riddle for Bull Blanding in his own eternity. Kin Yen had nothing left.

"I'm sorry," John Bishop murmured, very close beside the girl. "I didn't take you to Kin Yen's for that—"

"I know." She didn't stir. She didn't turn her head. "Wait until we get to sea, John. Ask me then."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE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TEX KNOWS THE PITCH

Continued from page 21

strength first off. If you know his strength, then you know his weakness and he's no trouble to you. You've got to remember his highs and lows and you keep a couple of tricks up your own sleeve and give him what he doesn't like.

"The pinball machines are the same way. They're a challenge. You can't throw a strike past a hitter or throw a saddle on a pony without putting in effort either. Every horse is different, every batter's different and so is every machine. Once you know the machine's peculiarities you have it licked. Just like the hitters. Get a pitch one inch off your target on the plate and a hitter will kill it."

A Second Guess on the Series

There can be no argument that Hughson has the opposition licked, despite the whacking to which he was subjected in the fourth World Series game with the Cardinals last October, after he had held them handily in the first game. There are some who insist that if Tex had been the Red Sox relief pitcher in the eighth inning of the pay-off game, instead of Bob Klinger, Boston would have the world's championship.

Hughson can be evaluated by riffling the pages of the record book, which shows that he has been superlative in his five years with the Red Sox.

In 1942 he led the American League with twenty-two victories and tied for first place in strike-outs. In August, 1944, when he entered the service, he had the highest winning percentage. Last season he won twenty games again, but his percentage wasn't high, with eleven losses. Dave Ferriss, his teammate, won twenty-five and statistically rode herd on Tex as Boston's leading chucker.

Numbers often are cold and misleading. Hughson didn't score his twentieth triumph until two days before the season's end, or a full week after Ferriss had earned his twenty-fifth. But Manager Joe Cronin had made it patently if not verbally clear on September 13th, the day the Red Sox clinched their flag, that Hughson would be his man in the vital opening Series game.

"Tex is the one we've got to thank for this," Cronin said. "I gave him all the tough ones. He pitched the day games after the night games when I knew the fellows would be tired and needed a quick win. He had the control, stuff and savvy to make them short. Tex was a big help."

Hughson agrees. Before the clincher he had said in a simple declaration of faith in Hughson, "Get me one run and I'll beat the hell out of them and stop this nonsense." They did and he did.

Tex won't insist he's the best pitcher in the game, but he won't deny it either. He's like a stud-poker player with aces backed up, who sits quietly by while the other players bet, and then calmly annexes the pot. He's not bluffing.

Hughson of the town of Kyle, Texas, can recite by rote: "Texas is the United States bounded on the south by Mexico and the Gulf of Mexico and on the north, east and west by suburbs." If you talk to him long enough you suspect he feels he is the Red Sox surrounded by a catcher, four infielders and three outfielders.

The suspicion may even arise that Hughson is a six-foot-three-inch bundle of handsome, Hollywood-fodder conceit. Texans are not conceited. They are confident, proud and loyal. That's Hughson, whose nose takes a confident tilt that borders on the haughty. He's also stubborn, analytical, garrulous about himself, self-assured, and that self-assurance is reflected in the way he takes charge of a ball game when he's on the mound.

He was in his second season with the Red Sox when he told Catcher Johnny Peacock, "When I go out there, Johnny, it's my ball game. I've got the whip and I'm the guy who's going to snap it. I'm in charge."

In the not-too-genteel circle known as the big leagues, players have been known to give the back of their hand and a ready lip to a teammate who's a blowhard. Ted Williams is a case in point. Hughson, however, is enormously popular because, if he never belittles himself, neither does he disparage his teammates.

When Tex loses, he may rationalize the defeat, but he'll not alibi for it or seek to place the burden elsewhere.

Were Hughson truly arrogant, he would have had sufficient reason last season to take positive action against his mates, who treated him with such shameless neglect that any court in the country would have found them guilty of nonsupport. Tex was the Patsy of the Red Sox. They were prodigal with their runs for all other pitchers, but became Scrooges for Hughson, whom they supported with three runs or less a game in nineteen games, while Tex was pitching well enough to limit the opposition to three or less in twenty-two contests.

Of Hughson's twenty victories, no less than six were shutouts, more by necessity than choice. He beat the Yankees, 1-0, in a key game in late May when the pennant was still in the grab bag. Between June 12th and June 25th, the Red Sox went into a swoon, and the Yankees began to flex their muscles in a manner that would have been more than setting-up exercises had not Hughson won three of the four games the Red Sox snared of the fourteen they played.

On June 16th, Tex whipped the White Sox with a yield of one run, after the Bostons had dropped three straight. They didn't win again until the 21st, when Tex bested Bob Feller in a 1-0 duel to stop his team's four-game spin. On the 25th he straightened them out again by stopping Detroit, 1-0, to yield a total of eleven hits in his three winning efforts on the trip.

By early September, the Red Sox needed one victory to clinch the flag, but lost six straight on a trip in which ten cases of their victory champagne had to be lugged unopened through three cities.

Two Hits, One Run—Champagne

Finally in Cleveland, Cronin chose Hughson as his pitcher in a practical move to keep the grape palatable. The Red Sox, with a tremendous effort, produced two hits, which Tex made stand up for another 1-0 win and the flag.

"The pennant couldn't have been won more appropriately than with Hughson the winning pitcher," Cronin said in a masterpiece of apt analysis.

The night before the Series started in St. Louis, Cronin continued to withhold the name of his opening pitcher. Presumably, not even the appointed athlete himself knew. "Whoever it is will know he's the pitcher when Larry (Coach Larry Woodall) hands the ball to him tomorrow," Cronin stated blandly. "Why make the man lose a night's sleep with excitement and concern?"

Had Cronin looked in the lobby of the Hotel Chase, he would have seen Hughson in the center of a circle of baseball men discussing the Cards, the Series and tensile Tex.

"They can't do no more than beat me," Hughson said. "I've been beat before and I'll be beat again. But there's one thing I know—I'll beat any team more than it will beat me, because I'm too good a pitcher for most teams. I'm a better pitcher than most other pitchers and I'm a better pitcher than most other fellows are hitters."

Hughson finds it relatively simple to persuade himself he ranks with the best pitchers in baseball because his conviction is based on his major-league record, which shows a .658 winning average. It is built on a sound foundation of pitching theory, which Tex has translated into fact with his aggressiveness, a live fast ball, an amazing variety of stuff, a strong arm which can absorb an inordinate amount of punishment and needle-threading control.

Rudiments for Rookie Hurlers

If Tex were an instructor laying out the curricula of study for strong-arm youths desiring to earn their bread and butter out of baseball, his first lesson would be devoted to (a) the fast ball, (b) control and (c) the curve. For really serious students, there would be a postgraduate course roughly termed "experimentation."

When a pitcher is young he can get by with a fast ball and little else. As he moves into swifter competition, the batters he faces are less inclined to swing at anything on which they can't lay the fat of their sticks. They'll wait and walk.

If our student has aptitude to go with his speed and control and has developed a curve ball, he'll be spotted by a big-league bird dog and spend the next few years of his virile youth traveling in a lower berth and sleeping in hotels that change the sheets for each new guest.

At this stage, muscles and red blood corpuscles must meet and mingle with gray matter or, in the words of a song from the New York Baseball Writers Association show: "Sic transit gloria; he wound up the year in Peoria."

There's where experimentation comes in. Translated into baseball expression, it means "stuff," a variety of pitches that fool the hitter. Hughson, the pitching theorist, doesn't advocate waiting until a man is ready for the scrap heap before adopting some trick delivery that will postpone his departure for the bus circuit.

"If you add the extras when you don't need them," Tex says, "you'll have time enough to master new deliveries and the opportunity to discard some that can hurt you more than they help you. When a pitcher's far gone and he has to scrape through the junk heap for trick stuff, then it's really too late."

Tex practices the theory he preaches. Baseball men generally agree that Hughson and Spud Chandler of the Yankees throw a more varied assortment of stuff than any other hurlers. With his slider, knuckler, screwball, change of pace, sinker and common garden variety of curve, Hughson has more twists than he can exhibit in his trick and fancy roping. He developed them during his last years in the minors and his first season with the Red Sox.

Mike Ryba, the golden-toothed ex-miner, who made a paying career out of his baseball versatility, which included taking turns behind the bat for the Red Sox, said, "A catcher hasn't enough fingers on one hand to use for signs when Hughson's pitching. He has to take off his glove to flash signals to cover Tex's collection."

In 1943, Hughson's worst year, he was hit on the thumb by a line drive off Jimmy Bloodworth's bat in July, and thereafter that season Tex had to be cute and clever instead of strong-armed.

"I couldn't throw my fast ball," he explained, "because my thumb pained so I was unable to grip the ball tight enough to get anything on it. I had to rely on trick stuff and managed to get through the year. But if I hadn't developed that stuff before, and had had to start experimenting after I had been hurt, I probably would have thrown out my arm and been sent down to the minors."

This is probably the only instance on record where Tex showed a halfway inclination to discount himself. The chances are Tex would have gotten by somehow without having to resort to strange serves, because of his fine control and incredible memory for detail.

Hughson has every hitter catalogued. His mental card index includes what hitters prefer what pitches and which they abhor. Red Ruffing prolonged his career with the Yankees several years by throwing not more than a half-dozen curves in a game, not hard enough to break a pane of glass, never to a hitter's strength and always to his weakness.

Tex can do the same. Control, of course, is a prerequisite and Hughson has it. Of the American League's five twenty-game winners, Tex issued the fewest number of bases on balls last season. Ferriss yielded 73 in 274 innings. Chandler gave 88 in 257 innings. Hal Newhouser's handout was 98 in 246 innings and Feller's was 152 in 370 innings. Working 280 frames, Hughson allowed 62 passes.

Couple that with the fact that Hughson recalls that Joe Gordon, then with the Yankees, reached him for a home run on a change-of-pace pitch three seasons ago and hasn't been served another such toss since, and you have the formula for victory tied into a neat package.

Whoever is Hughson's roommate on the road is certain to be subjected to several verbal replays of each game. Ballplayers invariably relive each inning of each victory, but Tex reviews also the game in which he was beaten and he does so to such an extreme that the game unfolds in a pitch-by-pitch sequence with reasons for each throw and a recapitulation of miscalculations.

Gag Man in Many Leagues

Tex is a quick man for a gag. He's remembered as such at all stopovers on his way up to the Red Sox—the University of Texas, where he received a degree in 1937; Moultrie of the Georgia-Florida League; Canton, Ohio, of the Middle Atlantic League; Scranton in the Eastern, and Louisville in the American Association.

At Louisville they recall the day Tex was scheduled to pitch against Minneapolis in the Millers' bandbox ball park. Hughson failed to appear on the field until time to start warming up. When Manager Bill Burwell asked Tex why he hadn't taken any hitting practice, Tex said with impish gravity:

"I was under the stands sitting in a telephone booth. It makes this park look so much bigger when I come out."

Hughson is the father of a four-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Dixie Ann, and a two-and-a-half-year-old son, Stanley Carleton. The Red Sox remember the boy's birthday because that was the day they were playing in St. Louis and Hughson made a brave attempt at maintaining a contained veneer.

He waited all day for a telephone call from Austin, where his wife, Roena, had gone. His impatience was beginning to show.

Word didn't come through until 4 A.M., and thereafter Tex and his roommate, Emmett O'Neill, did little sleeping.

Hughson took his regular turn on the mound the next afternoon, however, and defeated the Browns, 12-1, for his fifteenth win of the year. After the game, naturally, came the cigars.

O'Neill accepted his smoke but saw fit to lodge a slight complaint with Hughson. "Can't you arrange to have your babies born in the afternoon?" asked red-eyed Emmett.

"The afternoon's the time for winning ball games," Hughson replied. "Where I come from all babies are born in the morning. That gives the man a chance to go out and do a full day's work."

THE END

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test a suit?

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Sally Victor's luscious red cherries lend an air of sophistication to her straw calot

Do you like a change? Lilly Daché's white violets can be worn on your hat or your shoulder

BY RUTH CARSON

FANCIES FOR Spring

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
MARIAN STEPHENSON AND FLORIAN DE NARDE

OR the first time in a fashion age, hats fit on your head instead of perching. No more doll hats, precarious on the northeast corner. No more top-heavy creations, balanced up yonder. Hats fit right down on your head, and stay there.

That makes them comfortable. The only other rule of the season is becomingness. Do you look your best in a bonnet or a beret? In a bowler or a sailor? These, and plenty more, are the fashion. Hats appear in all the simple, standard shapes. They come small, medium or big, to be in scale with you.

But it's the materials and the trimmings that really make you hat-happy. Not since before the war have you seen such variety and such beauty. There are lacy, transparent straws. Beautiful rough straws and smooth ones, too. Plenty of fabrics and felts. There are lovely flowers, many of them handmade in France, all of them inspired by this exquisite handwork. There are rich imported ribbons, delicate veilings, feathers—such a lot of beautiful fixings. No wonder the milliners stuck to simple hats, the better to show them off. Take a beautiful straw in a becoming shape. All it needs is a dramatic swathe of veiling to make you a hat the boys will remember.

The new hats not only play up your entrances. They give a fillip to your exits, too, making that long-neglected rear view a part of the pretty picture. (Remember the elastics and the rib-

D[illegible] veiling and rhinestones on rough straw

I[illegible] they'll catch a man's fancy, too

bon loops, making a mess of your hair?) Now hats follow the line of your head in back. And many of them add a cascade of flowers, a swoop of chiffon, or a big saucy bow.

Here's another trick of the new hats worth encouraging, since it can give you three head fixings for one. Pick the kind of hat that, with maybe a little applied ingenuity, can have its trimming removable. You can wear the hat with. The hat without. And later tuck the trimming in your hair; or, if it's veiling, swathe your hair with it on a breezy, gala evening.

Pick a new hat, anyway, that suits you. If the men turn to admire, you've picked it right. If they turn to laugh, it's your own doing. You had every choice. ★★★

For any occasion, here's a natural straw by John-Frederics that's good from your first entrance to your last exit. (Above)

Above: Back interest again in Sally Victor's candy stripes and white violets combined in a rolled-brim confection for spring. Every girl loves a sailor. John-Frederics (left) uses delicate lace on spring straw for a completely feminine version. Or if Easter bonnet really means bonnet to you, you'll see below a new gray bonnet with a red rose on it by the same designer

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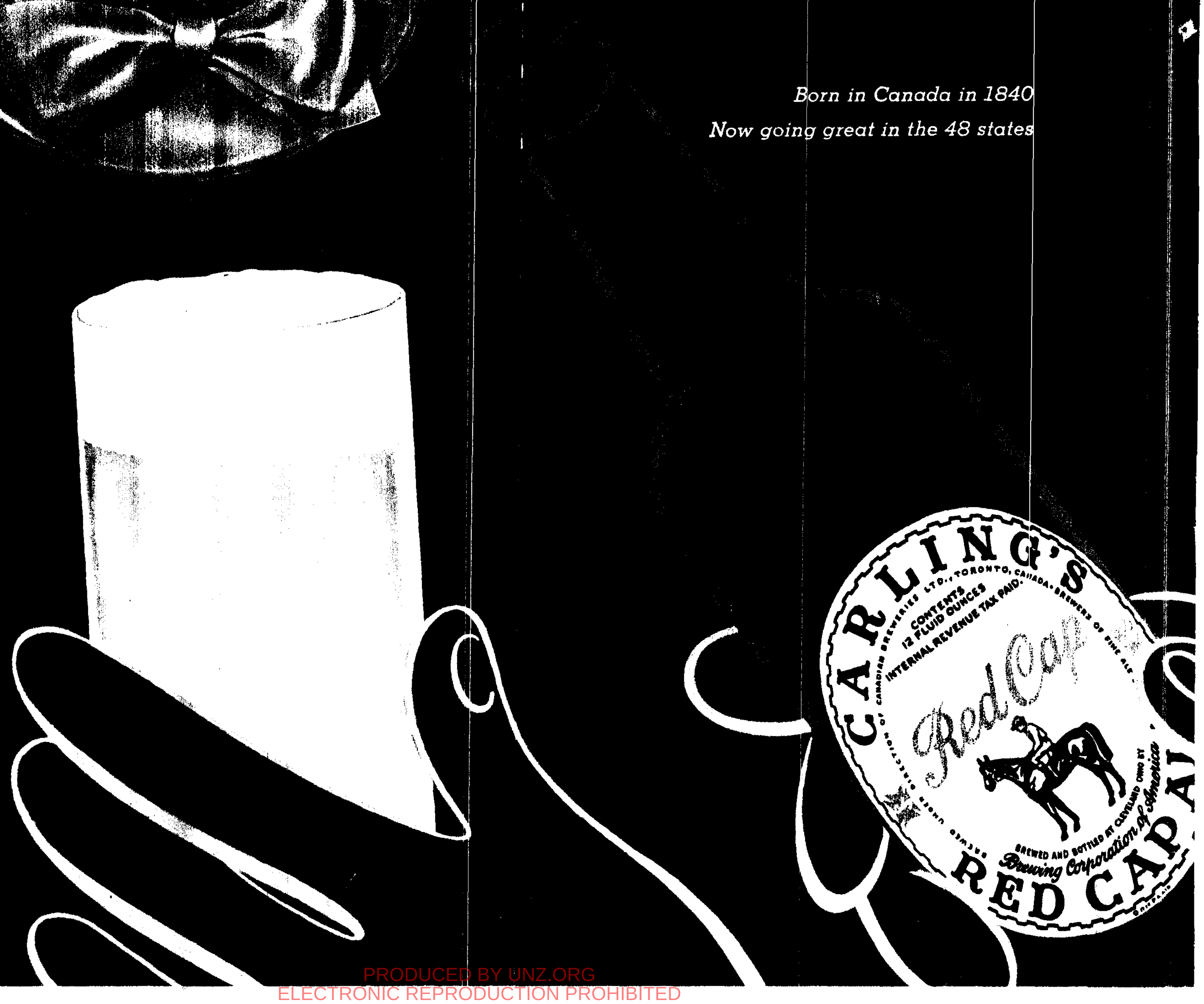
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RED CAP

IVAN IS TIRED

Continued from page 23

will be offset by far greater mechanization."

"But," we asked, "what do you expect the increased industrial population to eat while it builds the machinery with which the farms will then grow the necessary additional food?" He changed the subject. The obvious answer was that there would simply be less to eat.

Soldier Ivan, coming back from the army, was also asked to come into industry. From the moment he walked into the first railroad station *agitpunkt* (which means agitation center and is a combination reading room and information point for returning veterans), lecturers, pamphlets and posters did their best to get him into industry. "It is your duty," they shouted, "to rush into the new offensive on the labor front as you did into battle during the war."

Bad News for the Bureaucrats

In the urban areas Citizen Ivan, who had a white-collar job, began to run his finger around that collar as the state reached out for him. Word came to cut the Moscow bureaucracy by 25 or 30 per cent. We don't know exactly, because there never was a public announcement. Engineers and technicians were ordered to leave clerical jobs and go into the field. The only field open was the expanding industrial apparatus in the Urals and Siberia. There was much moaning in Moscow by people who had got used to paved streets, subways, busses, theaters and a bit of metropolitan life and were now told to go east and be pioneers. By the end of the summer this comb-out was nation-wide, and hundreds of thousands were affected.

Father and Mother Ivan felt the tap on the shoulder at about the same time. In May the Soviet government had reiterated its firm intention to abolish rationing of bread and cereals by autumn, 1946. On August 29th, Pravda announced that, because of drought and diminution of the state food reserve, bread rationing would be continued another year. On September 16th, the ration price of staple foods was raised 300 per cent, the bitterest blow the people had had since the war. A wage increase for lower categories came nowhere near making up the difference. Two weeks later, on October 1st, when the people of Moscow went to get their ration cards they found that the bread ration had been cut for everyone.

Not only had the ration been cut but the age limit of "dependents"—people who could draw rations without working—was raised from 55 to 60 years for men and from 50 to 55 years for women. Which meant that five more age groups had to find jobs or stop eating.

Even Worker Ivan, who already had a factory job, was a target of the tightening process. In July, the Labor Book, which had fallen somewhat into disuse during the war, was ordered revived by the Trade Union Center. This is a document comparable to an army personnel record, listing a man's work record from his very first job. It enables the authorities to keep close check on every worker and helps enforce the law of June 26, 1940, which forbids a worker to quit his job without his boss' permission.

The next step came in August when it was announced that most of the factories that had been evacuated to the Urals and Siberia during the war would remain there. Thirteen hundred heavy industrial enterprises had been evacuated. No one knows how many scores—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of workers rode the flatcars east with their machines. If a factory stayed in Siberia the workers automatically stayed with it.

Take an instance: The famous Kirov works in Leningrad were largely evacuated to Chelyabinsk, in the Urals. Part of the workers were being permitted to return, the remainder not. Suppose a worker frozen in his job in Chelyabinsk decides to return anyway. He can travel freely, so he gets to Leningrad. Once back he tries to live. To get a ration card he has to have a job or enough money to buy food at commercial prices, which he couldn't do for long. If he has no family with whom he can move in, he cannot get a place to stay without a job. Because people are assigned living space only by their factory or enterprise or by the local authorities.

He might try to rent a room illegally—if he had enough money—but would then face the problem of police registration; which every human being in Russia must perform within 24 hours of arrival in a strange place. In addition anyone moving to Moscow or Leningrad needs a special permit. Sooner or later he would be caught and would face the prospect of a two-year jail sentence for having no passport and failing to register, or of being shipped back to Chelyabinsk for six months' "corrective" work in his old factory.

The Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Andrei Vishinsky, was once quoted, before he became Vice-Minister, as saying that the Soviet government had two methods—*prinuzhdenie* and *ubyezhdenie*—compulsion and persuasion. The persuasion half was vast and deadening propaganda. Every day, every hour, Ivan was worked on by pictures and words and voices. They bellowed in his ear and chucked him under the chin, pointed with pride and viewed with alarm, frightened him half silly, made him angry and cheerful—all according to plan.

The clinching argument was that Russia had to get stronger quickly because the world was again crawling with Fascists. Even former allies, especially America, were now dominated by capitalists who hated the Soviet Union and were out to destroy it. They sent spies and saboteurs into Russia and encircled her outside.

Propaganda Causes Hysteria

The Russian people are cut off completely from the outside world. There is no way in which they can learn the truth about world affairs. So it was no wonder that they were blown around in circles by the unrestrained ferocity of the propaganda gale. What with the wrangling in Paris and the Bikini tests, there was no time, day or night, when Ivan was not being beaten about the head with the bogies of atomic blackmail and capitalist menace. He came, as is inevitable, to believe in them to a very large extent; and in the course of doing so he went half hysterical.

Rumors of war, of new, deadlier bombs that would turn everything to ice, of troop movements and secret orders played leapfrog through the streets. Finally Stalin at the end of September had to announce that he saw no immediate threat of war and there was, furthermore, no capitalist encirclement. Ivan went limp with relief. But five days later, on September 28th, the official Young Communist League newspaper Komsomolskaia Pravda wrote: "As long as we live in a capitalist encirclement the danger of military offensive from outside will still exist." The agitprop was doing business at the same old stand, only henceforth the language was less incendiary.

Shortage dominates Russian life today. Wages are low—the average wage is still today about 500 rubles a month;

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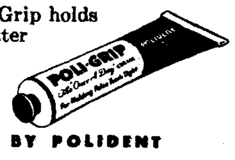

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*CITY*__________ *ZONE*_____ *STATE*______

rents are very low, while ration prices have risen. But these cover the barest necessities only. Prices in so-called commercial stores where unrationed food and consumers' goods are sold by the state are astronomical. A man's suit costs from 3,500 rubles up, a pair of shoes 1,000 or 1,200 rubles.

The average Russian is, by American standards, badly dressed, badly housed and badly fed. And the difficulties of everyday life, even though he is used to them, consume time and energy. The most characteristic sight is a queue—fifty yards long waiting at a bus stop, ten yards at a newspaper kiosk, twenty yards outside a food store. No money ever goes over the counter in a Russian store. Ivan must stand in line to pay at a cashier's booth and get a chit for which he then gets his article.

School and Hospital Conditions

Schools are crowded and work in shifts, children come home at seven o'clock in the evening, which is late night much of the year in Moscow. Hospitals are mostly old and overcrowded and would not satisfy modern American medical standards. The necessarily brusque and not infrequently defective treatment that Ivan gets deprives the otherwise admirable institution of socialized free medicine of something of its luster. Moscow is famous for its incomparable ballet and the excellent quality of some of its theater. But it's very difficult for the average citizen to get a seat—there is simply not enough room. Everything in the entertainment line is always sold out, and priority in all tickets goes to foreigners and to state and party functionaries.

Shortage has made speculation and petty crime practically universal. Speculation is the illegal barter and selling of commodities. Everyone does it, and there is not the least moral stigma to it, if it's done privately on a small scale. Women and children standing outside the Bolshoi Theater or on a Gorky Street corner with a handful of apples or a pair of socks or a pack of cigarettes aren't even bothered by the police.

Small-scale bribery is universal. Getting a pair of pants dry cleaned takes about six weeks at best. Slipping the woman behind the counter thirty rubles gets them back in one. Rationed goods are not always available. One family found that one month it could get no meat on its ration. The store to which it was attached simply had not received any. At the end of the month the meat-ration tickets were automatically devalued, and all this family could hope for was that they might get half the ration's value in sausage or chopped meat. Of course a solid token of esteem to the store manager overcomes such small difficulties.

The housing shortage has its own little rackets. I was offered a four-room furnished apartment on Gorky Street for 200,000 rubles key money. A girl I knew who lived just outside town decided she couldn't stand the train ride any more. I didn't blame her. She had a choice of being practically squashed inside, of riding on the roof or of hanging on outside and perhaps falling off, as people periodically do.

But Moscow, which has housing for about 2,000,000 people, has already swollen to 6,000,000 and no one may move to the city without special permission. The girl decided to move anyway. So she sold clothes, borrowed money, mobilized her savings and scraped together 30,000 rubles with which she illegally bought a room. Within three weeks she was discovered by the police and evicted. She lost her money. She was lucky at that. When I left Moscow, people living in the city unregistered were being given two-year jail sentences.

Murders have been committed to get rid of undesirable lodgers and sell their rooms on the black market. And the local People's Courts are jammed with interfamily feuds born almost entirely of overcrowding. As winter came with its long nights, burglaries and holdups increased. People did not go to unfamiliar parts of town, especially after dark, for fear of having their overcoats taken off their backs.

So far as the state is concerned the weariness of the average life does not matter too much in the mobilization of the people so long as this condition is accepted by everyone as normal, and unpleasant comparisons are avoided. But such comparisons cannot be avoided.

A new aristocracy has formed in the Soviet Union. The higher a man rises in the state or party hierarchy or in the army, the better his life. And that in every respect. His rations are bigger, the store for consumers' goods to which he is attached provides him with things that the average man could not buy for any price. He spends his vacation at a better resort, to which lower-ranking people have no access. He gets better medical attention if he falls ill. He may get an apartment to himself, use of an automobile, a summer house.

And the interesting thing is that as his salary goes up his cost of living goes down, because he gets permits to buy far more things at the low ration-scale prices. This has not been overlooked, and bitter jokes about the *generalshas* and *ministershas*—the generals' and ministers' wives—outweigh the official attempts to explain privileges as compensation for important services.

Army Men Have Seen Too Much

Then, too, millions of Russian soldiers have come back to the Soviet Union after having seen something of Europe for the first time, and they are tremendously impressed. One day I had occasion to talk to a young demobilized officer. We spoke German, and there was no one else around. "You know," he said, "when you consider what you see in Germany and Czechoslovakia, it makes you think."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, the neat brick houses with the tile roofs, the room the people had to live in, the kitchens and the bathrooms. And not only for the rich in the big cities, but for the ordinary people, too, in the villages. It makes you think."

The party cannot tolerate that anyone have such thoughts. It must mobilize Ivan's mind as it has his body for the Five Year Plan.

To make sure that Ivan has only the proper food for thought, the party harnessed and completely overhauled every possible agency through which human beings communicate with other human beings. Art, music, literature, the press, motion pictures, radio were co-ordinated. Librarians, athletes, dancers, circus clowns, teachers, lecturers, book publishers, jazz-band leaders were informed that they were in the front line of the ideological war between the Communist and bourgeois ways of life. Art for art's sake, sport for sport's sake were impossible bourgeois delusions. Everything had to have a political purpose—to encourage optimism and enthusiasm, devotion to the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist doctrine.

There is no doubt that this incessant propaganda is having its effect. Ivan will soon again be as isolated from the world as he was before the war. The wartime alliance will be forgotten. But Ivan today is not the man he was 20 years ago. It remains to be seen whether the Soviet state will be able to awaken for the fourth Five Year Plan even a shadow of the enthusiasm that helped it launch the first. It may well be that the one great obstacle the men in the Kremlin will not be able to overcome is Ivan's longing for a good life, a life of his own.

THE END

SLUMP IN THE SUN

Continued from page 17

thin-skinned group of people. They assure you conditions are much better than last year, and express a hope that you won't say anything disparaging about their beautiful city. Just what they are worried about is hard to understand. They operate in a man-made paradise that is going to attract trade as long as there is one man in the world who hates snow and sleet. One man with money.

No matter what anybody tells you, it is no winter resort for a poor man. Why they try to disprove this is beyond me. In a series of articles for a Miami paper, a reporter announced with great satisfaction that stories about Miami spending were exaggerated. "There are lots of places at ten dollars a day," wrote the reporter triumphantly. Since this is ten dollars a day for room alone and the ordinary individual appreciates a dab of sustenance in addition, it can be seen that the Beach is no hide-out for the impecunious. As a matter of fact, there are few ten-dollar accommodations. The most ordinary room, single, in the most ordinary hotel will run to $15 a day without meals. At the better places the rates run from $20 to $40 a day for a room.

Don't Expect Cheap Hotel Rooms

This is not a rap at Miami Beach. The rates have always been high and they have been well publicized. If you can't pay the price you're going to find it uncomfortable in that setting. Nothing is worse for the nervous system than a $35 room when you were expecting to pay $5. The hotel skyline is an impressive sight and if everybody builds a hotel who has plans for a new hotel, somebody may conceivably lose a lot of money in the future. They have 332 establishments now but none in the colossal style of New York or Chicago. The most profitable type runs to a hundred and fifty rooms.

What everybody in Miami Beach is concerned about is the future. They think it's going to be all right but they worry. In the last two years, 120 hotels on the Beach have changed hands. Is this good or bad? No real hotel man with national experience will touch the Beach; the chains aren't geared for such seasonal operation. The new owners come from every profession but hotelkeeping and have no intention of running their own places. They lease them to men who are willing to gamble on a good season.

Since the first and last years' rentals are commonly posted in advance, some leases on comparatively modest hotels (a hundred and fifty rooms) have brought as high as $350,000 for two years. The temptation is great to jack up rates as high as the traffic will bear. If the bubble bursts, the lessors merely take it on the lam, the owners get their properties back and the game starts over again. People with regard for the future of Miami Beach are not pleased with the situation but there is nothing they can do about it.

The season at Miami Beach has been getting longer every year and there is now a campaign to make it a year-round resort. Before the war they were getting a lively summer trade from Alabama and Georgia and they're breaking their necks to get conventions in the off months. The same room that rents for $20 in the winter may go for as low as $3 or $4 in the summer.

They can show statistics to prove that their summer weather is cooler than Washington or Boston but it is generally agreed that Miami is after all in the semitropics and only mad dogs, Englishmen and summer tourists would think of going out in the noonday sun of a Miami Beach July day.

They may eventually get the year-round trade but most Miamians themselves head for the North Carolina mountains in the summer, and the good hotels close on the first of May.

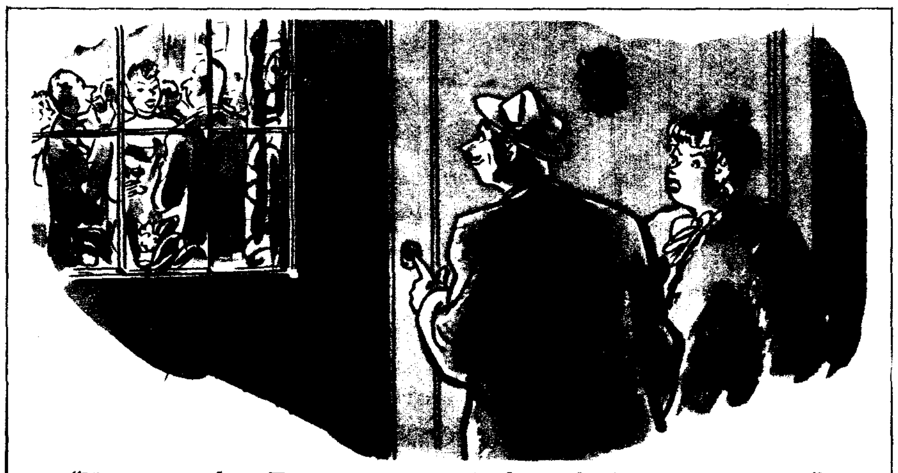
Naturally they had the usual hilarious gambling excitement this year. This was the result of a decision by Judge George E. Holt lifting an injunction on the Sunny Isles Casino. The judge said it was strange that nothing was ever done about gambling until the waning days of the winter season and then only in the form of injunction suits. He added that gamblers could be prosecuted under existing laws and socked in jail. Violations of an injunction, on the other hand, would mean only a fine and maybe loss of liberty but it carried no stigma to it and would not cause loss of citizenship. The gambling joints in Dade County opened up like happy little rosebuds immediately thereafter.

This so aroused the indignation of Assistant County Solicitor John C. Wynn that he resigned and uttered a blast saying that "crime is the biggest business in Dade County." He added that he didn't agree with people who believed that for Dade County to prosper it was necessary that it be a "harbor for criminals from throughout the country and that crime and lawlessness be rampant."

What was worrying Miami Beach insiders was not the gambling houses but the bookmakers. These gentlemen operate from the newsstands in practically every Beach hotel and are reputed to pay as high as $50,000 a season for the privilege.

There was grave danger this year of an armed vendetta because outsiders insisted on muscling in on the trade. This was ironed out before machine guns became active along Collins Street but it remained a situation.

There are elements in town who con-



"Now remember, Everett, you promised to take just one too many"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

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tend that gambling will eventually ruin Miami Beach—and just as vociferous ones who maintain that a high-class resort town without gambling is an anomaly. The latter group holds that Miami Beach would be a deserted village if gambling were eliminated. It is asserted by competent authorities that if a cordon were thrown around Twenty-third and Collins and all members therein removed to concentration camps, crime would automatically cease in America.

This may be an exaggeration but it is plain to an outsider that the gentry are on hand en masse. Obviously they couldn't operate without protection and that protection must start with the municipality, include the county boys and cut in the state enforcement authorities. It has been established that all gambling in the region is in the hands of the "Syndicate," a mysterious grouping of illegal operators who have rather neatly tied up the country. By a series of interlocking directorates they control Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, New Orleans and New Jersey. It can be said for them that they have brought serenity to a lawless profession.

How they can be broken up is another matter. From a moral point of view, the business is hilarious to a degree. Internal Revenue men take their stations every night in the gambling joints to make sure the federal government gets its share of the profits. They are not concerned with the illegality of the proceedings; that is a matter for local law enforcement.

Palm Beach Won't Spend Crudely

Lest I be accused of centering too exclusively on Miami Beach I have had one of my operatives who owns a swallow-tailed coat working around Palm Beach. He reports that there is very little starvation in that region. He ventures to add that the Palm Beach set lacks inventiveness in their lavishness. There are the same imposing yachts and villas but their spending is far too demure and polite. They retreat from Bradley's with gratitude at being permitted to leave their money behind.

The Miami Beach crowd, even in this same year, gamble for keeps and with an ardent desire to break the bank. Crude but vital.

Summing up, it would seem that Miami Beach is in no danger of dissolution. In truth they had a good year and will continue to have them. The Miami Beach Information Bureau, headed by the estimable Mr. Tom F. Smith, was issuing manifestoes throughout January assuring all concerned that things were in good shape.

Lincoln Road was happy, the hotels were elated, the banks were bulging. It was admitted that spending was not plentiful or "easy in movement" but this was regarded as a healthful sign. It mentioned that cabdrivers, waiters and bellboys were disgruntled and I can testify to the accuracy of this. One sad cabdriver told me he had made only $14 in four days; a young lady who drove a cab admitted a week's take of only $20. The cigarette girl at a night club confided that she was lucky to get fifty a week this year, while she reaped as much as two hundred a week last year. Bellboys who had known the crisp comfortable feel of a five-dollar bill were now bowing thankfully over a four-bit piece.

But best of all in Mr. Smith's report was the tidings that garbage collections were up 16 per cent. This seemed to prove the case beyond all peradventure. Miami Beach was doing all right.

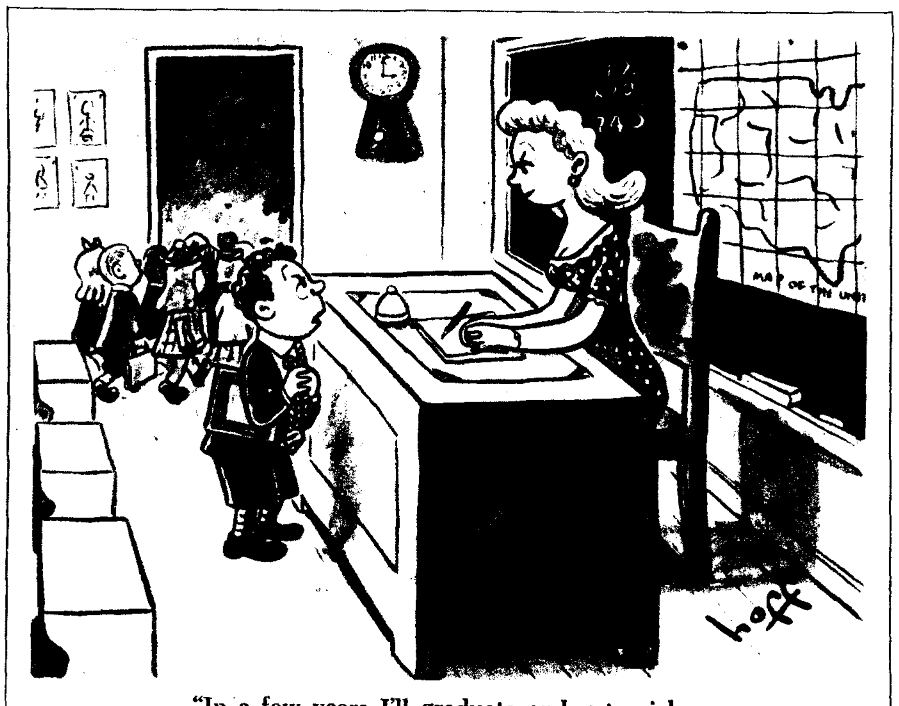
The Homes By the Lagoons

Of course it is always going to do all right unless the world becomes topsy-turvy and the weather changes. There is another Miami Beach quite apart from the hotels and the gamblers and the night clubbers; this is the residential Miami Beach, the wealthy folk living in the beautiful homes on the beautiful lagoons and waterways.

The constructors of Miami Beach were canny people. They refused to build an island on which the only water front would be the ocean. They put waterways everywhere, with the result that practically every home is on the water front. The people who live in these white palaces have their fun at the Surf and Bath clubs and at the Indian Creek club. They are wealthy, they are exclusive, they would probably think a bookmaker somebody in the publishing trade.

They will continue to come as long as there is a Miami Beach and the sun shines. They will be joined by the more raucous crowd that likes a sure thing at Hialeah or Tropical Park. I have considered the matter at some length and feel there is really nothing to worry about. It is hardly likely in our lifetime that Miami Beach will revert to a mangrove swamp. However, it must never be forgotten that the jungles have a way of creeping up. I'll be down in about five years to give a report on the situation. Personally, I find the climate much too hot in winter. I'm a skier at heart.

THE END



COLLIER'S

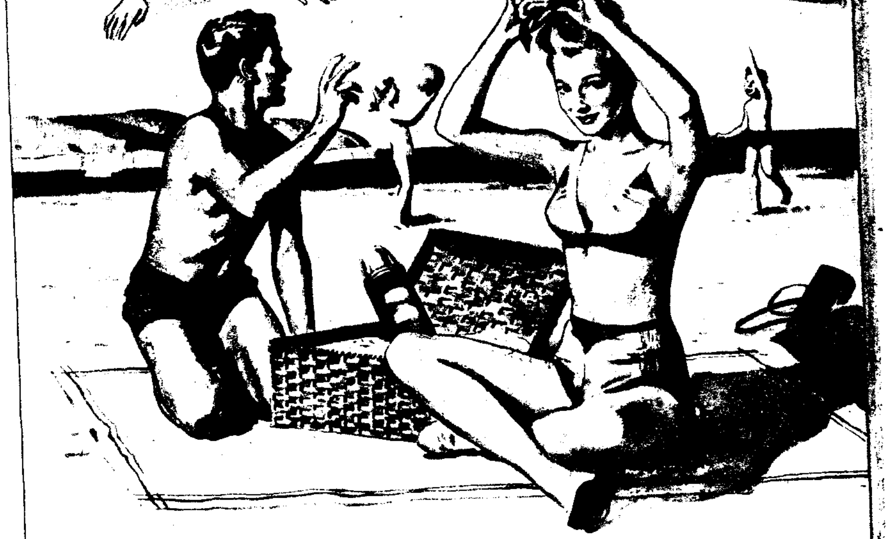
"In a few years I'll graduate and get a job. Dare I ask you to wait for me, Miss Kelly?"

SYDNEY HOFF

JUST LOOK WHERE WE'RE GOING THIS SUMMER IN COOL

Southern California

To the mountains... some still wearing their snow caps... trout streams spilling riotously down to brilliant lakes. We'll ride and sail and swim... smell pine needles and wood smoke... and every night sleep soundly under blankets.



To the ocean... to jump in the big Pacific rollers, glide down the waves on a surfboard, relax under an umbrella or soak up sun on warm sands. We'll sail to a beach-fringed island, watch fish like zebras or new gold pieces from a glass-bottom boat. We'll try sport-fishing for the big ones... and at night soar through a neon-lighted fun zone or sing old songs around a beach fire.

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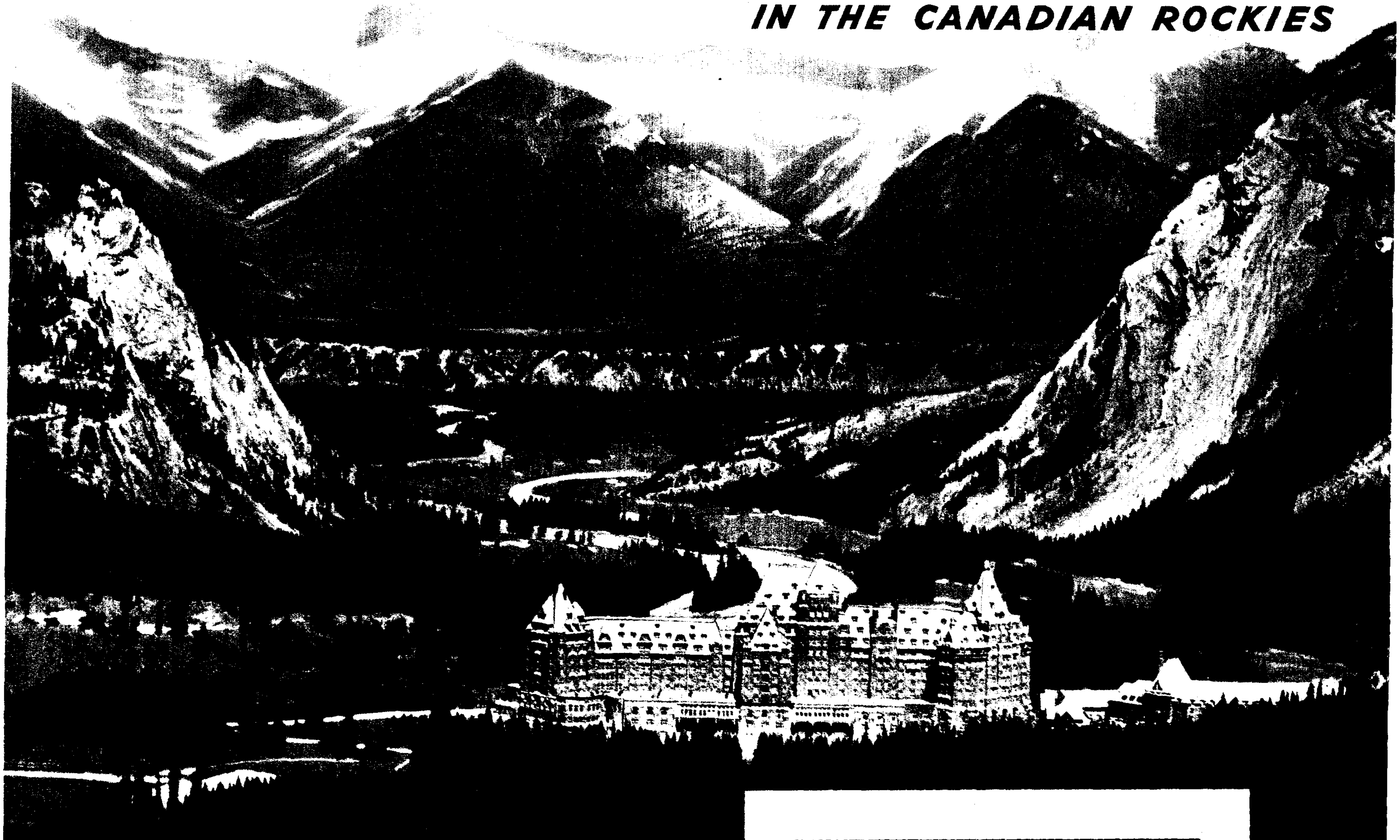

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SPANS THE WORLD

TO THE VICTORS

Continued from page 15

papers on board, then take the boat some place up the coast and beach it."

"Just like that," Adamson said. "What's it worth?"

For the first time Mr. Mortens was given pause. "I thought you might perhaps like the boat to keep?"

Adamson half smiled, half sneered. "I have an idea that it's likely to be kind of shot up by the time you're through with it."

"That is why I wanted someone like you," Mr. Mortens said, "that could manipulate such a boat so that it would not suffer too great harm."

Adamson shook his head before the man was finished. "I'm afraid I'll settle only for cash—on the barrelhead."

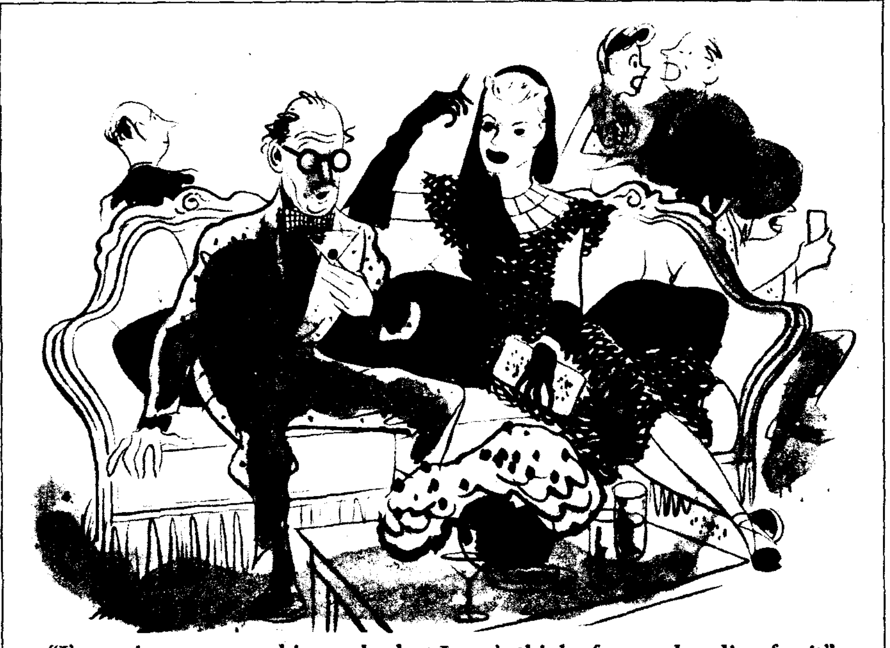
"How much?"

"I asked you what it was worth."

Mr. Mortens pursed his lips. When they were both silent, Miss Beaumont said, "You were thinking in terms of about two thousand, weren't you, Mr. Mortens?"

He turned on her, as though surprised, "Well, it depends."

Adamson, who had been thinking of about five hundred dollars, said, "That would be about right."



"I've written my autobiography but I can't think of a good ending for it"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Mortens agreed to pay half the money when they met that afternoon to discuss a plan and the other half when they were clear of the breakwater. Taking Miss Beaumont by the arm he left Adamson.

This job was nothing he cared too much for, but Adamson needed the money, and he knew it would feel good to get behind the wheel of a PT again. He wondered if the man had actually obtained one and, if so, how its identity could have been concealed from the harbor authorities.

HIS thinking took a somber turn for the rest of the morning, as he considered in various forms how ironic it would be if he were killed helping save someone's papers after having escaped the threat of death so often in the Pacific.

He walked on the esplanade in the hot afternoon sun. Under the wall on the harbor side, the boats of the native party-boat fishermen rocked against the moorings. Stone steps led down into the water every thirty yards, and barefooted fishermen squatted near each step, eyes searching for tourists. Just inside the harbor mouth lay the two gunboats, old in design but neatly kept, the farther one with its forward gun uncovered and trained on the entrance.

He walked back and along the docks. The little waves of the yacht basin shimmered more now, and Adamson knew the sun was lower. Finally he saw it, moored under a wooden dock, a canvas sign in English and Spanish hung over it. The English read: *Party boat. Catch barracuda, sailfish, grouper. Catering to Americans.* The boat had been painted white with buff trim. It was the smallest length of PT, 56 feet. There was no sign it had ever mounted a gun. Even the lines had been changed some, with the plywood shield replaced by glass. Adamson recalled with grim humor the youngster who, thinking the shield was metal, had crouched behind it on his first mission, when the plane had strafed them. Now the only telltale sign to the layman was how low the stern rode in the water—that big engine was still there.

He looked at the craft, a host of memories flooding him—of death given and barely evaded, of drifting down on the Jap barges at night, of the thud of depth charges as they raced away, the water behind them a white fury. In back of him now the girl said, "I see you found it."

He turned, perhaps a little quickly. "It wasn't hard to find. It would be hard to forget those lines." He looked fully at her for the first time, seeing she was young—younger than himself. In her face, her voice, her manner, he detected that certain mark of strain, which he had seen so often in the women of the services. But in this girl he was not sure whether this subtle tension was leaving or returning. The eyes were wide, if a little uncertain, and repeatedly left and returned to his own. Something possessed him to say, "Where's your friend?"

"Mr. Mortens, you mean? He's not my friend. I'm his secretary. An agency in Mexico City got me the job."

"Americans can't get jobs through agencies in Mexico City."

She colored. "I'm his secretary. If you want to think otherwise, you can." She started to turn away.

"Wait," he said. "I'm sorry. It just seemed rather strange to find you here."

"Why any more strange than your being here? You're not the only ex-sailor who got sea fever again."

"Look," he said, "couldn't we have a drink someplace?"

She looked at him a moment before answering, making no attempt to be free of the hand he laid on her arm. "Not this afternoon. Maybe tomorrow we could have one."

"You think it'll be as simple as that?" he said.

She looked at him again, her expression changing as though by design. "You're not worried?"

He looked at her tolerantly. "Not by anything like those gunboats. Is there something else?"

"There might be."

"You knew Glidden?" he said.

"Not well."

"You knew why he was down here?" Adamson said.

"For his health, he said."

Adamson nodded. "He cracked up. Went through The Slot too many times at Guadalcanal even before they moved north."

"We tried to get him to do this job for Mr. Mortens, and he said he might when he came back from Mexico City."

HE LOOKED at her, trying to read her face, but couldn't. "What's the deal here?" he said.

"Just what you were told. If it's something else, I don't know either. By the way, this is for you." She gave him a long envelope. Sunlight glanced off the water and temporarily blinded him. He put the envelope in an inside pocket.

"What time tonight?" he said.

"About ten."

"Here?"

"No, by that third set of stone steps that leads down to the water from the esplanade."

"How are you going to get there unnoticed with all the racket that motor'll make?"

"We're to be towed there. Then when you do start the motor up, it'll be that much nearer the harbor mouth."

Adamson respected them for that idea. "Are you staying ashore or coming along with your friend?"

She hesitated this time but did not color. "I'll probably go out with you."

"And board the yacht with him?"

"No—come back with you."

He supposed it was a calculated promise, but he felt it in his blood, and his hand tightened on her arm before he released it. She was about to leave, but he stayed her again, marshaling prudence as he had so many times before, knowing clearly that prudence had never come naturally to him. "I suppose he has charts and so on."

She nodded. "Once we're free of the harbor and the close work, I think he plans to take it himself."

"And sometime tomorrow morning—if we're lucky—you and I will be on a beach between here and Tampico." His smile was humorless.

"Well," she said, "the pay is good."

"So it is," he said. "Better even than Uncle's."

He watched her go down the dock—neat, the legs quick and well made, still a hint of uniform in the lines of the linen suit she wore.

In the bar he opened the envelope and found ten one-hundred-dollar bills. Until a few weeks ago, it had been illegal to have any U.S. currency in Mexico except for two-dollar bills. He didn't suppose they had been brought down that recently, but it didn't make much difference. *"Aguardiente con soda,"* he told the barkeep. When the brandy came, he paid for it, paid for his tab, and went up to his room to try to sleep. . . .

He didn't take a drink before leaving for the esplanade, and he found he was not particularly hungry. There was a quality to this tension he had never experienced, although he could recall the times before as more dangerous enterprises. The difference, he decided, lay in his conviction of rightness those other times and the absence of it now. There

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is
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take something
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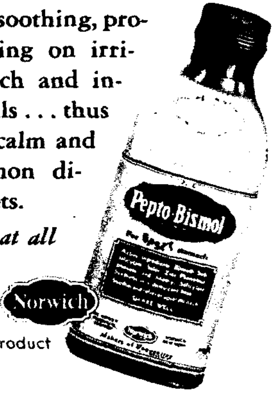

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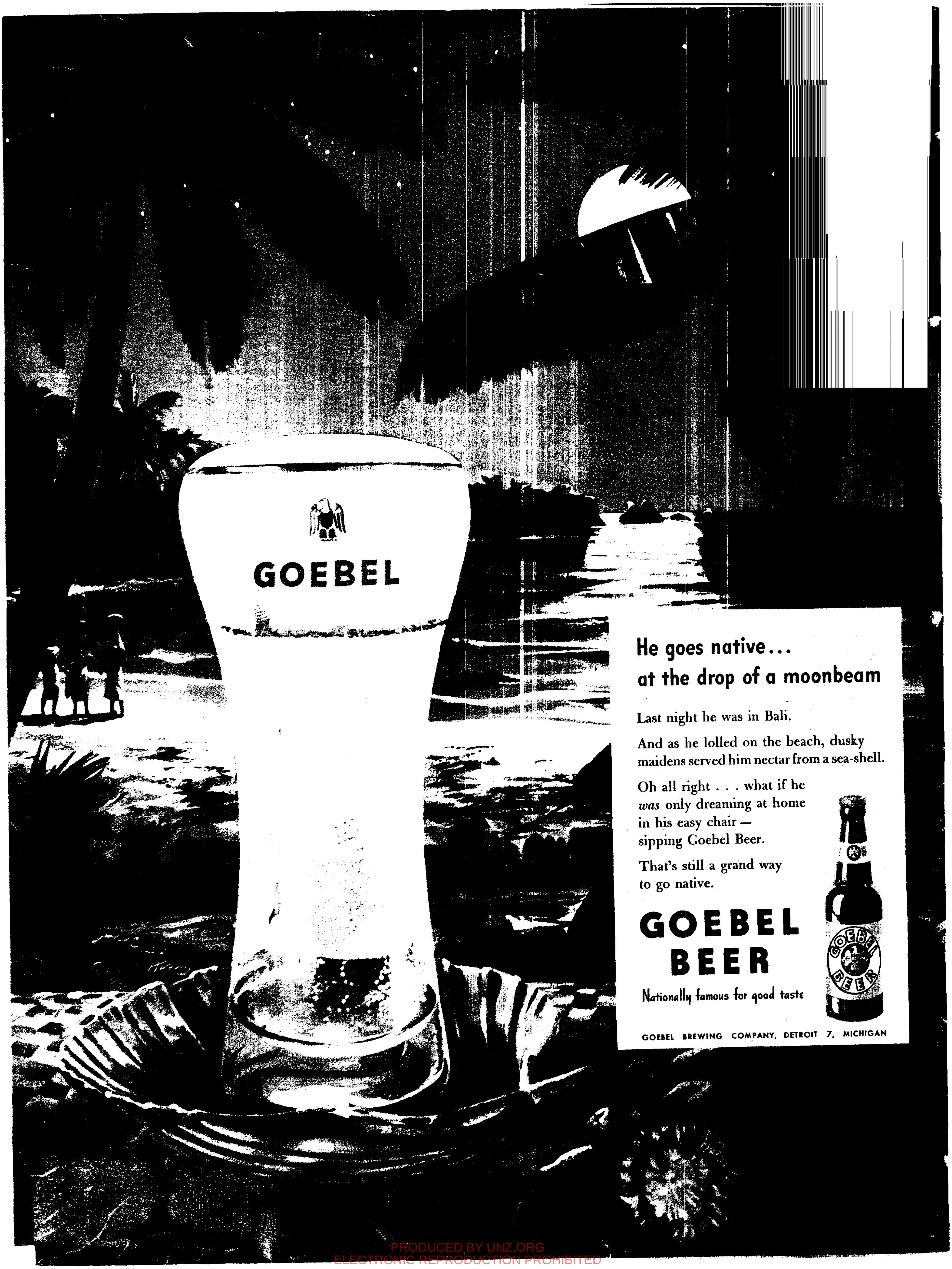

He goes native . . .
at the drop of a moonbeam

Last night he was in Bali.

And as he lolled on the beach, dusky maidens served him nectar from a sea-shell.

Oh all right . . . what if he *was* only dreaming at home in his easy chair — sipping Goebel Beer.

That's still a grand way to go native.

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was a lack of any attitude at all now, unless the possibility of acquiring money and a good-looking girl could be called an attitude.

Leaving the plaza he walked through dim streets of walls and high buildings. There was the smell of rope, of roasted coffee, of spices, and beyond that was the smell of the sea, the smell you read about when you were a kid. It had taken him to Guadalcanal to do a small part in a big job, and now it seemed to have brought him here to accept questionable money for work whose risk was without cause.

BELOW the sea wall, there was darkness where its edge cut off the granular light of the lamps along the concrete strip. Nothing moved in the pale radiance, and above the far-borne music in the plaza, there was no sound but that of the waves against the sea wall. At the third flight of steps Adamson paused. There seemed nothing below. An old tension had returned; it was as though he had been at this place—this moment in space-time—before. Then, slowly, he descended the steps.

For a moment the illusion was strong that he would continue stepping down into and under the water. Then he saw the boat, drawn close against the wall with two figures on board. The painted sign was gone, and the figures were watching him. They seemed unfamiliar until he heard Mr. Mortens' voice: "Ah, there you are, Adamson," he called softly. "We were wondering if you were coming."

Adamson saw that he had failed to recognize them because they both wore heavy clothing. At sea level Adamson began to feel the chill.

"We're all ready," Mr. Mortens said.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Adamson said. He moved over to the little cabin and put his hands on the controls. A kind of relief ran through him; he wondered if this was what he had been seeking—something long familiar, charged with memory and emotion.

Mr. Mortens had followed him there. "There is not too much hurry," he said. "Take your hand off the starter button."

"From the way you talked when I came on board," Adamson said, "I thought there was a big hurry."

"There is need enough for hurry," Mortens said, his accent thicker, "but there was some activity on the gunboat at the entrance. The harbor police noticed us when the clumsy fisherman towing us almost rammed another boat."

"And you think it's good to wait?"

"The moon will be down in another twenty minutes. Maybe you would like to study the charts meanwhile."

"I thought you were going to take it when we got outside?"

"I think it would be better if you did. I can stand by you."

Adamson moved aft. Canvas-covered boxes stood on the fantail, lashed between the two swivel chairs for fishermen. They had been at some pains, he considered again, to give the craft the appearance of a party boat. A white, folded paper lay on one of the seats. Adamson held it up in the moonlight and saw it was the local newspaper. Starting to put it down again, something about a photograph in it caught his eye, some strained quality to the face, familiar. He swung it around to catch the light of the nearest lamp and saw the face was Glidden's. The print was somewhat harder to read, but the caption over the picture was bold and easily translated. *Muerte—Dead.* The finer print underneath came hard in the bad light, with Adamson's poor Spanish. Glidden had been found shot in Orizaba. He had been an agent for the U.S. government, and an investigation was being held.

Meaning stood in abeyance over Adamson like a wall of water waiting to topple; it was as though something in his mind held it back, a reluctance to understand. Someone sighed behind him, and he turned. Mr. Mortens stood there, perhaps two paces away. "It is too bad about Glidden, isn't it?" he said.

His tone was peculiar, giving pause to Adamson. "Of course, it's bad."

"Perhaps you would like to wait now—wait indefinitely?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," Adamson said. The plain truth was just that, that he had not thought; something in him—avidity, fear, a force even more nameless, he did not know—had prevented his thinking.

"What I was going to say—" Mr. Mortens said slowly, as though trying to avoid his accent. "What I was going to say is that if you were thinking that, now it iss too late."

Meaning and anger came simultaneously to Adamson. His lunge was broken only by the girl's muffled call. "Don't. His hand." He had noticed Mr. Mortens' hand go inside the coat but remembered the empty holster as he had started to lunge. He stayed himself, one hand on a swivel chair. Small, deadly, the gun winked in Mr. Mortens' hand.

SIGNATURES

Too many names inscribed in ink
Are done by hit and miss:

Such scrawls are asinine, I think,
So I do mine like this:

—William W. Pratt

"That is more sensible," Mr. Mortens said. "You see, I am being closely pressed by both the Mexican government and your own, and I need your skill to get me out of here tonight."

"All right," Adamson said. "What do you want?"

"Take the wheel," Mr. Mortens said.

Adamson moved with new awkwardness past the canvas bales. Well, he told himself, you asked for it. It was the closest he could come to resignation, but it did not kill the anger.

As he touched and handled the controls again he wondered about the girl's part in this. She was, he decided bitterly, a good actress.

Behind him, he half saw Mr. Mortens standing. "All right," Adamson said, "you're running this party. What happens now?"

"When the motor is warmed up you will take it into the yacht basin in a wide sweep to gather speed. Coming back in a half circle you will go out the harbor mouth at the fastest possible speed."

It was a good move, Adamson conceded grudgingly. He watched the needle of the temperature gauge move slowly in the masked light.

"Cast off," he said.

"Alice," Mr. Mortens said, "perhaps you had better cast off. I must stay close to our friend here."

Feeling the craft gather power under him in a long, steady surge, it was possible for Adamson to forget his plight momentarily and experience a kind of joy. They were well out into the harbor now, and somewhere to his right a light winked. He saw they were signaling from the gunboat. "Turn now," Mr. Mortens yelled.

Gradually, Adamson brought the boat around in a long, sweeping curve. Behind them he heard a machine gun, almost muffled by the noise of the boat. Automatically he began to weave the boat. "Ah," he heard Mr. Mortens say, "that is why I wanted someone that knew about such boats."

The harbor police were after them, Adamson knew. He kept weaving, less sharply now. The moment was coming, he knew, when they would have to pass the gunboat at point-blank range. Seeing the green light on the breakwater at the harbor mouth, he strained his eyes into the darkness trying to determine where that spot was. Unless they were complete fools on the gunboat, they would have at least one gun sighted in there. If only the gunboat would fire, he thought, just to break the tension. He thought he saw the place where the gun would be sighted in. Approaching it now at something better than fifty miles an hour, he felt the old tension mounting. He saw the spot coming at him, an imaginary spot in the dark water, and just before he reached it he threw the wheel over. The boat stood on its tail and went off at right angles, parallel to the sea wall, but even as it did, the gun spoke seemingly right over his head, and the water rose almost exactly where he had known it would. He threw the wheel back again and headed at an angle out the harbor mouth and into the blackness of the sea.

The gun spoke again, and he heard a shell go overhead, but it struck so far off he could not even see the water rise. A kind of joy, a true forgetfulness had been in him, and now he turned—whether for commendation or in an attempt to share it with the others, he never knew. What he saw brought him back to reality again. Mr. Mortens had been thrown rather heavily to the deck, but was rising unsteadily, the gun still in his hand. The girl looked as though she had started toward Mortens, but now, unnoticed by him, had hesitated again. Now, Adamson told himself ironically, if you were Superman, you would have reached over and taken the gun with one hand while with the other you handled the boat.

"Listen, Mortens," he said, "there are reefs here. The ones they troll near for barracuda. You'd better come up here with those charts."

Slowly, Mortens came closer to him. "You did it purposely," he said.

"Did what?"

"Threw me to the deck."

"Don't be crazy. We'd be dead now if I hadn't pulled that maneuver."

"Very well. Only don't try it again. I will have you covered and I will be holding onto the cabin. Do not forget, I am a desperate man."

"Sure," Adamson said. "Where do you want to go?" He eased the throttle down until they barely had steerage way. The boat didn't seem to answer well. Mr. Mortens gave him fairly clear directions for avoiding the reefs. To seaward a pair of yellow lamps showed briefly.

Mr. Mortens exclaimed in relief. "Slower now," he said. "We are still not clear of the reefs."

ADAMSON found himself reluctant to approach the lights. The joy and the forgetfulness had gone, and he remembered Glidden again. Then, suddenly but calmly and with great clarity, it occurred to him that it would be to Mr. Mortens' advantage to kill him. "When will we clear the reefs?" he said.

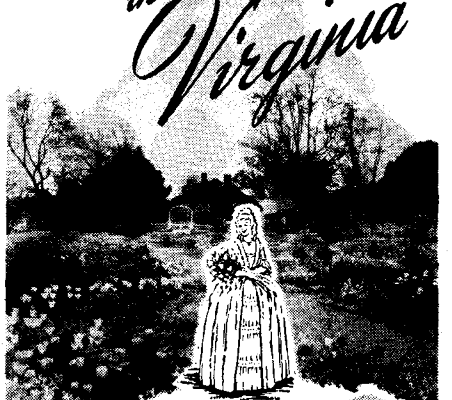
"Oh, pretty soon," Mr. Mortens said.

"And what do you propose to do then?" Adamson said.

"Then I will take the wheel."

It was the man's tone that decided Adamson, the tone of a person steeling himself for an ordeal. He would have to risk a lot of things, Adamson knew. There was a ground swell which might turn the

GARDEN TIME in Virginia



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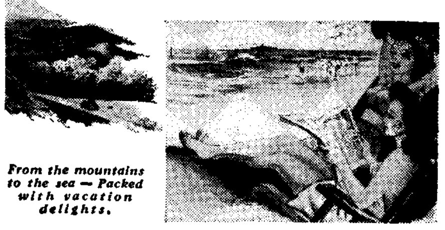

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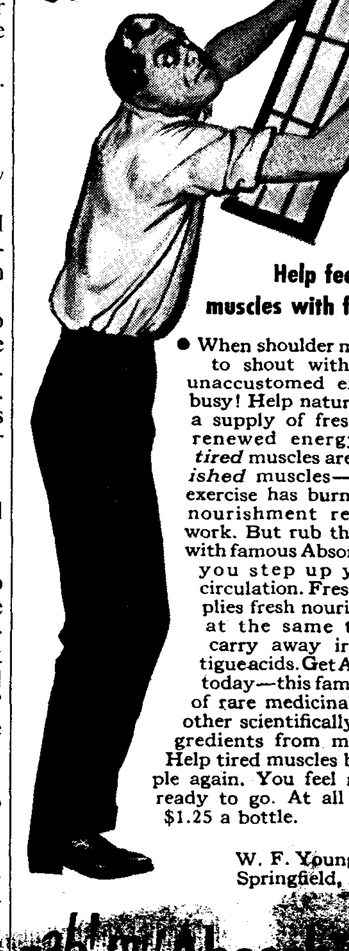

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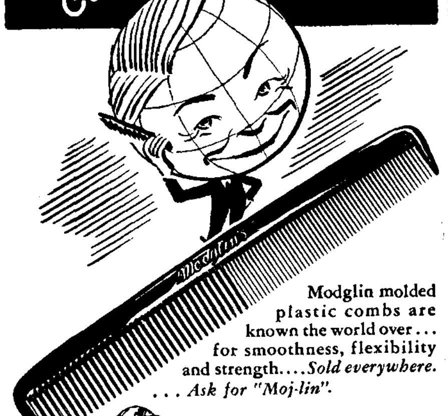

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boat over, there were the barracuda, and there was the girl, probably with Mortens. Still, no one could shoot him down like an animal when his usefulness was over. He turned to Mr. Mortens. "Look where you are going," Mr. Mortens said. "We want two or three points to starboard."

The wheel answered heavily. "I don't know whether you know it or not," Adamson said, "but they must have put a hole in us. We've shipped a lot of water."

"Not so much but what we can make the yacht," Mr. Mortens said. "That is what is important."

"And what of us?" Adamson said.

"Oh, Alice and I will go aboard and you—"

Adamson let the wheel go and turned on the man. Better this way, he thought. He saw the gun come up, the round face summon its particular kind of courage, and even as Adamson lunged, he saw the face change, go blank, twist downward in a kind of spiral. When Adamson's shoulder hit Mortens, the man was already limp, and the blow carried the body against the rail, where it hung for a moment before slipping silently overboard. Adamson found himself sprawled across the deck. Slowly he turned until he was half sitting, sensing the unreality, certain he had heard no shot.

The girl stood over him. "Get up," she said, "and take the wheel again."

He rose slowly, thinking it was a gun in her hand. Then he saw it was a fire extinguisher she held. "You ought to make up your mind," he said to her.

"My mind was made up a long time ago," she said. "You'd better take that wheel and get out of here." Her voice started to break, and he saw her sink down on a seat. His impulse was to go to her, but the boat rolled heavily. He took the wheel. The yellow lights blinked twice more to seaward. Astern were the lights of Veracruz. There was nothing to do but head inshore to the north of Veracruz. If they were lucky, they would make the shallows that everywhere jutted out from the almost tideless shore of the gulf.

He reached them after carefully nursing the boat along in the silent darkness. Perhaps a hundred yards farther in he could see the thin, white line of the waves. He cut the engine as the boat grounded gently. Dimly he could make out the girl's figure pulling at the canvas covering of one of the boxes on the fantail.

"Leave them alone," he said. "Let's get out of here before the police catch up with us. We can wade ashore, and if we're lucky we can walk along the beach back to town. I don't think it's more than two or three miles."

"No," she said, "I want to see something. To show you some papers, so you won't feel so bad."

He was tempted to say he felt no way at all except grateful to her, but he found a flashlight and moved aft. With a knife he cut a lashing and pulled off the canvas. Underneath was a metal file, locked. He took a heavy screw driver and pried it open. Most of the papers were in German, some in English and Spanish.

"Our friend must have been a German agent," Adamson said.

The girl made no answer. "Did you know?" he asked.

"I thought he might have been," she said. "What did you think he was? We were both in the Navy long enough not to have been that naïve."

ADAMSON thought of that, of Glidden dead, of the long record of deaths that must be recorded in the files. "To the victors," he said, bitterly, "belong the spoils."

She laughed, a little too high.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but if you were willing to work for him what made you change your mind?"

"I worked for him, I suppose, because the pay was good. And I changed my mind because—because of Glidden, because I couldn't see you killed there. Because I liked you."

"Oh, hell," he said.

They stood there for a moment, feeling the dead all around them, the men who had died at sea because of these files—these papers that had charted torpedo death for thousands of American troops, elaborate systems for sabotage and disaster. Glidden's presence was strong among the dead for his attempt to see that these files should never again be useful to an enemy. Even Mortens stood now among the victims of these files.

"We better get ashore and report this," Adamson said thickly.

"Report it to whom?" the girl said. "We'd both be jailed. Leave it here. It'll be found. You want to be a hero. You're not satisfied with saving your skin."

"I got more than my skin out of this."

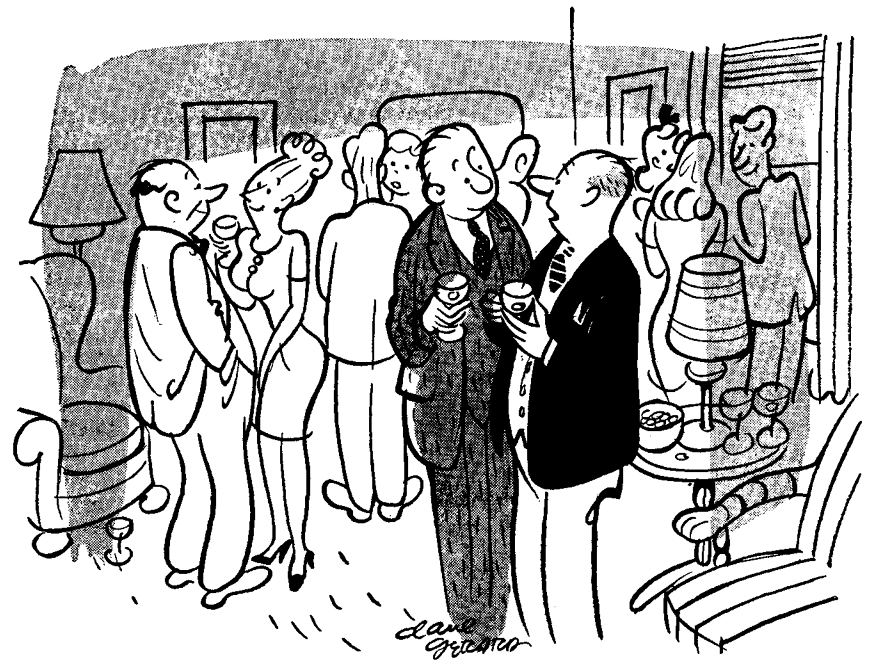
"You mean the money?" she said.

"No."

"I see."

Dropping into the warm, shallow waters of the Gulf, they waded ashore. The lights of the city boomed upward against the night sky, and they walked toward the radiance. As they walked in the heavy sand, Adamson for a moment caught her hand and held it. Walking, they began to lose their tiredness, and a lightness came over them.

THE END



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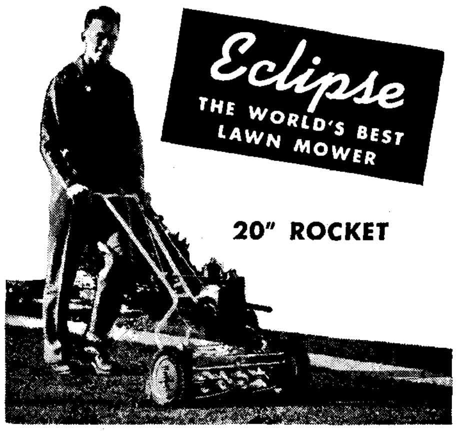

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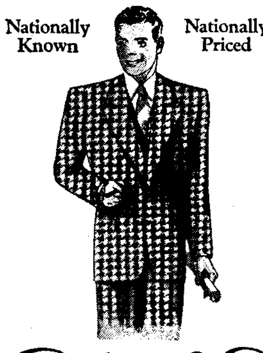

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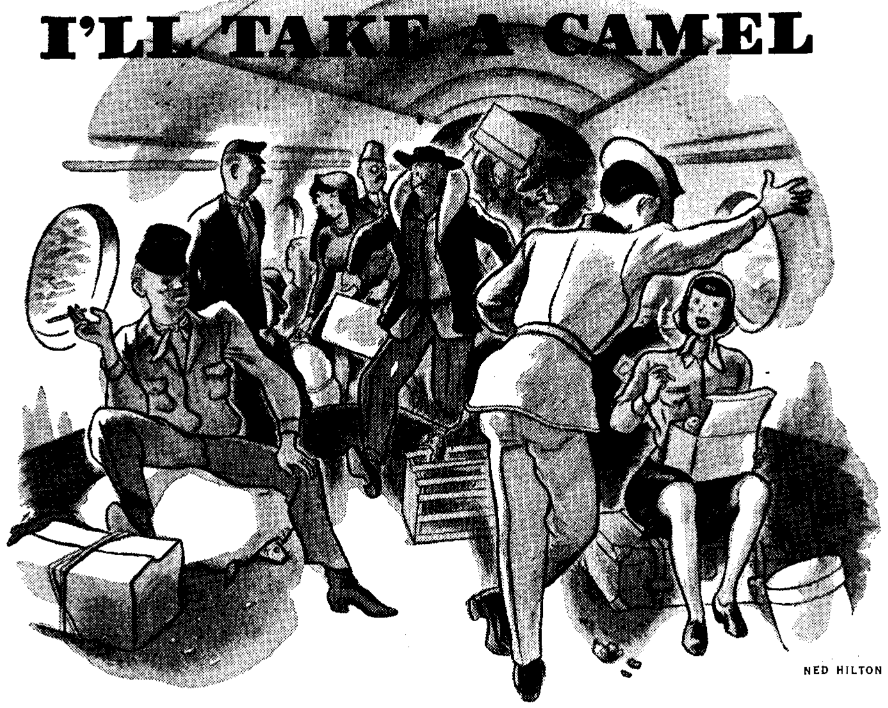


One fellow sat on a sack of dead fish . . .

BAGDAD. At last count, Iran's principal internal air lines numbered two, one run by the Russians, the other by some Persians and Americans. Christopher Columbus was a bathtub navigator, and the men who built the Union Pacific were sand-pile strategists compared with these people. They are skywriting new chapters in the history of transportation, with no hands on the controls.

Competition is sometimes keen. Not long ago one of the American executives of the Teheran line discovered that a Persian subordinate was about to sell a ticket to a dying man. Horrified, he hastily annulled the transaction, counseling his zealous understudy that such a spectacle would hardly contribute much to the peace of mind of other passengers in the air.

The Russian service is simplicity itself. No stewardess to bother you with suggestions about how to keep your stomach pinned down or instruct you how to fasten your seat belt. There are no seat belts. The Russian pilots love to make sharp quick turns.

If you're alert enough, you catch the arm of the seat and hang on. If you're not, you are imprinted against the cabin wall in a kind of centrifugal frieze.

Already the opposition seems to have figured out how to meet the Russian attraction of no seat belts. No seats. On a flight between Teheran and Abadan, I stood up, feeling a little like an angel straphanging on a cirrus cloud.

WING TALK
EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

One of the air line executives, in a burst of promotional generosity, had promised me the radio operator's stool, but two cute little Persian girls, aged four, beat me to that. A fat, jolly gentleman who may or may not have been their father leaned against the open door of the pilot's cabin reading a newspaper, and 28 other passengers and crew members were arranged in various positions throughout the ship.

One fellow sat on a sack of dead fish, a fact which he could still prove with fragrant eloquence two days later. Others perched on baggage or crouched amid little (but growing) piles of orange peel and pomegranate seeds.

Crew costumes on these operations smack of Home on the Range, with a dash of jam session added. A Russian pilot squeezes himself into the cockpit wearing a leather coat as big as a tarpaulin hatch cover, black boots and a wide-brimmed felt hat which never comes off. His American and Persian colleagues run to military trousers, sport shirts and pin-striped, double-breasted coats tailored in Cairo, usually by a Greek named John.

Nobody bullies the passengers with injunctions against smoking. Aground or aloft, everybody lights up as serenely as if the aircraft were fueled with pasteurized milk, which it may be, because nothing ever seems to happen.

Travel agents at the way stations are never hired unless their hearing is perfect. Radio communication equipment is still en route and the only way they can tell when a plane is coming is by catching the sound of the engines. Then they collect their passengers and freight and scurry out to the field. When we landed at the ancient capital of Isfahan on the flight to Abadan on the Persian Gulf, we had to wait a long time for the agent. Finally he came steaming up in a tiny station wagon and a great sweat.

"You're three hours early," he scolded the pilot, an American war veteran of 24 who had flown for the Army Air Transport Command. "Or maybe you shouldn't have come today at all. You were supposed to go to Kerman. There are eight passengers over there who have been waiting since sunrise for you to pick them up."

"Drop them a post card," the pilot replied pleasantly, "and tell them not to be impatient. My schedule calls for me to make that place next Wednesday."

While we were loading, one of the citizens explained to me that the airfield was built over a Moslem cemetery.

"Sometimes the plane hits an old grave and sinks down a little," he said. "But not often."

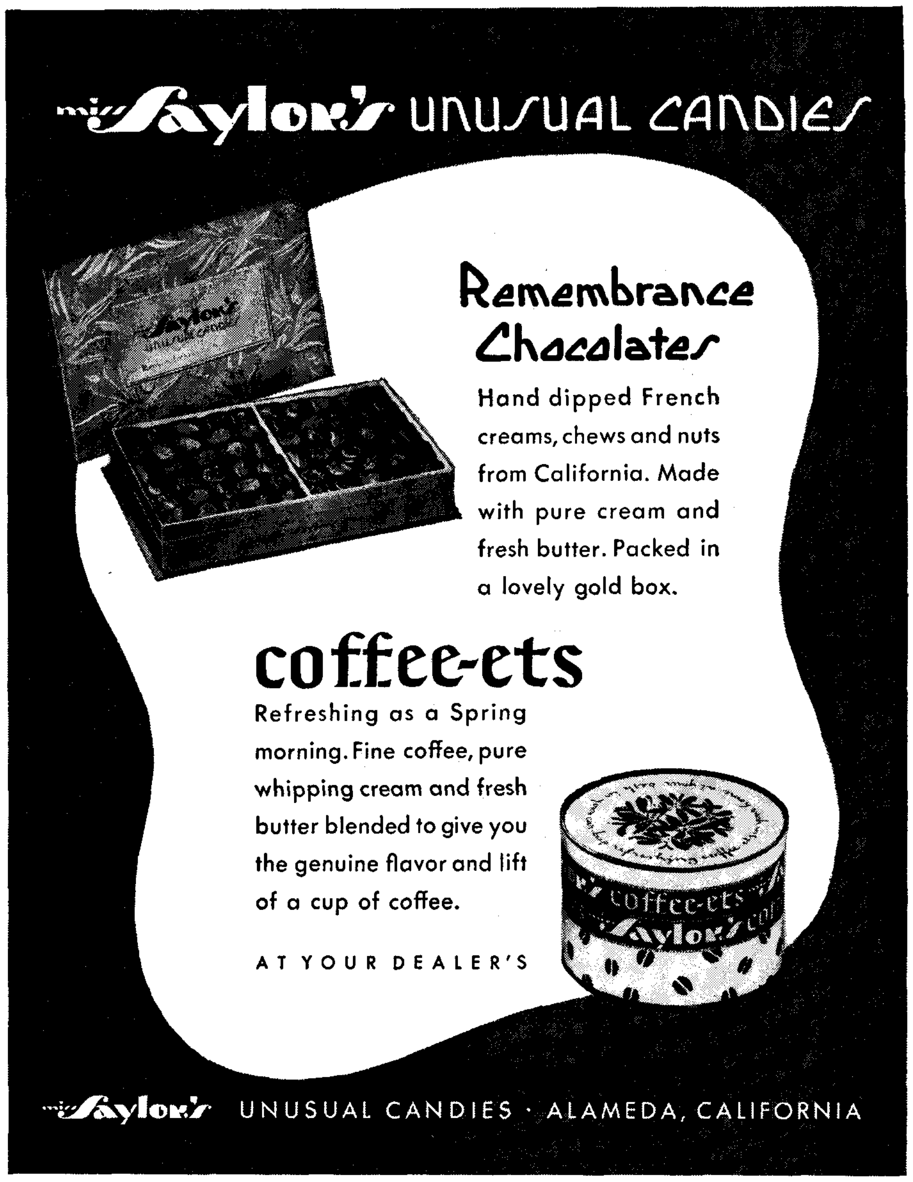
At Shiraz, the next stop, there was nobody buried on the field, so far as I could learn, but the soft patter of donkeys' feet had beaten a hard canyon straight across the runway.

We hit that canyon as we took off, and the C-47 bounded into the air like a gazelle.

"Nothing like a little bump to speed us on our way," the pilot called back to me, buzzing as he did so a small herd of worried goats which a little girl was trying to shoo off into the brush.

I'm in the market for a camel. . . .

EDWARD P. MORGAN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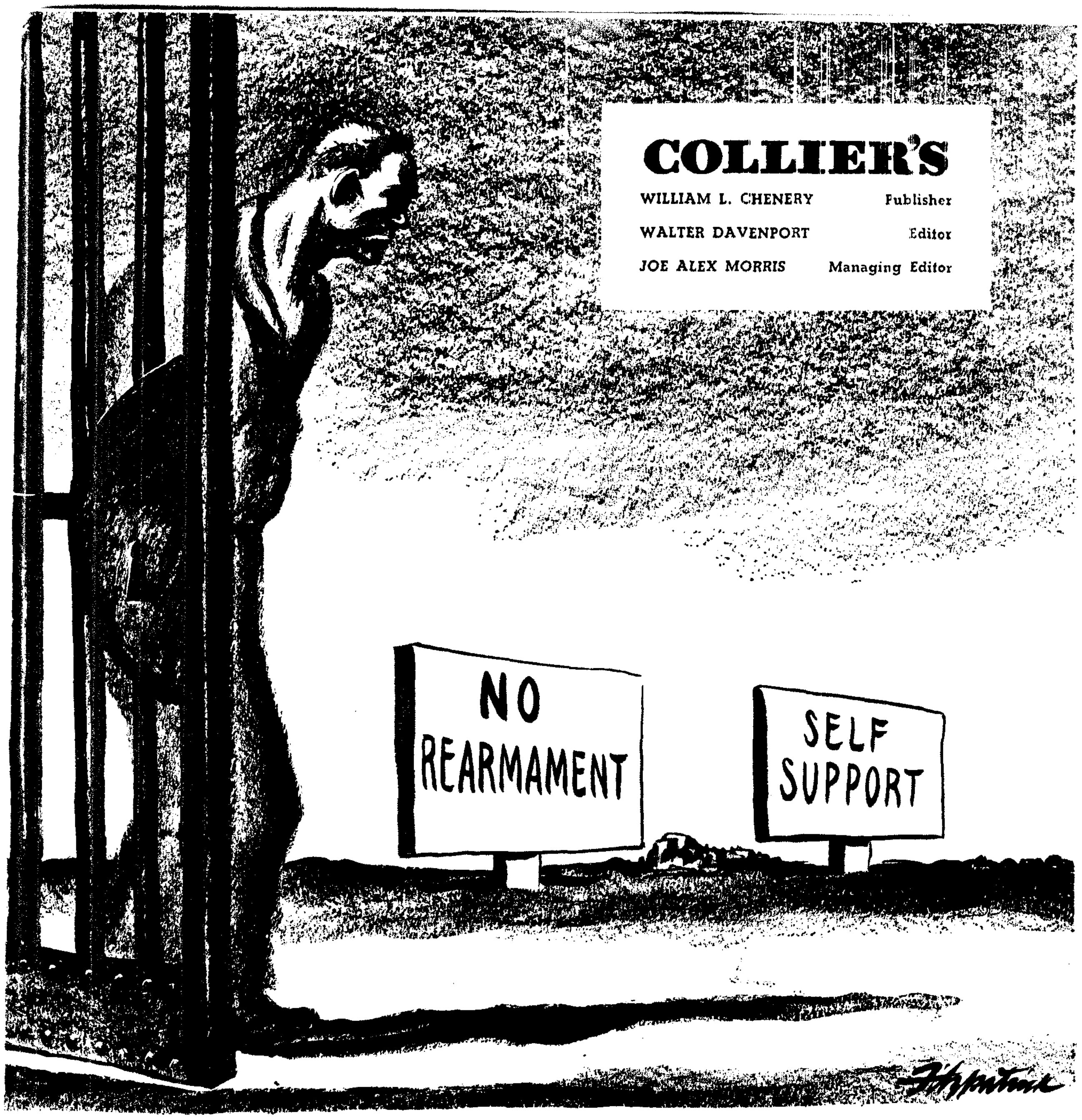


THE GERMAN PEACE TREATY

NEXT Monday, almost two years after V-E Day, the Big Four Foreign Ministers are scheduled to meet in Moscow to begin framing a peace treaty for Germany.

Far be it from us to try to advise the treaty makers how to do their work. We have some notions, though, as to what the best type of peace treaty for Germany would be—best, that is, from the point of view of a world which has seen Germany start three big wars since 1870.

The main object would be to insure the world against German rearmament. The secondary object, but a highly important one, would be to insure Germany against remaining indefinitely the poorhouse it has been since its latest defeat in war. If it goes on being such a poorhouse, it will have to go on being supported, as now, by outsiders; and the U. S. taxpayer has been and is contributing heavily to Germany's support.

These would be the two main marks, we think, at which we ought to shoot in drawing up the German peace treaty.

The big question, of course, is what mark Russia will shoot at. Up to now, Russia has been working to communize its eastern occupation zone in Germany, and has been heavily propagandizing the American, British and French zones. It looks as if Russia is ambitious to communize all Germany, and thereby make it a 182,000-square-mile, 60,000,000-population European bulwark for Russia.

From the point of view of future world peace, that would be about as bad a thing as could happen. It would start on the way to coming true the old German dream of a German-Russian team-up in which the smart, efficient German tail would wag the Russian bear. World War III would thus be virtually in the cards, no matter what pious peace pronouncements were uttered from that time till the guns began to shoot or the atom bombs to fall.

We sincerely hope that these considerations will guide the American, British and French Foreign Ministers as they dicker with the Russians over the question of what to do about Germany. We can all safely place bets on the Russians to work for Russian interests first, last and all the time. It will be only prudent to treat Russia with polite but complete firmness from first meeting to last.

How about the prospects for a final settlement that will be reasonably satisfactory all around? Well, the Congress of Vienna, called in 1814 to settle the Napoleonic Wars, wrangled, writhed, adjourned, reconvened, and had a terrible time generally. Napoleon was the Hitler of those times, and Czar Alexander I of Russia was just about as much distrusted and disliked by the other great powers as Russia's government is today. Yet the Congress of Vienna managed to put together a peace which—except for the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars—lasted just short of 100 years.

History doesn't necessarily repeat; but we're hoping for the best.

U.S.I.

THE initials U.S.I. stand for United States of Indonesia—the new regime which the Dutch government is setting up for the colonies that have hitherto been known as the Dutch East Indies.

These islands—Sumatra, Java, Bali, parts of Borneo and New Guinea, and numerous others—are among the world's richest sources of rubber, oil, copra, quinine and other commodities.

Following the liberation of the islands from the Japanese at the end of World War II, a fierce nationalist movement flamed up there, led by a native spellbinder named Soekarno. Soekarno collaborated with the Japs during their occupation of the East Indies, but that made no never-mind with the natives afterward. They went for Soekarno's "Indonesia for the Indonesians" war whoops in a big way.

The answer which the Dutch finally worked out is this U.S.I., modeled in large part after the U.S.A., with state governments to have limited powers heading up in an over-all central government.

On paper at least, the Indonesians will have considerable say in managing their own affairs. The Dutch for their part hope to be able to go on doing business in Indonesia.

If the scheme works, it may set a pattern for future management of British and French Imperial domains like India, Malaya, Kenya, French Indo-China, and so on. The old methods of colony control have been pretty much battered by the nationalist sentiments stirred up among the natives in recent years.

Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, eminent Filipino soldier and author, said in an article printed months ago in Collier's that a system of East-West alliances, on footings of economic and political equality, would have to come into being if disastrous East-West conflicts were to be permanently headed off.

The U.S.I. looks like a start in that direction—and therefore like something to which Americans would do well to give what encouragement they can.

GIVE THE GLOOM A REST

WE'VE just read the 77th (we think) prediction that we've seen since V-J Day about how the United States is heading for a serious depression.

There is no way to gag these prophets of doom in a free-speech country. It is possible, however, to ignore them; and what we'd like to suggest is that the bulk of courageous, optimistic Americans take to doing just that for the next year or more, beginning right now.

The war shot away a world of real wealth. That gap has not been anywhere near filled in any country.

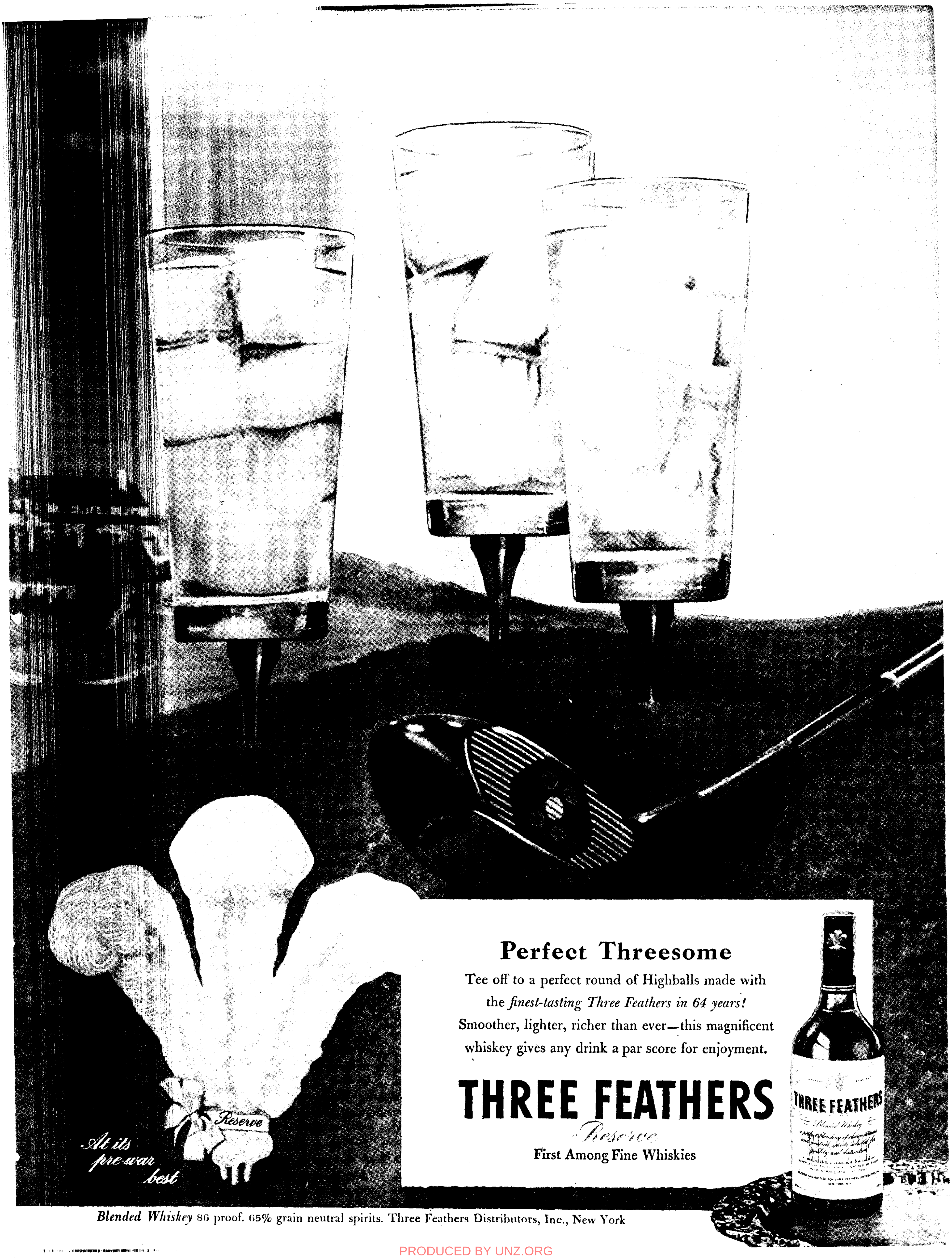
For illustration, it is estimated that in the United States alone there will be active demand for 6,000,000 automobiles a year for several years to come, and for 1,500,000 or more houses a year and all the furnishings and fixtures that go with houses.

There may be a shakeout before long, caused by strike-bred dislocations of prices and wages.

However, the President's Council of Economic Advisers, in its recent report required under the 1946 Employment Act, said that the basis exists for a broad and continuing prosperity in this country for a long period, if we will only treat our opportunities and our luck with respect and enterprise.

The way to do that, the Council went on, is to give management, labor and the farmers the fullest possible freedom to produce and sell. The way not to do it is to enact a lot of alarmist laws designed to interfere with supply and demand.

And, to repeat, another thing not to do is to take the gloom merchants overseriously. We can let them talk us into a panic, but we'd be foolish to do so. Let's just give the gloom a long rest. We've had more than enough of it in the last six or eight years.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Reserve
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THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

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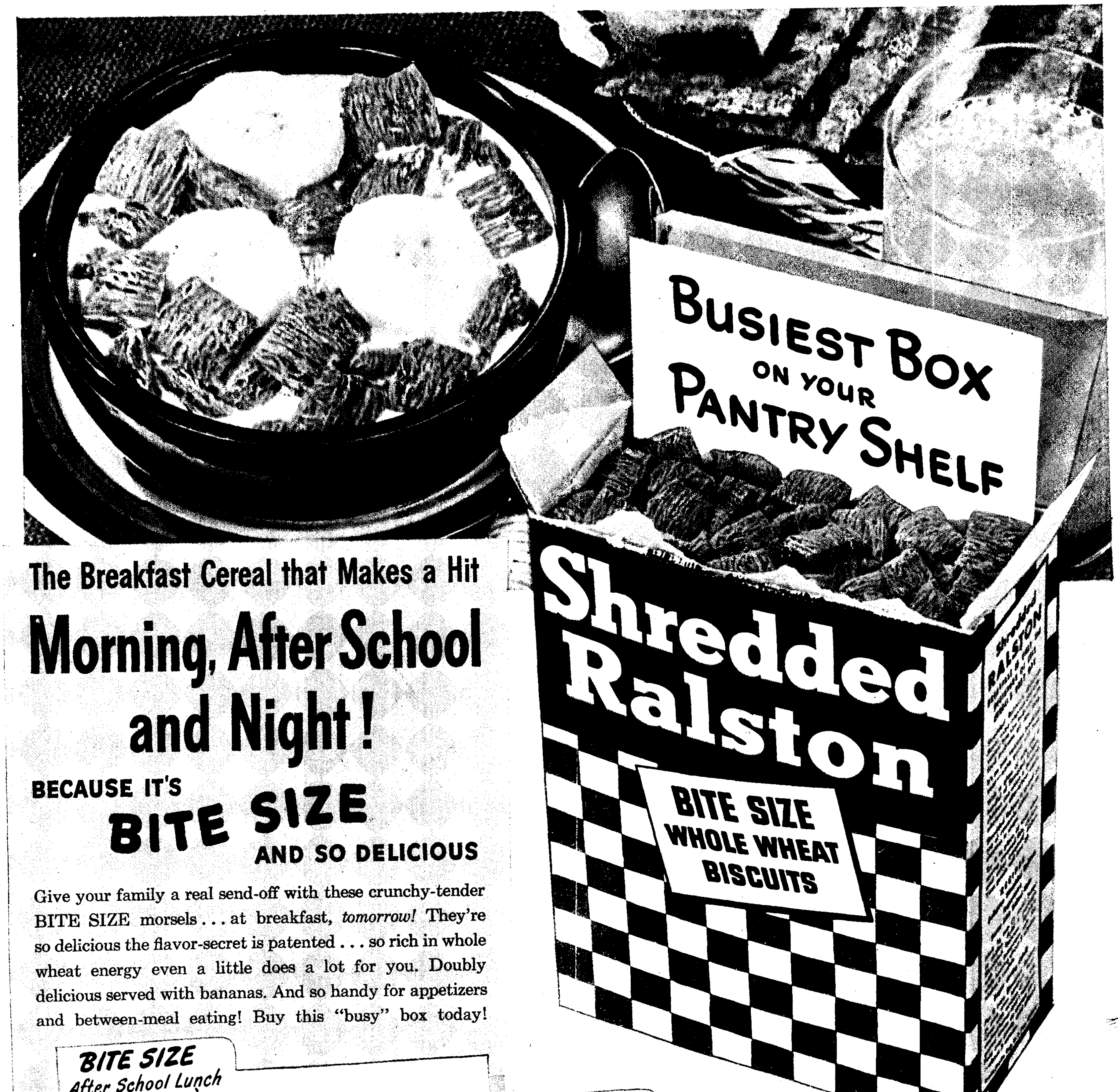

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